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EARL OF CHESTERFIELD'S

LETTERS TO HIS SON.

VOL. III.

Printed by S. Hamilton, Weybridge.

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LETTERS

WRITTEN BY

THE LATE RIGHT HONOURABLE

PHILIP DORMER STANHOPE,

EARL OF CHESTERFIELD,

TO

HIS SON;

WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF HIS LIFE.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

UNIVERSIDAD CENTRAL
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LORD CHESTERFIELD'S LETTERS.

LETTER CCLXXX.

London, May 31, *O. S.* 1752.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

THE world is the book, and the only one, to which, at present, I would have you apply yourself; and the thorough knowledge of it will be of more use to you, than all the books that ever were read. Lay aside the best book whenever you can go into the best company; and, depend upon it, you change for the better. However, as the most tumultuous life, whether of business or pleasure, leaves some vacant moments every day, in which a book is the refuge of a rational being, I mean now to point out to you the method of employing those moments (which will and ought to be but few) in the most advantageous manner. Throw away none of your time upon those trivial futile books, published by idle or necessitous authors, for the amusement of idle and ignorant readers: such sort of books swarm and buzz about one every day; flap them away; they have no sting. 'Certum pete finem;' have some one object for those leisure

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moments, and pursue that object invariably till you have attained it; and then take some other. For instance, considering your destination, I would advise you to single out the most remarkable and interesting æras of modern history, and confine all your reading to that *æra*. If you pitch upon the treaty of Munster (and that is the proper period to begin with, in the course which I am now recommending) do not interrupt it by dipping and deviating into other books, unrelative to it: but consult only the most authentic histories, letters, memoirs, and negotiations, relative to that great transaction; reading and comparing them, with all that caution and distrust which Lord Bolingbroke recommends to you, in a better manner, and in better words, than I can. The next period, worth your particular knowledge, is the treaty of the Pyrenées; which was calculated to lay, and in effect did lay, the foundation of the succession of the house of Bourbon to the crown of Spain. Pursue that in the same manner, singling, out of the millions of volumes written upon that occasion, the two or three most authentic ones, and particularly letters, which are the best authorities in matters of negotiation. Next come the treaties of Nimeguen and Ryswick, postscripts in a manner to those of Munster and the Pyrenées. Those two transactions have had great light thrown upon them by the publication of many authentic and original letters and pieces. The concessions made at the treaty of Ryswick, by the then triumphant Lewis the Fourteenth, astonished all those who viewed things only superficially; but, I should think, must have been easily accounted for by those who knew the state of the kingdom of Spain, as well as of the health of its king, Charles the Second, at that time. The interval between the conclusion of the peace of Ryswick, and the breaking out of the great war in 1702, though a short, is a most interesting one. Every week of it almost produced some great event.

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Two partition-treaties, the death of the king of Spain, his unexpected will, and the acceptance of it by Lewis the Fourteenth, in violation of the second treaty of partition, just signed and ratified by him: Philip the Fifth quietly and cheerfully received in Spain, and acknowledged as king of it, by most of those powers, who afterwards joined in an alliance to dethrone him. I cannot help making this observation upon that occasion; that character has often more to do in great transactions, than prudence and sound policy: for Lewis the Fourteenth gratified his personal pride, by giving a Bourbon king to Spain, at the expense of the true interest of France; which would have acquired much more solid and permanent strength by the addition of Naples, Sicily, and Lorraine, upon the foot of the second partition-treaty; and I think it was fortunate for Europe that he preferred the will. It is true, he might hope to influence his grandson; but he could never expect that his Bourbon posterity in France should influence his Bourbon posterity in Spain; he knew too well how weak the ties of blood are among men, and how much weaker still they are among princes. The Memoirs of Count Harrach, and of Las Torres, give a good deal of light into the transactions of the court of Spain, previous to the death of that weak king; and the letters of the Maréchal d'Harcourt, then the French embassador in Spain, of which I have authentic copies in manuscript, from the year 1698 to 1701, have cleared up that whole affair to me. I keep that book for you. It appears by those letters, that the imprudent conduct of the house of Austria, with regard to the king and queen of Spain, and Madame Berlips, her favourite, together with the knowledge of the partition-treaty, which incensed all Spain, were the true and only reasons of the will in favour of the duke of Anjou. Cardinal Portocarrero, nor any of the grandees, were bribed by France, as was generally reported and believed

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at that time; which confirms Voltaire's anecdote upon that subject. Then opens a new scene and a new century: Lewis the Fourteenth's good fortune forsakes him, till the duke of Marlborough and Prince Eugene make him amends for all the mischief they had done him, by making the allies refuse the terms of peace offered by him at Gertruydenberg. How the disadvantageous peace of Utrecht was afterwards brought on, you have lately read; and you cannot inform yourself too minutely of all those circumstances, that treaty being the freshest source, from whence the late transactions of Europe have flowed. The alterations which have since happened, whether by wars or treaties, are so recent, that all the written accounts are to be helped out, proved, or contradicted, by the oral ones of almost every informed person, of a certain age or rank in life. For the facts, dates, and original pieces of this century, you will find them in Lamberti, till the year 1715; and after that time in Rousset's *Recueil*.

I do not mean that you should plod hours together in researches of this kind; no, you may employ your time more usefully: but I mean, that you should make the most of the moments you do employ, by method, and the pursuit of one single object at a time; nor should I call it a digression from that object, if, when you meet with clashing and jarring pretensions of different princes to the same thing, you had immediately recourse to other books, in which those several pretensions were clearly stated: on the contrary, that is the only way of remembering those contested rights and claims: for, were a man to read 'toute de suite,' Schwederus's Theatrum Pretensionum, he would only be confounded by the variety, and remember none of them; whereas, by examining them occasionally, as they happen to occur, either in the course of your historical reading, or as they are agitated in your own times, you will retain them, by connecting them with those historical facts

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which occasioned your inquiry. For example, had you read, in the course of two or three folios of Pretensions, those, among others, of the two kings of England and Prussia to Ost Frise, it is impossible that you should have remembered them; but now that they are become the debated object at the diet at Ratisbon, and the topic of all political conversations, if you consult both books and persons concerning them, and inform yourself thoroughly, you will never forget them as long as you live. You will hear a great deal of them on one side, at Hanover; and as much on the other side, afterwards, at Berlin; hear both sides, and form your own opinion; but dispute with neither.

Letters from foreign ministers to their courts, and from their courts to them, are, if genuine, the best and most authentic records you can read, as far as they go. Cardinal d'Ossat's, President Jeanin's, d'Estrade's, Sir William Temple's, will not only inform your mind, but form your style; which, in letters of business, should be very plain and simple, but, at the same time, exceedingly clear, correct, and pure.

All that I have said may be reduced to these two or three plain principles; 1st, That you should now read very little, but converse a great deal; 2dly, To read no useless, unprofitable books; and, 3dly, That those which you do read may all tend to a certain object, and be relative to, and consequential of, each other. In this method, half-an-hour's reading every day will carry you a great way. People seldom know how to employ their time to the best advantage, till they have too little left to employ; but if, at your age, in the beginning of life, people would but consider the value of it, and put every moment to interest, it is incredible what an additional fund of knowledge and pleasure such an economy would bring in. I look back with regret upon that large sum of time, which, in my youth, I lavished away idly, without either im-

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provement or pleasure. Take warning betimes, and enjoy every moment; pleasures do not commonly last so long as life, and therefore should not be neglected; and the longest life is too short for knowledge, consequently every moment is precious.

I am surprised at having received no letter from you since you left Paris. I shall direct this to Strasburgh, as I did my two last. I shall direct my next to the post-house at Maïence, unless I receive, in the mean time, contrary instructions from you. Adieu. Remember *les attentions:* they must be your passports into good company.

LETTER CCLXXXI.

London, June, O. S. 1752.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

VERY few celebrated negotiators have been eminent for their learning. The most famous French negotiators (and I know no nation that can boast of abler) have been military men, as Monsieur d'Harcourt, Comte d'Estrades, Maréchal d'Uxelles, and others. The late duke of Marlborough, who was at least as able a negotiator as a general, was exceedingly ignorant of books, but extremely knowing in men; whereas the learned Grotius appeared, both in Sweden and in France, to be a very bungling minister. This is, in my opinion, very easily to be accounted for. A man of very deep learning must have employed the greatest part of his time in books; and a skilful negotiator must necessarily have employed much the greatest part of his time with man. The sound scholar, when dragged out of his dusty closet into business, acts by book, and deals with men as he has read of them; not as he has known them by experience: he follows Spartan and Roman precedents, in what

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he falsely imagines to be similar cases; whereas two cases never were, since the beginning of the world, exactly alike: and he would be capable, where he thought spirit and vigour necessary, to draw a circle round the persons he treated with, and to insist upon a categorical answer before they went out of it, because he had read, in the Roman history, that once upon a time some Roman embassador did so. No; a certain degree of learning may help, but no degree of learning will ever make, a skilful minister: whereas a great knowledge of the world, of the characters, passions, and habits of mankind, has, without one grain of learning, made a thousand. Military men have seldom much knowledge of books; their education does not allow it; but what makes great amends for that want is, that they generally know a great deal of the world; they are thrown into it young; they see variety of nations and characters; and they soon find, that to rise, which is the aim of them all, they must first please: these concurrent causes almost always give them manners and politeness. In consequence of which, you see them always distinguished at courts, and favoured by the women. I could wish that you had been of an age to have made a campaign or two as a volunteer. It would have given you an attention, a versatility, and an alertness; all which I doubt you want, and a great want it is.

A foreign minister has not great business to transact every day; so that his knowledge and his skill in negotiating are not frequently put to the trial: but he has that to do every day, and every hour of the day, which is necessary to prepare and smooth the way for his business; that is, to insinuate himself by his manners, not only into the houses, but into the confidence, of the most considerable people in that place; to contribute to their pleasures, and insensibly not to be looked upon as a stranger himself. A skilful minister may very possibly be doing

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his master's business full as well, in doing the honours gracefully and genteelly of a ball or a supper, as if he were laboriously writing a protocol in his closet. The Maréchal d'Harcourt, by his magnificence, his manners, and his politeness, blunted the edge of the long aversion which the Spaniards had to the French. The court and the grandees were personally fond of him, and frequented his house; and were at last insensibly brought to prefer a French to a German yoke; which, I am convinced, would never have happened had comte d'Harrach been Maréchal d'Harcourt, or the Maréchal d'Harcourt, Comte d'Harrach. The Comte d'Estrades had, by 'ses manieres polies et liantes,' formed such connexions, and gained such an interest in the republic of the United Provinces, that Monsieur de Witt, the then pensionary of Holland, often applied to him to use his interest with his friends, both in Holland, and the other provinces, whenever he (De Witt) had a difficult point which he wanted to carry. This was certainly not brought about by his knowledge of books, but of men; dancing, fencing, and riding, with a little military architecture, were no doubt the top of his education; and, if he knew that *collegium*, in Latin, signified *collège* in French, it must have been by accident. But he knew what was more useful: from thirteen years old he had been in the great world, and had read men and women so long, that he could then read them at sight.

Talking, the other day, upon this and other subjects, all relative to you, with one who knows and loves you very well, and expressing my anxiety and wishes that your exterior accomplishments, as a man of fashion, might adorn, and at least equal, your intrinsic merit as a man of sense and honour; the person interrupted me, and said, Set your heart at rest; that never will nor can happen. It is not in character; that gentleness, that *douceur*, those attentions, which you wish him to have, are not in

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his nature; and do what you will, nay, let him do what he will, he never can acquire them. Nature may be a little disguised and altered by care; but can by no means whatsoever be totally forced and changed. I denied this principle to a certain degree; but admitting, however, that in many respects our nature was not to be changed; and asserting, at the same time, that in others it might by care be very much altered and improved, so as in truth to be changed; that I took those exterior accomplishments, which we had been talking of, to be mere modes, and absolutely depending upon the will, and upon custom; and that, therefore, I was convinced that your good sense, which must show you the importance of them, would make you resolve at all events to acquire them, even in spite of nature, if nature be in the case. Our dispute, which lasted a great while, ended, as Voltaire observes that disputes in England are apt to do, in a wager of fifty guineas; which I myself am to decide upon honour, and of which this is a faithful copy. If you think I shall win it, you may go my halves if you please; declare yourself in time. This I declare, that I would most cheerfully give a thousand guineas to win those fifty: you may secure them me if you please.

I grow very impatient for your future letters from the several courts of Manheim, Bonn, Hanover, &c. &c. And I desire that your letters may be to me, what I do not desire they should be to any body else; I mean full of yourself. Let the egotism, a figure which upon all other occasions I detest, be your only one to me. Trifles that concern you are not trifles to me; and my knowledge of them may possibly be useful to you. Adieu.—*Les graces, les graces, les graces.*

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LETTER CCLXXXII.

London, June 28, O. S. 1751.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I DIRECT this letter to Maïence, where I think it is likely to meet you, supposing, as I do, that you staid three weeks at Manheim after the date of your last from thence; but should you have staid longer at Manheim, to which I have no objection, it will wait for you at Maïence. Maïence will not, I believe, have charms to detain you above a week; so that I reckon you will be at Bonn at the end of July, N. S. There you may stay just as little or as long as you please, and then proceed to Hanover.

I had a letter by the last post from a relation of mine at Hanover, Mr. Stanhope Aspinwall, who is in the Duke of Newcastle's office, and has lately been appointed the king's minister to the Dey of Algiers; a post which, notwithstanding your views of foreign affairs, I believe you do not envy him. He tells me in that letter, there are very good lodgings to be had at one Mrs. Meyers's, the next door to the Duke of Newcastle's, which he offers to take for you: I have desired him to do it, in case Mrs. Meyers will wait for you till the latter end of August, or the beginning of September, N. S. which I suppose is about the time when you will be at Hanover. You will find this Mr. Aspinwall of great use to you there. He will exert 'himself to the utmost to serve you; he has been twice or thrice at Hanover, and knows all the *allûres* there; he is very well with the Duke of Newcastle, and will puff you there. Moreover, if you have a mind to work as a volunteer in that *bureau*, he will assist and inform you. In short, he is a very honest, sensible, and informed man, 'mais ne païe pas beau-

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coup de sa figure; il abuse même du privilége qu'ont les hommes d'être laids; et il ne sera pas en reste, avec les lions et les leopards qu'il trouvera à Alger.'

As you are entirely master of the time when you will leave Bonn, and go to Hanover, so are you master to stay at Hanover as long as you please, and to go from thence where you please; provided that at Christmas you are at Berlin, for the beginning of the carnival: this I would not have you say at Hanover, considering the mutual disposition of those two courts: but when any body asks you where you are to go next, say, that you propose rambling in Germany, at Brunswick, Cassel, &c. till the next spring; when you intend to be in Flanders, in your way to England. I take Berlin, at this time, to be the politest, the most shining, and the most useful court in Europe, for a young fellow to be at: and therefore I would upon no account not have you there, for at least a couple of months of the carnival. If you are as well received, and pass your time as well, as at Bonn, as I believe you will, I would advise you to remain there till about the 20th of August, N. S.; in four days more you will be at Hanover. As for your stay there, it must be shorter or longer, according to certain circumstances *which you know of;* supposing them at the best, then stay till within a week or ten days of the king's return to England; but supposing them at the worst, your stay must not be too short, for reasons which you also know: no resentment must either appear or be suspected; therefore, at worst, I think you must remain there a month, and at best, as long as ever you please. But I am convinced that all will turn out very well for you there. Every body is engaged or inclined to help you; the ministers, both English and German, the principal ladies, and most of the foreign ministers; so that I may apply to you 'nullam numen abest, si sit prudentia.' Du Perron will,

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I believe, be back there, from Turin, much about the time you get thither: pray be very attentive to him, and connect yourself with him as much as ever you can; for, besides that he is a very pretty and well-informed man, he is very much in fashion at Hanover, is personally very well with the king, and certain ladies; so that a visible intimacy and connexion with him will do you credit and service. Pray cultivate Monsieur Hop the Dutch minister, who has always been very much my friend, and will, I am sure, be yours: his manners, it is true, are not very engaging; he is rough, but he is sincere. It is very useful sometimes to see the things which one ought to avoid, as it is right to see very often those which one ought to imitate; and my friend Hop's manners will frequently point out to you what yours ought to be, by the rule of contraries.

Congreve points out a sort of critics, to whom he says that we are doubly obliged:

Rules for good writing they with pains indite;
Then show us what is bad, by what they write.

It is certain that Monsieur Hop, with the best heart in the world, and a thousand good qualities, has a thousand enemies, and hardly a friend; singly from the roughness of his manners.

N. B. I heartily wish you could have stayed long enough at Manheim, to have been seriously and desperately in love with Madame de Taxis, who I suppose is a proud insolent fine lady, and who would consequently have expected attentions little short of adoration: nothing would do you more good than such a passion; and I live in hopes that somebody or other will be able to excite such a one in you: your hour may not yet be come, but it will come. Love has not been unaptly compared to the small-pox, which most people have sooner or later.

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Iphigenia had a wonderful effect upon Cimon; I wish some Hanoverian Iphigenia may try her skill upon you.

I recommend to you again, though I have already done it twice or thrice, to speak German, even affectedly, while you are at Hanover; which will show that you prefer that language, and be of more use to you there with *somebody*, than you can imagine. When you carry my letters to Monsieur Münchausen, and Monsieur Schwiegeldt, address yourself to them in German; the latter speaks French very well, but the former extremely ill. Show great attention to Madame Münchausens's daughter, who is a great favourite: these little trifles please mothers, and sometimes fathers, extremely. Observe, and you will find, almost universally, that the least things either please or displease most; because they necessarily imply, either a very strong desire of obliging, or an unpardonable indifference about it. I will give you a ridiculous instance enough of this truth, from my own experience. When I was embassador the first time in Holland, Comte de Wassenaer and his wife, people of the first rank and consideration, had a little boy of about three years old, of whom they were exceedingly fond; in order to make my court to them, I was so too, and used to take the child often upon my lap, and play with him. One day his nose was very snotty, upon which I took out my handkerchief and wiped it for him; this raised a loud laugh, and they called me a very handy nurse; but the father and mother were so pleased with it, that to this day it is an anecdote in the family; and I never receive a letter from Comte Wassenaer, but he makes me the compliments 'du morveux que j'ai mouché autrefois:' who, by the way, I am assured, is now the prettiest young fellow in Holland. Where one would gain people, remember that nothing is little. Adieu.

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LETTER CCLXXXIII.

London, June 26, O. S. 1752.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

AS I have reason to fear, from your last letter of the 18th, N. S. from Manheim, that all, or at least most of my letters to you, since you left Paris, have miscarried; I think it requisite at all events, to repeat in this the necessary parts of those several letters, as far as they relate to your future motions.

I suppose that this will either find you, or be but a few days before you, at Bonn, where it is directed; and I suppose too, that you have fixed your time for going from thence to Hanover. If things *turn out well at Hanover*, as in my opinion they will, 'Chi sta bene non si muova,' stay there till a week or ten days before the king sets out for England; but, should *they turn out ill*, which I cannot imagine, stay however a month, that your departure may not seem a step of discontent or peevishness; the very suspicion of which is by all means to be avoided. Whenever you leave Hanover, be it sooner or later, where would you go? *Ella è Padrone*, and I give you your choice: Would you pass the months of November and December at Brunswick, Cassel, &c.? Would you chuse to go for a couple of months to Ratisbon, where you will be very well recommended to, and treated by, the king's electoral minister, the Baron de Behr, and where you would improve your *jus publicum*? Or would your rather go directly to Berlin, and stay there till the end of the carnival? Two or three months at Berlin are, considering all circumstances, necessary for you; and the carnival months are the best: 'pour le reste, décides en dernier ressort, et sans appel comme

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d'abus.' Let me only know your decree, when you have formed it. Your good or ill success at Hanover will have a very great influence upon your subsequent character, figure, and fortune, in the world; therefore I confess, that I am more anxious about it, than ever bride was on her wedding-night, when wishes, hopes, fears, and doubts, tumultuously agitate, please, and terrify her. It is your first crisis: the character which you acquire there will, more or less, be that which will abide by you for the rest of your life. You will be tried and judged there, not as a boy, but as a man: and from that moment there is no appeal for character; it is fixed. To form that character advantageously, you have three objects particularly to attend to; your character as a man of morality, truth, and honour; your knowledge in the objects of your destination, as a man of business; and your engaging and insinuating address, air, and manners, as a courtier; the sure and only steps to favour. Merit at courts, without favour, will do little or nothing; favour, without merit, will do a good deal; but favour and merit together will do every thing. Favour at courts depends upon so many, such trifling, such unexpected, and unforeseen events, that a good courtier must attend to every circumstance, however little, that either does or can happen; he must have no absences, no *distractions;* he must not say, 'I did not mind it: who would have thought it?' He ought both to have minded, and to have thought it. A chambermaid has sometimes caused revolutions in courts, which have produced others in kingdoms. Were I to make my way to favour in a court, I would neither wilfully, nor by negligence, give a dog or a cat their reasons to dislike me. Two *pies grièches,* well instructed, you know, made the fortune of de Luines with Lewis XIII. Every step a man makes at court requires as much attention and circumspection, as those which were made formerly between hot ploughshares, in the ordeal, or fiery trials; which, in those times of ignorance and

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superstition, were looked upon as demonstrations of innocence or guilt. Direct your principal battery, at Hanover, at the D— of N—'s: there are many very weak places in that citadel; where, with a very little skill, you cannot fail making a great impression. Ask for his orders, in every thing you do; talk Austrian and Antigallican to him; and, as soon as you are upon a foot of talking easily to him, tell him *en badinant*, that his skill and success in thirty or forty elections in England leave you no reason to doubt of his carrying his election for Frankfort: and that you look upon the archduke as his member for the empire. In his hours of festivity and compotation, drop, that he puts you in mind of what Sir William Temple says of the pensionary De Witt, who at that time governed half Europe; that he appeared at balls, assemblies, and public places, as if he had nothing else to do, or to think of. When he talks to you upon foreign affairs, which he will often do, say, that you really cannot presume to give any opinion of your own upon those matters, looking upon yourself at present, only as a postscript to the *corps diplomatique;* but that, if his grace will be pleased to make you an additional volume to it, though but in *duodecimo*, you will do your best, that he shall neither be ashamed nor repent of it. He loves to have a favourite, and to open himself to that favourite: he has now no such person with him; the place is vacant, and if you have dexterity you may fill it. In one thing alone do not humour him; I mean drinking; for, as I believe you have never yet been drunk, you do not yourself know how you can bear your wine, and what a little too much of it may make you do or say: you might possibly kick down all you had done before.

You do not love gaming, and I thank God for it; but at Hanover I would have you show, and profess, a particular dislike to play, so as to decline it upon all occasions, unless where one may be wanted to make a fourth at whist or quadrille; and then take care to declare it the result of your com-

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plaisance, not of your inclinations. Without such precautions, you may very possibly be suspected, though unjustly, of loving play, upon account of my former passion for it; and such a suspicion would do you a great deal of hurt, especially with the king, who detests gaming. I must end this abruptly. God bless you!

LETTER CCLXXXIV.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

VERSATILITY as a courtier may be almost decisive to you hereafter; that is, it may conduce to, or retard, your preferment in your own destination. The first reputation goes a great way: and, if you fix a good one at Hanover, it will operate also to your advantage in England. The trade of a courtier is as much a trade as that of a shoemaker: and he who applies himself the most will work the best: the only difficulty is, to distinguish (what I am sure you have sense enough to distinguish) between the right and proper qualifications and their kindred faults; for there is but a line between every perfection and its neighbouring imperfection. As for example, you must be extremely well-bred and polite, but without the troublesome forms and stiffness of ceremony. You must be respectful and assenting, but without being servile and abject. You must be frank, but without indiscretion; and close, without being costive. You must keep up dignity of character, without the least pride of birth or rank. You must be gay within all the bounds of decency and respect; and grave without the affectation of wisdom, which does not become the age of twenty. You must be essentially secret, without being dark and mysterious. You must be firm, and even bold, but with great seeming modesty.

With these qualifications, which, by the way, are all in your own power, I will answer for your suc-

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cess, not only at Hanover, but at any court in Europe. And I am not sorry that you begin your apprenticeship at a little one; because you must be more circumspect, and more upon your guard there, than at a great one, where every little thing is not known, nor reported.

When you write to me, or to any body else, from thence, take care that your letters contain commendations of all you see and hear there; for they will most of them be opened and read: but, as frequent couriers will come from Hanover to England, you may sometimes write to me without reserve; and put your letters into a very little box, which you may send safely by some of them.

I must not omit mentioning to you, that, at the duke of Newcastle's table, where you will frequently dine, there is a great deal of drinking; be upon your guard against it, both upon account of your health, which would not bear it, and of the consequences of your being flustered and heated with wine: it might engage you in scrapes and frolics, which the king (who is a very sober man himself) detests. On the other hand, you should not seem too grave and too wise to drink like the rest of the company; therefore use art: mix water with your wine; do not drink all that is in the glass; and, if detected, and pressed to drink more, do not cry out sobriety; but say, that you have lately been out of order, that you are subject to inflammatory complaints, and that you must beg to be excused for the present. A young fellow ought to be wiser than he should seem to be; and an old fellow ought to seem wise whether he really be so or not.

During your stay at Hanover, I would have you make two or three excursions to parts of that Electorate: the Hartz, where the silver-mines are: Gottingen, for the university; Stade, for what commerce there is. You should also go to Zell. In short, see every thing that is to be seen there, and inform yourself well of all the details of that country. Go to Hamburgh for three or four days,

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know the constitution of that little Hanseatic republic, and inform yourself well of the nature of the king of Denmark's pretensions to it.

If all things turn out right for you at Hanover, I would have you make it your head-quarters, till about a week or ten days before the king leaves it; and then go to Brunswick, which, though a little, is a very polite pretty court. You may stay there a fortnight or three weeks, as you like it; and from thence go to Cassel, and there stay till you go to Berlin; where I would have you be by Christmas. At Hanover you will very easily get good letters of recommendation to Brunswick and to Cassel. You do not want any to Berlin; however, I will send you one for Voltaire. *A propos* of Berlin; be very reserved and cautious, while at Hanover, as to that king and that country; both which are detested because feared by every body there, from his majesty down to the meanest peasant: but, however, they both extremely deserve your utmost attention; and you will see the arts and wisdom of government better in that country, now, than in any other in Europe. You may stay three months at Berlin, if you like it, as I believe you will; and after that I hope we shall meet here again.

Of all the places in the world (I repeat it once more) establish a good reputation at Hanover, 'et faites vous valoir là, autant qu'il est possible, par le brillant, les manieres, et les graces.' Indeed, it is of the greatest importance to you, and will make any future application to the king in your behalf very easy. He is more taken by those little things, than any man, or even woman, that I ever knew in my life: and I do not wonder at him. In short, exert to the utmost all your means and powers to please; and remember, that he who pleases the most will rise the soonest and the highest. Try but once the pleasure and advantage of pleasing; and I will answer, that you will never more neglect the means

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I send you herewith two letters, the one to Monsieur Münchausen, the other to Monsieur Schwiegeldt, an old friend of mine, and a very sensible knowing man. They will both, I am sure, be extremely civil to you, and carry you into the best company; and then it is your business to please that company. I never was more anxious about any period of your life than I am about this your Hanover expedition, it being of so much more consequence to you than any other. If I hear from thence, that you are liked and loved there, for your air, your manners, and address, as well as esteemed for your knowledge, I shall be the happiest man in the world! Judge then what I must be, if it happens otherwise. Adieu.

LETTER CCLXXXV.

London, July 21, O. S. 1752.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

BY my calculation, this letter may probably arrive at Hanover three or four days before you; and, as I am sure of its arriving there safe, it shall contain the most material points that I have mentioned in my several letters to you since you left Paris, as if you had received but few of them, which may very probably be the case.

As for your stay at Hanover, it must not in all events be less than a month; but, if things turn out to your satisfaction, it may be just as long as you please. From thence you may go wherever you like; for I have so good an opinion of your judgement, that I think you will combine and weigh all circumstances, and choose the properest places. Would you saunter at some of the small courts, as Brunswick, Cassel, &c. till the carnival at Berlin;

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you are master. Would you pass a couple of months at Ratisbon, which might not be ill employed; *à la bonne heure.* Would you go to Brussels, stay a month or two there with Dayrolles, and from thence to Mr. Yorke, at the Hague; with all my heart. Or, lastly, would you go to Copenhagen and Stockholm; *elle è anche Padrone.* Choose entirely for yourself, without any farther instructions from me; only let me know your determination in time, that I may settle your credit, in case you go to places where at present you have none. Your object should be to see the 'mores multorum hominum et urbes;' begin and end it where you please.

By what you have already seen of the German courts, I am sure you must have observed that they are much more nice and scrupulous, in points of ceremony, respect, and attention, than the greater courts of France and England. You will therefore, I am persuaded, attend to the minutest circumstances of address and behaviour, particularly during your stay at Hanover, which (I will repeat it, though I have said it often to you already) is the most important preliminary period of your whole life. Nobody in the world is more exact in all points of good-breeding, than the king; and it is the part of every man's character that he informs himself of first. The least negligence, or the slightest inattention, reported to him, may do you infinite prejudice; as their contraries would service.

If Lord Albemarle (as I believe he did) trusted you with the secret affairs of his department, let the duke of Newcastle know that he did so; which will be an inducement to him to trust you too, and possibly to employ you in affairs of consequence. Tell him, that, though you are young, you know the importance of secrecy in business, and can keep a secret; that I have always inculcated this doctrine into you, and have moreover strictly forbidden

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you ever to communicate, even to me, any matters of a secret nature, which you may happen to be trusted with in the course of business.

As for business, I think I can trust you to yourself; but I wish I could say as much for you with regard to those exterior accomplishments, which are absolutely necessary to smooth and shorten the way to it. Half the business is done, when one has gained the heart and the affections of those with whom one is to transact it. Air and address must begin, manners and attention must finish that work. I will let you into one secret concerning myself; which is, that I owe much more of the success which I have in the world to my manners, than to any superior degree of merit or knowledge. I desired to please, and I neglected none of the means. This, I can assure you, without any false modesty, is the truth. You have more knowledge than I had at your age; but then I had much more attention and good-breeding than you. Call it vanity, if you please, and possibly it was so; but my great object was to make every man I met with like me, and every woman love me. I often succeeded; but why? By taking great pains; for otherwise I never should; my figure by no means entitled me to it, and I had certainly an up-hill game: whereas your countenance would help you, if you made the most of it, and proscribed for ever the guilty, gloomy, and funereal part of it. Dress, address, and air, would become your best countenance, and make your little figure pass very well.

If you have time to read, at Hanover, pray let the books you read be all relative to the history and constitution of that country; which I would have you know as correctly as any Hanoverian in the whole electorate. Inform yourself of the powers of the states, and of the nature and extent of the several judicatures; the particular articles of trade and commerce of Bremen, Harburg, and Stade;

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the details and value of the mines of the Hartz. Two or three short books will give you the outlines of all these things; and conversation turned upon those subjects will do the rest, and better than books can.

Remember of all things to speak nothing but German there; make it (to express myself pedantically) your vernacular language; seem to prefer it to any other; call it your favourite language, and study to speak it with purity and elegancy, if it has any. This will not only make you perfect in it, but will please, and make your court there, better than any thing. *A propos* of languages; did you improve your Italian while you were at Paris, or did you forget it? Had you a master there; and what Italian books did you read with him? If you are master of Italian, I would have you afterwards, by the first convenient opportunity, learn Spanish, which you may very easily and in a very little time do; you will then, in the course of your foreign business, never be obliged to employ, pay, or trust, any translator, for any European language.

As I love to provide eventually for every thing that can possibly happen, I will suppose the worst that can befall you at Hanover. In that case, I would have you go immediately to the duke of Newcastle, and beg his grace's advice, or rather orders, what you should do; adding, that his advice will always be orders to you. You will tell him, that, though you are exceedingly mortified, you are much less so, than you should otherwise be, from the consideration, that being utterly unknown to his M——, his objection could not be personal to you, and could only arise from circumstances, which it was not in your power either to prevent or remedy: that, if his grace thought that your continuing any longer there would be disagreeable, you entreated him to tell you so; and that, upon the whole, you referred yourself entirely to him, whose orders you should most scrupulously obey. But this precaution,

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I dare say, is *ex abundanti*, and will prove unnecessary; however, it is always right to be prepared for all events, the worst as well as the best: it prevents hurry and surprise, two dangerous situations in business; for I know no one thing so useful, so necessary in all business, as great coolness, steadiness, and *sang froid;* they give an incredible advantage over whomever one has to do with.

I have received your letter of the 15th, N. S. from Maïence, where I find that you have diverted yourself much better than I expected. I am very well acquainted with Count Cobentzel's character both of parts and business. He could have given you letters to Bonn, having formerly resided there himself. You will not be so agreeably *electrified*, where this letter will find you, as you were both at Manheim and Maïence; but I hope you may meet with a second German Mrs. F———d, who may make you forget the two former ones, and practise your German. Such transient passions will do you no harm; but, on the contrary, a great deal of good; they will refine your manners, and quicken your attention; they give a young fellow *du brillant*, and bring him into fashion; which last is a great article in setting out in the world.

I have wrote, above a month ago, to Lord Albemarle, to thank him for all his kindnesses to you; but pray have you done as much? Those are the necessary attentions, which should never be omitted; especially in the beginning of life, when a character is to be established.

That ready wit which you so partially allow me, and so justly to Sir Charles Williams, may create many admirers; but, take my word for it, it makes few friends. It shines and dazzles like the noon-day sun, but, like that too, is very apt to scorch; and therefore is always feared. The milder morning and evening light and heat of that planet sooth and calm our minds. Good sense, complaisance, gentleness of manners, attentions, and graces, are the only

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things that truly engage, and durably keep the heart at long run. Never seek for wit; if it presents itself, well and good: but, even in that case, let your judgement interpose; and take care that it be not at the expense of any body. Pope says very truly,

There are whom Heaven has blest with store of wit,
Yet want as much again to govern it.

And in another place, I doubt with too much truth,

For wit and judgement ever are at strife,
Though meant each other's aid, like man and wife.

The Germans are very seldom troubled with any extraordinary ebullitions or effervescences of wit, and it is not prudent to try it upon them; whoever does, *offendet solido*.

Remember to write me very minute accounts of all your transactions at Hanover, for they excite both my impatience and anxiety. Adieu!

LETTER CCLXXXVI.

London, August 4, O. S. 1752.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I AM extremely concerned at the return of your old asthmatic complaint, of which your letter from Cassel, of the 28th July, N. S. informs me. I believe it is chiefly owing to your own negligence; for notwithstanding the season of the year, and the heat and agitation of travelling, I dare swear you have not taken one single dose of gentle, cooling physic, since that which I made you take at Bath. I hope you are now better, and in better hands, I mean in Dr. Hugo's, at Hanover; he is certainly a very skilful physician, and therefore I desire that

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you will inform him most minutely of your own case, from your first attack in Carniola to this last at Marpurgh; and not only follow his prescriptions exactly at present, but take his directions with regard to the régimen that he would have you observe to prevent the returns of this complaint; and in case of any returns, the immediate applications, whether external or internal, that he would have you make use of. Consider, it is very well worth your while to submit at present to any course of medicine or diet, to any restraint or confinement, for a time, in order to get rid, once for all, of so troublesome and painful a distemper, the returns of which would equally break in upon your business or your pleasures. Notwithstanding all this, which is plain sense and reason, I much fear that, as soon as ever you are got out of your present distress, you will take no preventive care, by a proper course of medicines and regimen: but, like most people of your age, think it impossible that you ever should be ill again. However, if you will not be wise for your own sake, I desire you will be so for mine, and most scrupulously observe Dr. Hugo's present and future directions.

Hanover, where I take it for granted you are, is at present the seat and centre of foreign negotiations; there are ministers from almost every court in Europe; and you have a fine opportunity of displaying with modesty, in conversation, your knowledge of the matters now in agitation. The chief I take to be the election of the king of the Romans, which, though I despair of, I heartily wish were brought about, for two reasons. The first is, that I think it may prevent a war upon the death of the present emperor, who, though young and healthy, may possibly die, as young and healthy people often do. The other is, the very reason that makes some powers oppose it, and others dislike it who do not openly oppose it; I mean, that it may tend to make the imperial dignity hereditary in the house of Aus-

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tria; which I heartily wish, together with a very great increase of power in the empire; till when, Germany will never be any thing near a match for France. Cardinal Richelieu showed his superior abilities in nothing more than in thinking no pains nor expense too great to break the power of the house of Austria in the empire. Ferdinand had certainly made himself absolute, and the empire consequently formidable to France, if that cardinal had not piously adopted the Protestant cause, and put the empire, by the treaty of Westphalia, in pretty much the same disjointed situation in which France itself was before Lewis the Eleventh; when princes of the blood, at the head of provinces, and dukes of Brittany, &c. always opposed, and often gave laws to, the crown. Nothing but making the empire hereditary in the house of Austria can give it that strength and efficiency which I wish it had, for the sake of the balance of power. For, while the princes of the empire are so independent of the emperor, so divided among themselves, and so open to the corruption of the best bidders, it is ridiculous to expect that Germany ever will, or can, act as a compact and well-united body against France. But as this notion of mine would as little please *some of our friends*, as many of our enemies, I would not advise you, though you should be of the same opinion, to declare yourself too freely so. Could the elector palatine be satisfied, which I confess will be difficult, considering the nature of his pretensions, the tenaciousness and haughtiness of the court of Vienna, and our inability to do, as we have too often done, their work for them; I say, if the elector palatine could be engaged to give his vote, I should think it would be right to proceed to the election with a clear majority of five votes; and leave the king of Prussia, and the elector of Cologne, to protest and remonstrate as much as ever they please. The former is too wise, and the latter too weak in every respect, to act in consequence of

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those protests. The distracted situation of France, with its ecclesiastical and parliamentary quarrels, not to mention the illness, and possibly the death, of the dauphin, will make the king of Prussia, who is certainly no Frenchman in his heart, very cautious how he acts as one. The elector of Saxony will be influenced by the king of Poland, who must be determined by Russia, concerning his views upon Poland, which, by the by, I hope he will never obtain: I mean, as to making that crown hereditary in his family. As for his son's having it by the precarious tenure of election, by which his father now holds it, *à la bonne heure*. But, should Poland have a good government under hereditary kings, there would be a new devil raised in Europe, that I do not know who could lay. I am sure, I would not raise him, though on my own side for the present.

I do not know how I come to trouble my head so much about politics to-day, which has been so very free from them for some years: I suppose it was, because I knew that I was writing to the most consummate politician of this, and his age. If I err, you will set me right; 'si quid novisti rectius istis, candidus imperti,' &c.

I am excessively impatient for your next letter, which I expect by the first post from Hanover, to remove my anxiety, as I hope it will, not only with regard to your health, but likewise to *other things*; in the mean time, in the language of a pedant, but with the tenderness of a parent, *jubeo te bene valere*.

Lady Chesterfield makes you many compliments, and is much concerned at your indisposition.

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LETTER CCLXXXVII.

A Monsieur de Voltaire, pour lors à Berlin.

A Londres, 27 d'Aout, V. S. 1752.

MONSIEUR,

JE m'intéresse infiniment à tout ce qui touche Monsieur Stanhope, qui aura l'honneur de vous rendre cette lettre; c'est pourquoi je prens la liberté de vous le présenter; je ne peux pas lui en donner une preuve plus convainquante. Il a beaucoup lû, il a beaucoup vû, sil l'a bien digéré voilà ce que je ne sçais pas; il n'a que vingt ans. Il a déjà été à Berlin il y a quelques années, et c'est pourquoi il y retourne à present; car à cette heure on revient au Nord par les mêmes raisons, pour lesquelles on alloit il n'y a pas longtems au Sud.

Permettez, Monsieur, que je vous remercie du plaisir et de l'instruction que m'a donné vôtre Histoire du Siécle de Louïs XIV. Je ne l'ai lu encore que quatre fois, c'est que je voudrois l'oublier un peu avant la cinquiéme, mais je vois que cela m'est impossible; j'attendrai donc l'augmentation que vous nous en avez promis, mais je vous supplie de ne me la pas faire attendre longtems. Je croïois sçavoir passablement l'histoire du siécle de Louïs XIV, moïennant les milliers d'histories, de memoires, d'anecdotes, &c. que j'en avois lû; mais vous m'avez bien montré que je m'étois trompé, et que je n'en avois qu'une idée très confuse à bien des égards, et très fausse à bien d'autres. Que je vous sçais gré surtout, Monsieur, du jour dans lequel vous avez mis les folies et les fureurs des sectes! Vous emploïez contre ces fous ou ces imposteurs les armes convenables; d'en emploïer d'autres ce seroit les imiter: c'est par le ridicule

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qu'il faut les attaquer, c'est pas le mépris qu'il faut les punir. A propos de ces fous, je vous envoïe cijointe une piece sur leur sujet par le feu Docteur Swift, laquelle je crois ne vous déplaira pas*. Elle n'a jamais été imprimée, vous en dévinerez bien la raison, mais elle est authentique. J'en ai l'original écrit de sa propre main. Son Jupiter, au jour du jugement, les traite à peu près comme vous les traitez, et comme ils le méritent.

Au reste, Monsieur, je vous dirai franchement, que je suis embarrassé sur vôtre sujet, et que je ne peux pas me décider sur ce que je souhaiterois de vôtre part. Quand je lis vôtre dernière histoire, je

* THE DAY OF JUDGEMENT.

Written by Dean Swift; and referred to in the above passage.

WITH a whirl of thought oppress'd,
I sunk from reverie to rest.
A horrid vision seiz'd my head;
I saw the graves give up their dead!
Jove, arm'd with terrors, burst the skies,
And thunder roars, and lightning flies!
Amaz'd, confus'd, its fate unknown,
The world stands trembling at his throne!
While each pale sinner hung his head,
Jove, nodding, shook the heavens, and said:
'Offending race of human kind,
By nature, reason, *learning*, blind;
You who through frailty stepp'd aside,
And you who never fell,—*through pride;*
You who in different sects were shamm'd,
And come to see each other damn'd;
(So some folks told you, but they knew
No more of Jove's designs than you)——
The world's mad business now is o'er,
And I resent these pranks no more.
——I to such blockheads set my wit!
I damn such fools!——*Go, go, you're bit.*'

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voudrois que vous fussiez toujours historien; mais quand je lis vôtre Rome Sauvée (toute mal imprimée et défigurée qu'elle est) je vous voudrois toujours poëte. J'avoue pourtant qu'il vous reste encore une histoire à écrire digne de vôtre plume, et dont vôtre plume est seule digne. Vous nous avez donné il y a long tems l'histoire du plus grand furieux (je vous demande pardon si je ne peux pas dire du plus grand héros) de l'Europe. Vous nous avez donné en dernier lieu, l'histoire du plus grand roi; donnez nous, à preseut, l'histoire du plus grand et du plus honnête homme de l'Europe, que je croirois dégrader en appellant Roi. Vous l'avez toujours devant vos yeux, rien ne vous seroit plus facile; sa gloire n'exigeant pas vôtre invention poëtique, mais pouvant se reposer en toute sureté sur vôtre vérité historique. Il n'a rien à demander à son historien, que son premier devoir comme historien, qui est, 'Ne quid falsi dicere audeat, ne quid veri non audeat.' Adieu, Monsieur, je vois bien que je dois vous admirer de plus en plus tous les jours, mais aussi je sçais bien que rien ne pourra jamais ajouter à l'estime et à l'attachment avec lesquels je suis actuellement,

Votre très humble, et
très obéissant serviteur,
CHESTERFIELD.

TRANSLATION.

London, August 27, O. S. 1752.

SIR,

AS a most convincing proof how infinitely I am interested in every thing which concerns Mr. Stanhope, who will have the honour of presenting you this letter, I take the liberty of introducing him to you. He has read a great deal, he has seen a great deal; whether or not he has made a proper

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use of that knowledge, is what I do not know: he is only twenty years of age. He was at Berlin some years ago, and therefore he returns thither; for at present people are attracted towards the North, by the same motives which but lately drew them to the South.

Permit me, sir, to return you thanks for the pleasure and instruction I have received from your History of Lewis XIV. I have as yet read it but four times, because I wish to forget it a little before I read it a fifth; but I find that impossible: I shall therefore only wait till you give us the augmentation which you promised: let me entreat you not to defer it long. I thought myself pretty conversant in the history of the reign of Lewis XIV. by means of those innumerable histories, memoirs, anecdotes, &c. which I had read relative to that period of time. You have convinced me that I was mistaken, and had upon that subject very confused ideas in many respects, and very false ones in others. Above all, I cannot but acknowledge the obligations we have to you, sir, for the light which you have thrown upon the follies and outrages of the different sects: the weapons you employ against those madmen, or those impostors, are the only suitable ones; to make use of any others would be imitating them; they must be attacked by ridicule, and punished with contempt. *A propos* of those fanatics; I send you here enclosed, a piece upon that subject, written by the late Dean Swift: I believe you will not dislike it. You will easily guess why it was never printed: it is authentic, and I have the original in his own hand-writing. His Jupiter, at the day of judgement, treats them much as you do, and as they deserve to be treated.

Give me leave, sir, to tell you freely, that I am embarrassed upon your account, as I cannot determine what it is that I wish from you. When I read your last history, I am desirous that you should always write history; but when I read your *Rome*

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Sauvée, although ill-printed and disfigured, yet I then wish you never to deviate from poetry; however, I confess that there still remains one history worthy of your pen, and of which your pen alone is worthy. You have long ago given us the history of the greatest and most outrageous madman (I ask your pardon if I cannot say the greatest hero) of Europe: you have given us latterly the history of the greatest king: give us now the history of the greatest and most virtuous man in Europe; I should think it degrading to call him king. To you this cannot be difficult, he is always before your eyes; your poetical invention is not necessary to his glory, as that may safely rely upon your historical candour. The first duty of an historian is the only one he need require from his, 'Ne quid falsi dicere audeat, ne quid veri non audeat.' Adieu, sir! I find that I must admire you every day more and more; but I also know that nothing ever can add to the esteem and attachment with which I am actually,

Your most humble, and
most obedient servant,
CHESTERFIELD.

LETTER CCLXXXVIII.

London, September 19, *O. S.* 1752.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

SINCE you have been at Hanover, your correspondence has been both unfrequent and laconic. You made indeed one great effort in folio on the 18th with a postscript of the 22d August, N. S. and since that, 'vous avez ratté en quarto.' On the 31st August, N. S. you give me no informations of what I want chiefly to know; which is, what Dr. Hugo (whom I charged you to consult) said of your asthmatic complaint, and what he prescribed you to prevent the returns of it; and also what is the com-

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pany that you keep there; who has been kind and civil to you, and who not.

You say that you go constantly to the parade: and you do very well; for though you are not of that trade, yet military matter make so great a part both of conversation and negotiation, that it is very proper not to be ignorant of them. I hope you mind more than the mere exercise of the troops you see; and that you inform yourself at the same time of the more material details; such as their pay, and the difference of it when in and out of quarters; what is furnished them by the country, when in quarters, and what is allowed them of ammunition, bread, &c when in the field; the number of men and officers in the several troops and companies, together with the non-commissioned officers, as *caporals*, *frey-caporals*, *anspessades*, serjeants, quarter-masters, &c.; the clothing, how frequent, how good, and how furnished; whether by the colonel, as here in England, from what we call the *off-reckonings*, that is, deductions from the men's pay, or by commissaries appointed by the government for that purpose, as in France and Holland. By these inquiries you will be able to talk military with military men, who, in every country in Europe, except England, make at least half of all the best companies. Your attending the parades has also another good effect, which is, that it brings you of course acquainted with the officers, who when of a certain rank and service are generally very polite well-bred people *et du bon ton*. They have commonly seen a great deal of the world, and of courts; and nothing else can form a gentleman, let people say what they will of sense and learning; with both which a man may contrive to be a very disagreeable companion. I dare say, there are very few captains of foot who are not much better company than ever Descartes or Sir Isaac Newton were. I honour and respect such superior geniuses; but I desire to converse with people of

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this world, who bring into company their share, at least, of cheerfulness, good-breeding, and knowledge of mankind. In common life, one much oftener wants small money, and silver, than gold. Give me a man who has ready cash about him for present expenses: sixpences, shillings, half-crowns, and crowns, which circulate easily; but a man who has only an ingot of gold about him, is much above common purposes, and his riches are not handy nor convenient. Have as much gold as you please in one pocket, but take care always to keep change in the other; for you will much oftener have occasion for a shilling than for a guinea. In this the French must be allowed to excel all people in the world: they have 'un certain entregent, un enjouement, une aimable légéreté dans la conversation, une politesse aisée et naturelle, qui paroit ne leur rien couter,' which give society all its charms. I am sorry to add, but it is too true, that the English and the Dutch are the farthest from this, of all the people in the world; I do by no means except even the Swiss.

Though you did not think proper to inform me, I know from other hands, that you were to go to the Göhr with a Comte de Schullemburgh for eight or ten days, only to see the reviews. I know also, that you had a blister upon your arm, which did you a great deal of good: I know too, you have contracted a great friendship with Lord Essex: and that you two were inseparable at Hanover. All these things I would rather have known from you than from others; and they are the sort of things that I am the most desirous of knowing, as they are more immediately relative to yourself.

I am very sorry for the Duchess of Newcastle's illness, full as much upon your as upon her account, as it has hindered you from being so much known to the duke as I could have wished; use and habit going a great way with him, as indeed they do with most people. I have known many people patronised,

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pushed up, and preferred, by those who could have given no other reason for it, than that they were used to them. We must never seek for motives by deep reasoning, but we must find them out by careful observation and attention: no matter what they should be; but the point is, what they are. Trace them up, step by step, from the character of the person. I have known 'de par le monde,' as Brantome says, great effects from causes too little ever to have been suspected. Some things must be known, and can never be guessed.

God knows where this letter will find you, or follow you; not at Hanover I suppose; but wherever it does, may it find you in health and pleasure!—Adieu.

LETTER CCLXXXIX.

London, September 22, O. S. 1752.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

THE day after the date of my last, I received your letter of the 8th. I approve extremely of your intended progress, and am very glad that you go to the Göhr with Comte Schullemburgh. I would have you see every thing with your own eyes, and hear every thing with your own ears: for I know, by very long experience, that it is very unsafe to trust to other people's. Vanity and interest cause many misrepresentations; and folly causes many more. Few people have parts enough to relate exactly and judiciously: and those who have, for some reason or other, never fail to sink or to add some circumstances.

The reception which you have met with at Hanover, I look upon as an omen of your being well received every where else; for, to tell you the truth, it was the place that I distrusted the most in that particular. But there is a certain conduct, there are

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certaines manières, that will, and must, get the better of all difficulties of that kind; it is to acquire them, that you still continue abroad, and go from court to court; they are personal, local, and temporal: they are modes which vary, and owe their existence to accidents, whim, and humour; all the sense and reason in the world would never point them out; nothing, but experience, observation, and what is called knowledge of the world, can possibly teach them. For example, it is respectful to bow to the king of England; it is disrespectful to bow to the king of France; it is the rule to courtesy to the emperor; and the prostration of the whole body is required by Eastern monarchs. These are established ceremonies, and must be complied with; but why they were established I defy sense and reason to tell us. It is the same among all ranks, where certain customs are received, and must necessarily be complied with, though by no means the result of sense and reason. As for instance, the very absurd, though almost universal custom, of drinking people's healths. Can there be any thing in the world less relative to any other man's health, than my drinking a glass of wine? Common sense, certainly, never pointed it out: but yet common sense tells me I must conform to it. Good sense bids one be civil, and endeavour to please; though nothing but experience and observation can teach one the means, properly adapted to time, place, and persons. This knowledge is the true object of a gentleman's travelling, if he travels as he ought to do. By frequenting good company in every country, he himself becomes of every country; he is no longer an Englishman, a Frenchman, or an Italian; but he is an European; he adopts, respectively, the best manners of every country; and is a Frenchman at Paris, an Italian at Rome, an Englishman at London.

This advantage, I must confess, very seldom accrues to my countrymen from their travelling; as they have neither the desire nor the means of get-

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ting into good company abroad: for, in the first place, they are confoundedly bashful: and, in the next place, they either speak no foreign language at all, or, if they do, it is barbarously. You possess all the advantages that they want; you know the languages in perfection, and have constantly kept the best company in the places where you have been; so that you ought to be an European. Your canvass is solid and strong, your outlines are good; but remember, that you still want the beautiful colouring of Titian, and the delicate graceful touches of Guido. Now is your time to get them. There is in all good company a fashionable air, countenance, manner, and phraseology, which can only be acquired by being in good company, and very attentive to all that passes there. When you dine or sup at any well-bred man's house, observe carefully how he does the honours of his table to the different guests. Attend to the compliments of congratulation or condolence, that you hear a well-bred man make to his superiors, to his equals, and to his inferiors; watch even his countenance and his tone of voice, for they all conspire in the main point of pleasing. There is a certain distinguishing diction of a man of fashion; he will not content himself with saying, like John Trott, to a new-married man, 'Sir, I wish you much joy;' or to a man who has lost his son, 'Sir, I am sorry for your loss;' and both with a countenance equally unmoved: but he will say in effect the same thing, in a more elegant and less trivial manner, and with a countenance adapted to the occasion. He will advance with warmth, vivacity, and a cheerful countenance, to the new-married man, and, embracing him, perhaps say to him, 'If you do justice to my attachment to you, you will judge of the joy that I feel upon this occasion, better than I can express it, &c.' To the other in affliction, he will advance slowly, with a grave composure of countenance, in a more deliberate manner, and, with a lower voice, perhaps say,

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'I hope you do me the justice to be convinced, that I feel whatever you feel, and shall ever be affected where you are concerned.'

Your *abord*, I must tell you, was too cold and uniform; I hope it is now mended. It should be respectfully open and cheerful with your superiors, warm and animated with your equals, hearty and free with your inferiors. There is a fashionable kind of *small talk*, that you should get; which, trifling as it is, is of use in mixed companies, and at table, especially in your foreign department; where it keeps off certain serious subjects, that might create disputes, or at least coldness for a time. Upon such occasions it is not amiss to know how to *parler cuisine*, and to be able to dissert upon the growth and flavour of wines. These, it is true, are very little things; but they are little things that occur very often, and therefore should be said 'avec gentillesse et grace.' I am sure they must fall often in your way; pray take care to catch them. There is a certain language of conversation, a fashionable diction, of which every gentleman ought to be perfectly master, in whatever language he speaks. The French attend to it carefully, and with great reason; and their language, which is the language of phrases, helps them out exceedingly. That delicacy of diction is characteristical of a man of fashion and good company.

I could write folios upon this subject, and not exhaust it; but I think, and hope, that to you I need not. You have heard and seen enough to be convinced of the truth and importance of what I have been so long inculcating into you upon these points. How happy am I, and how happy are you, my dear child, that these Titian tints and Guido graces are all that you want to complete my hopes and your own character! But then, on the other hand, what a drawback would it be to that happiness, if you should never acquire them! I remember, when I was of your age, though I had not near so good an education as you have, or seen a quarter so

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much of the world, I observed those masterly touches, and irresistible graces, in others, and saw the necessity of acquiring them myself; but then an awkward *mauvaise honte*, of which I had brought a great deal with me from Cambridge, made me ashamed to attempt it, especially if any of my countrymen and particular acquaintance were by. This was extremely absurd in me; for without attempting I could never succeed. But at last, insensibly, by frequenting a great deal of good company, and imitating those whom I saw that every body liked, I formed myself *tant bien que mal*. For God's sake, let this last fine varnish, so necessary to give lustre to the whole piece, be the sole and single object now of your utmost attention: Berlin may contribute a great deal to it if you please; there are all the ingredients that compose it.

A propos of Berlin; while you are there, take care to seem ignorant of all political matters, between the two courts; such as the affairs of Ost-Frise, and Saxe Lawemburg, &c. and enter into no conversations upon those points: however, be as well at court as you possibly can; live at it, and make one of it. Should General Keith offer you civilities, do not decline them; but return them however without being 'enfant de la maison chez lui:' say 'des choses flatteuses' of the royal family, and especially of his Prussian majesty, to those who are the most like to repeat them. In short, make yourself well there, without making yourself ill *somewhere else*. Make compliments from me to Algarotti, and converse with him in Italian.

I go next week to the Bath, for a deafness, which I have been plagued with this four or five months; and which I am assured that pumping my head will remove. This deafness, I own, has tried my patience; as it has cut me off from society, at an age, when I had no pleasures but those left. In the mean time, I have, by reading and writing, made my eyes supply the defect of my ears. Madame H——, I

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suppose, entertained both yours alike; however, I am very glad you were well with her, for she is a good *prôneuse*, and puffs are very useful to a young fellow at his entrance into the world.

If you should meet with Lord Pembroke again, any where, make him many compliments from me; and tell him, I should have written to him, but that I knew how troublesome an old correspondent must be to a young one. He is much commended in the accounts from Hanover.

You will stay at Berlin just as long as you like it, and no longer; and from thence you are absolutely master of your own motions, either to the Hague, or to Brussels; but I think you had bettter go to the Hague first, because that from thence Brussels will be in your way to Calais, which is a much better passage to England than from Helvoetsluys. The two courts of the Hague and Brussels are worth your seeing; and you will see them both to advantage, by means of Colonel Yorke and Dayrolles. Adieu. Here is enough for this time.

LETTER CCXC.

London, September 26, O. S. 1752.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

As you chiefly employ or rather wholly engross my thoughts, I see every day with increasing pleasure the fair prospect which you have before you. I had two views in your education: they draw nearer and nearer, and I have now very little reason to distrust your answering them fully. Those two were, parliamentary and foreign affairs. In consequence of those views, I took care, first, to give you a sufficient stock of sound learning, and next an early knowledge of the world. Without making a figure in parliament, no man can make any in this country; and eloquence alone enables

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a man to make a figure in parliament, unless it be a very mean and contemptible one, which those make there who silently vote, and who do 'pedibus ire in sententiam.' Foreign affairs, when skilfully managed, and supported by a parliamentary repution, lead to whatever is most considerable in this country. You have the languages necessary for that purpose, with a sufficient fund of historical and treaty knowledge; that is to say, you have the matter ready, and only want the manner. Your objects being thus fixed, I recommend to you to have them constantly in your thoughts, and to direct your reading, your actions, and your words, to those views. Most people think only *ex re natâ*, and few *ex professo:* I would have you do both, but begin with the latter. I explain myself: Lay down certain principles, and reason and act consequentially from them. As for example; say to yourself, 'I will make a figure in parliament, and, in order to do that, I must not only speak, but speak very well. Speaking mere common sense will by no means do; and I must speak not only correctly, but elegantly; and not only elegantly, but eloquently. In order to this, I will first take pains to get an habitual, but unaffected, purity, correctness, and elegancy of style, in my common conversation; I will seek for the best words, and take care to reject improper, inexpressive, and vulgar ones. I will read the greatest masters of oratory, both ancient and modern, and I will read them singly in that view: I will study Demosthenes and Cicero, not to discover an old Athenian or Roman custom, nor to puzzle myself with the value of talents, minas, drachms, and sesterces, like the learned blockheads in *us;* but to observe their choice of words, their harmony of diction, their method, their distribution; their exordia, to engage the favour and attention of their audience; and their perorations, to enforce what they have said, and leave a strong impression upon the passions. Nor will I be pedant enough to

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neglect the moderns; for I will likewise study Atterbury, Dryden, Pope, and Bolingbroke: nay, I will read every thing that I do read, in that intention, and never cease improving and refining my style upon the best models, till at last I become a model of eloquence myself:' which, by care, it is in every man's power to be. If you set out upon this principle, and keep it constantly in your mind, every company you go into, and every book you read, will contribute to your improvement, either by showing you what to imitate, or what to avoid. Are you to give an account of any thing to a mixed company, or are you to endeavour to persuade either man or woman; this principle, fixed in your mind, will make you carefully attend to the choice of your words, and to the clearness and harmony of your diction.

So much for your parliamentary object: now to the foreign one.

Lay down first those principles which are absolutely necessary to form a skilful and successful negotiator, and form yourself accordingly. What are they? First, the clear historical knowledge of past transactions of that kind. That you have pretty well already, and will have daily more and more; for, in consequence of that principle, you will read history, memoirs, anecdotes, &c. in that view chiefly. The other necessary talents for negotiation are; the great art of pleasing, and engaging the affection and confidence, not only of those with whom you are to co-operate, but even of those whom you are to oppose; to conceal your own thoughts and views, and to discover other people's; to engage other people's confidence, by a seeming cheerful frankness and openness, without going a step too far; to get the personal favour of the king, prince, ministers, or mistress, of the court to which you are sent; to gain the absolute command over your temper and your countenance, that no heat may provoke you to say, nor no change

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of countenance to betray, what should be a secret. To familiarize and domesticate yourself in the houses of the most considerable people of the place, so as to be received there rather as a friend to the family, than as a foreigner. Having these principles constantly in your thoughts, every thing you do, and every thing you say, will some way or other tend to your main view; and common conversation will gradually fit you for it. You will get a habit of checking any rising heat; you will be upon your guard against any indiscreet expression; you will by degrees get the command of your countenance, so as not to change it upon any the most sudden accident; and you will, above all things, labour to acquire the great art of pleasing, without which nothing is to be done. Company is, in truth, a constant state of negotiation; and, if you attend to it in that view, will qualify you for any. By the same means that you make a friend, guard against an enemy, or gain a mistress; you will make an advantageous treaty, baffle those who counteract you, and gain the court you are sent to. Make this use of all the company you keep, and your very pleasures will make you a successful negotiator. Please all who are worth pleasing; offend none. Keep your own secret, and get out other people's. Keep your own temper, and artfully warm other people's. Counter-work your rivals with diligence and dexterity, but at the same time with the utmost personal civility to them; and be firm without heat: Messieurs d'Avaux and Servien did no more than this. I must make one observation, in confirmation of this assertion; which is, that the most eminent negotiators have always been the politest and best-bred men in company; even what the women call the *prettiest men*. For God's sake, never lose view of these two your capital objects: bend every thing to them, try every thing by their rules, and calculate every thing for their purposes. What is peculiar to these two objects is, that they require nothing, but what one's

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own vanity, interest, and pleasure, would make one do independently of them. If a man were never to be in business, and always to lead a private life, would he not desire to please and to persuade? So that, in your two destinations, your fortune and figure luckily conspire with your vanity and your pleasures. Nay, more; a foreign minister, I will maintain it, can never be a good man of business, if he is not an agreeable man of pleasure too. Half his business is done by the help of his pleasures: his views are carried on, and perhaps best, and most unsuspectedly, at balls, suppers, assemblies, and parties of pleasure; by intrigues with women, and connexions insensibly formed with men, at those unguarded hours of amusement.

These objects now draw very near you, and you have no time to lose in preparing yourself to meet them. You will be in parliament almost as soon as your age will allow; and I believe you will have a foreign department still sooner, and that will be earlier than ever any body had one. If you set out well at one-and-twenty, what may you not reasonably hope to be at one-and-forty? All that I could wish you! Adieu.

LETTER CCXCI.

London, September 29, 1752.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

THERE is nothing so necessary, but at the same time there is nothing more difficult (I know it by experience) for you young fellows, than to know how to behave yourself prudently towards those whom you do not like. Your passions are warm, and your heads are light; you hate all those who oppose your views, either of ambition or love; and a rival, in either, is almost a synonymous term for an enemy. Whenever you meet such a man, you are

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awkwardly cold to him, at best; but often rude, and always desirous to give him some indirect slap. This is unreasonable; for one man has as good a right to pursue an employment, or a mistress, as another: but it is, into the bargain, extremely imprudent; because you commonly defeat your own purpose by it, and, while you are contending with each other, a third often prevails. I grant you that the situation is irksome; a man cannot help thinking as he thinks, nor feeling what he feels; and it is a very tender and sore point to be thwarted and counterworked in one's pursuits at court, or with a mistress: but prudence and abilities must check the effects, though they cannot remove the cause. Both the pretenders makes themselves disagreeable to their mistress, when they spoil the company by their pouting or their sparring; whereas, if one of them has command enough over himself (whatever he may feel inwardly) to be cheerful, gay, and easily and unaffectedly civil to the other, as if there were no manner of competition between them, the lady will certainly like him the best, and his rival will be ten times more humbled and discouraged; for he will look upon such behaviour as a proof of the triumph and security of his rival; he will grow outrageous with the lady, and the warmth of his reproaches will probably bring on a quarrel between them. It is the same in business; where he who can command his temper and his countenance the best will always have an infinite advantage over the other. This is what the French call 'un procédé honnêté et galant,' to *pique* yourself upon showing particular civilities to a man, to whom lesser minds would in the same case show dislike, or perhaps rudeness. I would give you an instance of this in my own case; and pray remember it, whenever you come to be, as I hope you will, in a like situation.

When I went to the Hague, in 1744, it was to engage the Dutch to come roundly into the war, and to stipulate their quotas of troops, &c. Your ac-

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quaintance, the Abbé de la Ville, was there on the part of France, to endeavour to hinder them from coming to war at all. I was informed, and very sorry to hear it, that he had abilities, temper, and industry. We could not visit, our two masters being at war; but the first time I met him at a third place, I got somebody to present me to him; and I told him, that though we were to be national enemies, I flattered myself we might be, however, personal friends: with a good deal more of the same kind, which he returned in full as polite a manner. Two days afterwards, I went, early in the morning, to solicit the deputies of Amsterdam, where I found l'Abbé de la Ville, who had been beforehand with me; upon which I addressed myself to the deputies, and said, smilingly, * Je suis bien fâché, Messieurs, de trouver mon ennemi avec vous; je le connois déjà assez pour le craindre: le partie n'est pas égale, mais je me fie à vos proprès interêts contre les talens de mon ennemi; et au moins, si je n'ai pas eu le premier mot, j'aurai le dernier aujourd'hui.' They smiled: the Abbé was pleased with the compliment, and the manner of it, stayed about a quarter of an hour, and then left me to my deputies, with whom I continued upon the same tone, though in a very serious manner, and told them that I was only come to state their own true interest to them, plainly and singly without any of those arts, which it was very necessary for my friend to make use of to deceive them. I carried my point, and continued my *procédé* with the Abbé; and, by this easy and polite commerce with him at third places, I often found means to fish out from him whereabouts he was.

* I am very sorry, gentlemen, to find my enemy with you. My knowledge of his capacity is already sufficient to make me fear him: we are not upon equal terms; but I trust to your own interest, against his talents. If I have not this day had the first word, I shall at least have the last.

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Remember, there are but two *procédés* in the world for a gentleman and man of parts; either extreme politeness, or knocking down. If a man notoriously and designedly insults and affronts you, knock him down; but, if he only injures you, your best revenge is to be extremely civil to him in your outward behaviour, though at the same time you counterwork him, and return him the compliment, perhaps, with interest. This is not perfidy, nor dissimulation: it would be so, if you were at the same time, to make professions of esteem and friendship to this man; which I by no means recommend, but, on the contrary, abhor. All acts of civility are, by common consent, understood to be no more than a conformity to custom for the quiet and convenience of society, the *agrémens* of which are not to be disturbed by private dislikes and jealousies. Only women and little minds pout and spar for the entertainment of the company, that always laughs at, and never pities them. For my own part, though I would by no means give up any point to a competitor, yet I would pique myself upon showing him rather more civility than to another man. In the first place, this *procédé* infallibly makes all *les vieux* of your side, which is a considerable party; and in the next place, it certainly pleases the object of the competition, be it either man or woman; who never fail to say, upon such an occasion, that *they must own you have behaved yourself very handsomely in the whole affair*. The world judges from the appearances of things, and not from the reality, which few are able, and still fewer are inclined, to fathom; and a man who will take care always to be in the right in those things, may afford to be sometimes a little in the wrong in more essential ones; there is a willingness, a desire, to excuse him. With nine people in ten, good-breeding passes for good-nature, and they take attentions for good offices. At courts there will be always coldnesses, dislikes, jealousies, and hatred; the harvest being but small in propor-

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tion to the number of labourers; but then, as they arise often, they die soon, unless they are perpetuated by the manner in which they have been carried on, more than by the matter which occasioned them. The turns and vicissitudes of courts frequently make friends of enemies, and enemies of friends: you must labour, therefore, to acquire that great and uncommon talent, of hating with good-breeding, and loving with prudence; to make no quarrel irreconcileable, by silly and unnecessary indications of anger; and no friendship dangerous in case it breaks, by a wanton, indiscreet, and unreserved confidence.

Few (especially young) people know how to love, or how to hate; their love is an unbounded weakness, fatal to the person they love: their hate is a hot, rash, and imprudent violence, always fatal to themselves. Nineteen fathers in twenty, and every mother, who had loved you half as well as I do, would have ruined you; whereas, I always made you feel the weight of my authority, that you might one day know the force of my love. Now, I both hope and believe, my advice will have the same weight with you from choice, that my authority had from necessity. My advice is just eight-and-thirty years older than your own, and consequently, I believe you think, rather better. As for your tender and pleasurable passions, manage them yourself: but let me have the direction of all the others. Your ambition, your figure, and your fortune, will, for some time at least, be rather safer in my keeping than in your own. Adieu.

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LETTER CCXCII.

Bath, October 4, 1752.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I CONSIDER you now as at the court of Augustus, where, if ever the desire of pleasing animated you, it must make you exert all the means of doing it. You will see there, full as well, I dare say, as Horace did at Rome, how states are defended by arms, adorned by manners, and improved by laws. Nay, you have an Horace there, as well as an Augustus: I need not name Voltaire, 'qui nil molitur inepte,' as Horace himself said of another poet. I have lately read over all his works that are published, though I had read them more than once before. I was induced to this by his *Siècle de Louis XIV*, which I have yet read but four times. In reading over all his works, with more attention, I suppose, than before, my former admiration of him is, I own, turned into astonishment. There is no one kind of writing in which he has not excelled. You are so severe a classic, that I question whether you will allow me to call his *Henriade* an epic poem, for want of the proper number of gods, devils, witches, and other absurdities, requisite for the machinery; which machinery is, it seems, necessary to constitute the epopée. But whether you do or not, I will declare (though possibly to my own shame), that I never read an epic poem with near so much pleasure. I am grown old, and have possibly lost a great deal of that fire, which formerly made me love fire in others at any rate, and however attended with smoke: but now I must have all sense, and cannot, for the sake of five righteous lines, forgive a thousand absurd ones.

In this disposition of mind, judge whether I can read all Homer through *tout de suite*. I admire his

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beauties; but, to tell you the truth, when he slumbers, I sleep. Virgil, I confess, is all sense, and therefore I like him better than his model; but he is often languid, especially in his five or six last books, during which I am obliged to take a good deal of snuff. Besides, I profess myself an ally of Turnus's, against the pious Æneas, who, like many *soi-disant* pious people, does the most flagrant injustice and violence, in order to execute what they impudently call the will of Heaven. But what will you say, when I tell you truly, that I cannot possibly read our countryman Milton through? I acknowledge him to have some most sublime passages, some prodigious flashes of light; but then you must acknowledge that light is often followed by *darkness visible*, to use his own expression. Besides, not having the honour to be acquainted with any of the parties of his poem, except the man and the woman, the characters and speeches of a dozen or two of angels, and of as many devils, are as much above my reach as my entertainment. Keep this secret for me: for, if it should be known, I should be abused by every tasteless pedant, and every solid divine, in England.

Whatever I have said to the disadvantage of these three poems holds much stronger against Tasso's Gierusalemme: it is true, he has very fine and glaring rays of poetry; but then they are only meteors; they dazzle, then disappear, and are succeeded by false thoughts, poor *concetti*, and absurd impossibilities: witness the Fish and Parrot; extravagancies unworthy of an heroic poem, and would much better have become Ariosto, who professes *le coglionerie*.

I have never read the Lusiade of Camoens, except in a prose translation, consequently I have never read it at all, so shall say nothing of it; but the *Henriade* is all sense, from the beginning to the end, often adorned by the justest and liveliest reflections, the most beautiful descriptions, the noblest images, and the sublimest sentiments; not to

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mention the harmony of the verse, in which Voltaire undoubtedly exceeds all the French poets; should you insist upon an exception in favour of Racine, I must insist, on my part, that he at least equals him. What hero ever interested more than Henry the Fourth, who, according to the rules of epic poetry, carries on one great and long action, and succeeds in it at last? What description ever excited more horror than those, first of the massacre, and then of the famine, at Paris? Was love ever painted with more truth and *morbidezza* than in the ninth book? Not better, in my mind, even in the fourth of Virgil. Upon the whole, with all your classical rigour, if you will but suppose *St. Louis* a god, a devil, or a witch, and that he appears in person, and not in a dream, the *Henriade* will be an epic poem, according to the strictest statute-laws of the epopée; but in my court of equity it is one as it is.

I could expatiate as much upon all his different works, but that I should exceed the bounds of a letter, and run into a dissertation. How delightful is his history of that northern brute, the king of Sweden! for I cannot call him a man; and I should be sorry to have him pass for a hero, out of regard to those true heroes, such as Julius Cæsar, Titus, Trajan, and the present king of Prussia; who cultivated and encouraged arts and sciences; whose animal courage was accompanied by the tender and social sentiments of humanity; and who had more pleasure in improving, than in destroying their fellow-creatures. What can be more touching, or more interesting, what more nobly thought, or happily expressed, than all his dramatic pieces? What can be more clear and rational than all his philosophical letters? and what ever was so graceful, and genteel, as all his little poetical trifles? You are fortunately *à portée* of verifying, by your knowledge of the man, all that I have said of his works.

Monsieur de Maupertuis (whom I hope you will

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get acquainted with) is, what one rarely meets with, deep in philosophy and mathematics, and yet 'honnête et aimable homme;' Algarotti is young Fontenelle. Such men must necessarily give you the desire of pleasing them; and if you can frequent them, their acquaintance will furnish you the means of pleasing every body else.

A propos of pleasing; your pleasing Mrs. F—d is expected here in two or three days; I will do all that I can for you with her: I think you carried on the romance to the third or fourth volume; I will continue it to the eleventh; but as for the twelfth and last, you must come and conclude it yourself. 'Non sum qualis eram.'

Good night to you, child; for I am going to bed, just at the hour at which I suppose you are beginning to live, at Berlin.

LETTER CCXCIII.

Bath, November 11, 1752.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

IT is a very old and very true maxim, that those kings reign the most secure, and the most absolute, who reign in the hearts of their people. Their popularity is a better guard than their army; and the affections of their subjects, a better pledge of their obedience, than their fears. This rule is, in proportion, full as true, though upon a different scale, with regard to private people. A man who possesses that great art of pleasing universally, and of gaining the affections of those with whom he converses, possesses a strength which nothing else can give him; a strength, which facilitates, and helps his rise; and which, in case of accidents, breaks his fall. Few people of your age sufficiently consider this great point of popularity; and, when they grow older and wiser, strive in vain to recover what

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they lost by their negligence. There are three principal causes that hinder them from acquiring this useful strength; pride, inattention, and *mauvaise honte*. The first I will not, I cannot, suspect you of; it is too much below your understanding. You cannot, and I am sure you do not, think yourself superior by nature to the Savoyard who cleans your room, or footman who cleans your shoes; but you may rejoice, and with reason, at the difference that fortune has made in your favour. Enjoy all those advantages; but without insulting those who are unfortunate enough to want them, or even doing any thing unnecessarily that may remind them of that want. For my own part, I am more upon my guard as to my behaviour to my servants, and others who are called my inferiors, than I am towards my equals; for fear of being suspected of that mean and ungenerous sentiment, of desiring to make others feel that difference which fortune has, and perhaps, too, undeservedly, made between us. Young people do not enough attend to this; but falsely imagine that the imperative mood, and a rough tone of authority and decision, are indications of spirit and courage. Inattention is always looked upon, though sometimes unjustly, as the effect of pride and contempt; and where it is thought so, is never forgiven. In this article, young people are generally exceedingly to blame, and offend extremely. Their whole attention is engrossed by their particular set of acquaintance; and by some few glaring and exalted objects, of rank, beauty, or parts; all the rest they think so little worth their care, that they neglect even common civility towards them. I will frankly confess to you, that this was one of my great faults when I was of your age. Very attentive to please that narrow court-circle, in which I stood enchanted, I considered every thing else as *bourgeois*, and unworthy of common civility; I paid my court assiduously and skilfully enough to shining and distinguished figures, such as ministers,

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wits, and beauties; but then I most absurdly and imprudently neglected, and consequently offended, all others. By this folly I made myself a thousand enemies of both sexes; who, though I thought them very insignificant, found means to hurt me essentially, where I wanted to recommend myself the most. I was thought proud, though I was only imprudent. A general easy civility and attention to the common run of ugly women and of middling men, both which I sillily thought, called, and treated as, odd people, would have made me as many friends, as by the contrary conduct I made myself enemies. All this too was *à pure perte;* for I might equally, and even more successfully, have made my court, where I had particular views to gratify. I will allow that this task is often very unpleasant, and that one pays with some unwillingness, that tribute of attention to dull and tedious men, and to old and ugly women; but it is the lowest price of popularity and general applause, which are very well worth purchasing, were they much dearer. I conclude this head with this advice to you: Gain, by particular assiduity and address, the men and women you want; and, by an universal civility and attention, please every body so far, as to have their good word, if not their good will; or, at least, as to secure a partial neutrality.

Mauvaise honte not only hinders young people from making a great many friends, but makes them a great many enemies. They are ashamed of doing the thing that they know to be right, and would otherwise do, for fear of the momentary laugh of some fine gentleman or lady, or of some *mauvais plaisant*. I have been in this case; and have often wished an obscure acquaintance at the devil, for meeting, and taking notice of me, when I was in what I thought and called fine company. I have returned their notice shily, awkwardly, and consequently offensively, for fear of a momentary joke; not considering, as I ought to have done, that the

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very people who would have joked upon me at first, would have esteemed me the more for it afterwards. An example explains a rule best: Suppose you were walking in the Tuilleries with some fine folks, and that you should unexpectedly meet your old acquaintance, little crooked Grierson; what would you do? I will tell you what you should do, by telling you what I would now do in that case myself. I would run up to him, and embrace him; say some kind things to him, and then return to my company. There I should be immediately asked: 'Mais qu'est-ce que c'est donc que ce petit sapajou que vous avez embrassé si tendrement? Pour cela l'accolade a été charmante;' with a great deal more festivity of that sort. To this I should answer, without being the least ashamed, but *en badinant*: 'O je ne vous dirai pas qui c'est; c'est un petit ami que je tiens incognito, qui a son merite, et qui, à force d'être connu, fait oublier sa figure. Que me donnerez-vous, et je vous le presenterai?' And then, with a little more seriousness, I would add; 'Mais d'ailleurs c'est que je ne désavoue jamais mes connoissances, à cause de leur état ou de leur figure. Il faut avoir bien peu de sentiments pour le faire.' This would at once put an end to that momentary pleasantry, and give them all a better opinion of me than they had before. Suppose another case; and that some of the finest ladies *du bon ton* should come into a room, and find you sitting by, and talking politely to, la vieille Marquise de Bellefonds, the joke would, for a moment, turn upon that *tête à tête*. 'He bien! avez-vous à la fin fixé la belle marquise? La partie est-elle faite pour la petite maison? le souper sera galant sans doute. Mais ne fais-tu donc point scrupule de séduire une jeune et aimable personne comme celle-là?' To this I should answer: 'La partie n'étoit pas encore tout-à-fait liée, vous nous avez interrompu; mais avec le tems que sait-on? D'ailleurs, moquez-vous de mes amours tant qu'il vous plaira, je vous dirai que je re-

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spects tant les jeunes dames, que je respecte même les vieilles, pour l'avoir été. Après cela il y a souvent des liaisons entre les vieilles et les jeunes.' This would at once turn the pleasantry into an esteem for your good sense and your good-breeding. Pursue steadily, and without fear or shame, whatever your reason tells you is right, and what you see is practised by people of more experience than yourself, and of established characters of good sense and good-breeding.

After all this, perhaps you will say, that it is impossible to please every body. I grant it: but it does not follow that one should not therefore endeavour to please as many as one can. Nay, I will go farther, and admit that it is impossible for any man not to have some enemies. But this truth, from long experience, I assert, that he who has the most friends, and the fewest enemies, is the strongest; will rise the highest with the least envy; and fall, if he does fall, the gentlest, and the most pitied. This is surely an object worth pursuing. Pursue it according to the rules I have here given you. I will add one observation more, and two examples to enforce it; and then, as the parsons say, conclude.

There is no one creature so obscure, so low, or so poor, who may not, by the strange and unaccountable changes and vicissitudes of human affairs, somehow or other, or some time or other, become an useful friend, or a troublesome enemy, to the greatest and the richest. The late Duke of Ormond was almost the weakest; but, at the same time, the best bred, and most popular man in this kingdom. His education in courts and camps, joined to an easy, gentle nature, had given him that habitual affability, those engaging manners, and those mechanical attentions, that almost supplied the place of every talent he wanted; and he wanted almost every one. They procured him the love of all men, without the esteem of any. He was impeached after the death of Queen Anne, only because that, having been en-

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gaged in the same measures with those who were necessarily to be impeached, his impeachment, for form's sake, became necessary. But he was impeached without acrimony, and without the least intention that he should suffer, notwithstanding the party-violence of those times. The question for his impeachment, in the house of commons, was carried by many fewer votes, than any other question of impeachment; and Earl Stanhope, then Mr. Stanhope, and secretary of state, who impeached him, very soon after negotiated and concluded his accommodation with the late king; to whom he was to have been presented the next day. But the late bishop of Rochester, Atterbury, who thought that the jacobite cause might suffer by losing the duke of Ormond, went in all haste, and prevailed with the poor weak man to run away; assuring him, that he was only to be gulled into a disgraceful submission, and not to be pardoned in consequence of it. When his subsequent attainder passed, it excited mobs and disturbances in town. He had not a personal enemy in the world, and had a thousand friends. All this was singly owing to his natural desire of pleasing; and to the mechanical means that his education, not his parts, had given him of doing it.—The other instance is, the late Duke of Marlborough, who studied the art of pleasing, because he well knew the importance of it; he enjoyed and used it more than ever man did. He gained whomsoever he had a mind to gain; and he had a mind to gain every body, because he knew that every body was more or less worth gaining. Though his power, as minister and general, made him many political and party enemies, they did not make him one personal one; and the very people who would gladly have displaced, disgraced, and perhaps attainted, the duke of Marlborough, at the same time personally loved Mr. Churchill, even though his private character was blemished by sordid avarice, the most unamiable of all vices. He had wound up and turn-

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ed his whole machine to please and engage. He had an inimitable sweetness and gentleness in his countenance, a tenderness in his manner of speaking, a graceful dignity in every motion, and an universal and minute attention to the least things that could possibly please the least person. This was all art in him; art, of which he well knew and enjoyed the advantages; for no man ever had more interior ambition, pride, and avarice, than he had.

Though you have more than most people of your age, you have yet very little, experience and knowledge of the world; now I wish to inoculate mine upon you, and thereby prevent both the dangers and the marks of youth and inexperience. If you receive the matter kindly, and observe my prescriptions scrupulously, you will secure the future advantages of time, and join them to the present inestimable ones of one-and-twenty.

I most earnestly recommend one thing more to you during your present stay at Paris: I own it is not the most agreeable; but I affirm it to be the most useful thing in the world to one of your age; and therefore I do hope that you will force and constrain yourself to do it. I mean, to converse frequently, or rather to be in company frequently, with both men and women much your superiors in age and rank. I am very sensible that, at your age, 'vous y entrez pour peu de chose, et même souvent pour rien, et que vous y passerez même quelques mauvais quart-d'heures;' but no matter; you will be a solid gainer by it: you will see, hear, and learn, the turn and manners of these people; you will gain premature experience by it; and it will give you a habit of engaging and respectful attentions: Versailles, as much as possible, though probably unentertaining; the Palais Royal often, however dull; foreign ministers of the first rank, frequently; and women, though old, who are respectable and respected for their rank or parts, such as Madame de Puisieux, Madame de Nivernois, Madame d'Aiguil-

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lon, Madame Geoffrain, &c. This *sujettion*, if it be one to you, will cost you but very little these three or four months that you are to pass at Paris, and will bring you in a great deal; nor will it, nor ought it, to hinder you from being in more entertaining company great part of the day. 'Vous pouvez, si vous le voulez, tirer un grand parti de ces quatre mois.' May God make you do so, and bless you! Adieu.

LETTER CCXCIV.

Bath, November 16, 1752.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

VANITY, or, to call it by a gentler name, the desire of admiration and applause, is, perhaps, the most universal principle of human actions; I do not say that it is the best; and I will own, that it is sometimes the cause of both foolish and criminal effects. But it is so much oftener the principle of right things, that, though they ought to have a better, yet, considering human nature, that principle is to be encouraged and cherished, in consideration of its effects. Where that desire is wanting, we are apt to be indifferent, listless, indolent, and inert: we do not exert our powers; and we appear to be as much below ourselves, as the vainest man living can desire to appear above what he really is.

As I have made you my confessor, and do not scruple to confess even my weaknesses to you, I will fairly own, that I had that vanity, that weakness, if it be one, to a prodigious degree; and, what is more, I confess it without repentance; nay, I am glad I had it; since, if I have had the good fortune to please in the world, it is to that powerful and active principle that I owe it. I began the world, not with a bare desire, but with an insatiable thirst, a rage of

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popularity, applause, and admiration. If this made me do some silly things on one hand, it made me, on the other hand, do almost all the right things that I did: it made me attentive and civil to the women I disliked, and to the men I depised, in hopes of the applause of both: though I neither desired, nor would I have accepted, the favours of the one, nor the friendship of the other. I always dressed, looked, and talked, my best; and, I own, was overjoyed whenever I perceived that by all three, or by any one of them, the company was pleased with me. To men, I talked whatever I thought would give them the best opinion of my parts and learning; and to women, what I was sure would please them, flattery, gallantry, and love. And moreover, I will own to you, under the secrecy of confession, that my vanity has very often made me take great pains to make many a woman in love with me, if I could, for whose person I would not have given a pinch of snuff. In company with men, I always endeavoured to out-shine, or at least, if possible, to equal, the most shining men in it. This desire elicited whatever powers I had to gratify it; and where I could not, perhaps, shine in the first, enabled me, at least, to shine in a second, or third sphere. By these means I soon grew in fashion; and when a man is once in fashion, all he does is right. It was an infinite pleasure to me, to find my own fashion and popularity. I was sent for to all parties of pleasure, both of men or women; where, in some measure, I gave the *ton*. This gave me the reputation of having had some women of condition: and that reputation, whether true or false, really got me others. With the men I was a Proteus, and assumed every shape, in order to please them all: among the gay, I was the gayest; among the grave, the gravest; and I never omitted the least attentions of good-breeding, or the least offices of friendship, that could either please, or attach them to me: and ac-

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cordingly I was soon connected with all the men of any fashion or figure in town.

To this principle of vanity, which philosophers call a mean one, and which I do not, I owe great part of the figure, which I have made in life. I wish you had as much, but I fear you have too little of it: and you seem to have a degree of laziness and listlessness about you, that makes you indifferent as to general applause. This is not in character at your age, and would be barely pardonable in an elderly and philosophical man. It is a vulgar, ordinary saying, but it is a very true one, that one should always put the best foot foremost. One should please, shine, and dazzle, wherever it is possible. At Paris I am sure you must observe, 'que chacun se fait valoir autant qu'il est possible;' and la Bruyere observes very justly, 'qu'on ne vaut dans ce monde que ce qu'on veut valoir:' wherever applause is in question, you will never see a French man, nor woman, remiss or negligent. Observe the eternal attentions and politeness that all people have there for one another. 'Ce n'est pas pour leurs beaux yeux, au moins.' No, but for their own sakes, for commendations and applause. Let me then recommend this principle of vanity to you; act upon it *meo periculo;* I promise you it will turn to your account. Practise all the arts that ever coquette did, to please. Be alert and indefatigable in making every man admire, and every woman in love with you. I can tell you too, that nothing will carry you higher in the world.

I have had no letter from you since your arrival at Paris, though you must have been long enough there to have written me two or three. In about ten or twelve days I propose leaving this place, and going to London; I have found considerable benefit by my stay here, but not all that I want. Make my compliments to Lord Albemarle.

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LETTER CCXCV.

Bath, November 28, 1752.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

SINCE my last to you, I have read Madame Maintenon's letters; I am sure they are genuine; and they both entertained and informed me. They have brought me acquainted with the character of that able and artful lady, whom I am convinced that I now know much better, than her *directeur* the abbé de Fenelon (afterwards archbishop of Cambray) did, when he wrote her the 185th letter; and I know him better too for that letter. The abbé, though brimful of the divine love, had a great mind to be first minister, and cardinal; in order, *no doubt*, to have an opportunity of doing the more good. His being *directeur* at that time to Madame Maintenon seemed to be a good step towards those views. She put herself upon him for a saint, and he was weak enough to believe it; he, on the other hand, would have put himself upon her for a saint too, which, I dare say, she did not believe; both of them knew, that it was necessary for them to appear saints to Lewis the Fourteenth, who they were very sure was a bigot. It is to be presumed, nay, indeed, it is plain by that 185th letter, that Madame Maintenon had hinted to her *directeur* some scruples of conscience, with relation to her commerce with the king; and which I humbly apprehend to have been only some scruples of prudence, at once to flatter the bigot character, and increase the desires, of the king. The pious abbé, frightened out of his wits, lest the king should impute to the *directeur* any scruples or difficulties which he might meet with on the part of the lady, writes her the above-mentioned letter; in which he not only bids her, not tease the king by advice and ex-

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hortations, but to have the utmost submission to his will; and, that she may not mistake the nature of that submission, he tells her, it is the same that Sarah had for Abraham; to which submission Isaac perhaps was owing. No bawd could have written a more seducing letter to an innocent country girl, than the *directeur* did to his *penitents;* who, I dare say, had no occasion for his good advice. Those who would justify the good *directeur*, alias the pimp, in this affair, must not attempt to do it, by saying the king and Madame Maintenon were at that time privately married; that the *directeur* knew it; and that this was the meaning of his enigma. That is absolutely impossible; for that private marriage must have removed all scruples between the parties; nay, could not have been contracted upon any other principle, since it was kept private, and consequently prevented no public scandal. It is therefore extremely evident that Madame Maintenon could not be married to the king, at the time when she scrupled granting, and when the *directeur* advised her to grant, those favours which Sarah with so much submission granted to Abraham; and what the *directeur* is pleased to call *le mystere de Dieu*, was most evidently a state of concubinage. The letters are well worth your reading; they throw light upon many things of those times.

I have just received a letter from Sir William Stanhope, from Lyons, in which he tells me that he saw you at Paris, that he thinks you a little grown, but that you do not make the most of it, for that you stoop still; *d'ailleurs* his letter was a panegyric of you.

The young Comte de Schullemburg, the chamberlan whom you knew at Hanover, is come over with the king, 'et fait aussi vos éloges.'

Though, as I told you in my last, I have done buying pictures by way of *virtù*, yet there are some portraits of remarkable people that would tempt me. For instance, if you could by chance pick up at

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Paris, at a reasonable price, undoubted originals (whether heads, half-lengths, or whole-lengths, no matter) of Cardinals Richelieu, Mazarin, and Retz, Monsieur du Turenne, le grand Prince de Condé; Mesdames de Montespan, de Fontanges, de Montbazon, de Sevigné, de Maintenon, de Chevreuse, de Megneville, d'Olonne, &c. I should be tempted to purchase them. I am sensible that they can only be met with, by great accident, at family sales and auctions, so I only mention the affair to you eventually.

I do not understand, or else I do not remember, what affair you mean in your last letter; which you think will come to nothing, and for which, you say, I had once a mind that you should take the road again. Explain it to me.

I shall go to town in four or five days, and carry back with me a little more hearing than I brought, but yet not half enough for common use. One wants ready pocket-money much oftener than one wants great sums; and, to use a very odd expression, I want to hear at sight. I love every-day senses, every-day wit and entertainment; a man who is only good on holidays, is good for very little. Adieu!

LETTER CCXCVI.

Christmas-day, 1752.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

A TYRANT, with legions at his command, may say, 'Oderint modò timeant;' though he is a fool if he says it, and a greater fool if he thinks it. But a private man, who can hurt but few, though he can please many, must endeavour to be loved, for he cannot be feared in general. Popularity is his only rational and sure foundation. The good-will,

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the affections, the love of the public, can alone raise him to any considerable height. Should you ask me how he is to acquire them, I will answer, by desiring them. No man ever deserved, who did not desire them; and no man both deserved and desired them, who had them not, though many have enjoyed them merely by desiring, and without deserving them. You do not imagine, I believe, that I mean by this public love, the sentimental love of either lovers or intimate friends; no, that is of another nature, and confined to a very narrow circle; but I mean that general good-will, which a man may acquire in the world, by the arts of pleasing respectively exerted, according to the rank, the situation, and the turn of mind, of those whom he hath to do with. The pleasing impressions which he makes upon them will engage their affections, and their good wishes, and even their good offices, as far (that is) as they are not inconsistent with their own interests; for farther than that you are not to expect from three people in the course of your life, even were it extended to the patriarchal term. Could I revert to the age of twenty, and carry back with me all the experience that forty years more have taught me, I can assure you that I would employ much the greatest part of my time in engaging the good will, and in insinuating myself into the predilection, of people in general, instead of directing my endeavours to please (as I was too apt to do) to the man whom I immediately wanted, or the woman I wished for, exclusively of all others. For if one happens (and it will sometimes happen to the ablest man) to fail in his views with that man or that woman; one is at a loss to know whom to address one's self to next, having offended in general, by that exclusive and distinguished particular application. I would secure a general refuge in the good will of the multitude, which is a great strength to any man; for both ministers and mistresses choose popular and fashionable favourites. A man who solicits a mi-

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sister, backed by the general good-will and good wishes of mankind, solicits with weight and great probability of success: and a woman is strangely biassed in favour of a man, whom she sees in fashion, and hears every body speak well of. This useful art of insinuation consists merely of various little things. A graceful motion, a significant look, a trifling attention, an obliging word dropped *à propos*, air, dress, and a thousand other undefinable things, all severally little ones, joined together, make that happy and inestimable composition, *the art of pleasing*. I have in my life seen many a very handsome woman who has not pleased me, and many very sensible men, who have disgusted me; Why? only for want of these thousand little means to please, which those women, conscious of their beauty, and those men of their sense, have been grossly enough mistaken to neglect. I never was so much in love in my life, as I was with a woman who was very far from being handsome; but then she was made up of graces, and had all the arts of pleasing. The following verses, which I have read in some congratulatory poem prefixed to some work, I have forgot which, express what I mean in favour of what pleases, preferably to what is generally called more solid and instructive:

I would an author like a mistress try,
Not by a nose, a lip, a cheek, or eye,
But by some nameless power to give me joy.

Lady Chesterfield bids me make you many compliments; she showed me your letter of recommendation of La Vestres; with which I was very well pleased: there is a pretty turn in it; I wish you would always speak as genteelly. I saw another letter from a lady at Paris, in which there was a high panegyrical paragraph concerning you. I wish it were every word of it literally true; but, as it comes from a very little, pretty, white hand, which

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is suspected, and I hope justly, of great partiality to you, 'il en faut rabattre quelque chose, et même en le faisant il y aura toujours d'assez beaux restes.' Adieu.

LETTER CCXCVII.

London, New Year's-day, 1753.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

IT is now above a fortnight since I have received a letter from you. I hope, however, that you are well, but engrossed by the business of Lord Albemarle's *bureau* in the mornings, and by business of a genteeler nature in the evenings; for I willingly give up my own satisfaction to your improvement, either in business or manners.

Here have been lately imported from Paris two gentlemen, who, I find, were much acquainted with you there; Comte Sinzendorf, and Monsieur Clairaut, the academician. The former is a very pretty man, well-bred, and with a great deal of useful knowledge; for those two things are very consistent. I examined him about you, thinking him a competent judge. He told, 'que vous parliez l'Allemand comme un Allemand; que vous sçaviez le droit public de l'Empire parfaitement bien; que vous aviez le goût sûr, et des connoissances fort étendues.' I told him, that I knew all this very well; but that I wanted to know whether you had 'l'air, les manières, les attentions, enfin le brillant d'un honnête homme:' his answer was, 'Mais oui en vérité, c'est fort bien.' This, you see, is but cold, in comparison of what I do wish, and of what you ought to wish. Your friend Clairaut interposed, and said, 'Mais je vous assure qu'il est fort poli;' to which I answered, 'Je le crois, bien, vis-à-vis des Lapons vos amis; je vous recuse pour juge, jusqu'à ce que vous aïez été délaponné, au moins dix ans,

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parmi les honnêtes gens.' These testimonies in your favour are such as perhaps you are satisfied with, and think sufficient; but I am not: they are only the cold depositions of disinterested and unconcerned witnesses, upon a strict examination. When, upon a trial, a man calls witnesses to his character, and those witnesses only say, that they never heard, nor do not know, any ill of him; it intimates at best a neutral and insignificant, though innocent character. Now I want, and you ought to endeavour, that 'les agrémens, les graces, les attentions, &c.' should be a distinguishing part of your character, and specified of you by people unasked. I wish to hear people say of you, 'Ah qu'il est aimable! Quelles manieres, quelles graces, quel art de plaire!' Nature, thank God, has given you all the powers necessary; and, if she has not yet, I hope in God she will give you, the will of exerting them.

'I have lately read, with great pleasure, Voltaire's two little histories of *les Croisades*, and *l'Esprit humain;* which I recommend to your perusal, if you have not already read them. They are bound up with a most poor performance, called *Micromégas*, which is said to be Voltaire's too; but I cannot believe it, it is so very unworthy of him; it consists only of thoughts stolen from Swift, but miserably mangled and disfigured. But his History of the Croisades shows, in a very short and strong light, the most immoral and wicked scheme that was ever contrived by knaves, and executed by madmen and fools, against humanity. There is a strange, but never-failing relation, between honest madmen and skilful knaves; and wherever one meets with collected numbers of the former, one may be very sure that they are secretly directed by the latter. The popes, who have generally been both the ablest and the greatest knaves in Europe, wanted all the power and money of the east: for they had all that was in Europe already. The times and the minds favoured their design, for they were dark and uninformed;

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and Peter the hermit, at once a knave and a madman, was a fine papal tool for so wild and wicked an undertaking. I wish we had good histories of every part of Europe, and indeed of the world, written upon the plan of Voltaire's *de l'Esprit humain*; for I own I am provoked at the contempt which most historians show for humanity in general; one would think by them, that the whole human species consisted but of about an hundred and fifty people, called and dignified (commonly very undeservedly too) by the titles of emperors, kings, popes, generals, and ministers.

I have never seen in any of the newspapers, any mention of the affairs of the Cevennes, or Grenoble, which you gave me an account of some time ago; and the Duke de Mirepoix pretends, at least, to know nothing of either. Were they false reports, or does the French court choose to stifle them? I hope that they are both true, because I am very willing, that the cares of the French government should be employed and confined to themselves.

Your friend, the Electress Palatine, has sent me six wild boars' heads, and other *pièces de sa chasse*, in return for the fans, which she approved of extremely. This present was signified to me by one Mr. Harold, who wrote me a letter in very indifferent English: I suppose he is a Dane, who has been in England.

Mr. Harte came to town yesterday, and dined with me to-day. We talked you over; and I can assure you, that though a parson, and no member *du beau monde*, he thinks all the most shining accomplishments of it full as necessary for you as I do. His expression was, 'that is all that he wants; but, if he wants that, considering his situation and destination, he might as well want every thing else.'

This is the day when people reciprocally offer and receive the kindest and the warmest wishes, though in general, without meaning them on one side, or believing them on the other. They are formed by

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the head, in compliance with custom, though disavowed by the heart, in consequence of nature. His wishes upon this occasion are the best that are the best-turned; you do not, I am sure, doubt the truth of mine, and therefore I will express them with a quaker-like simplicity. May this new year be a very new one indeed to you; may you put off the old, and put on the new man! but I mean the outward, not the inward man. With this alteration, I might justly sum up all my wishes for you in these words:

'Dii tibi dent annos, de te nam cætera sumes.'

This minute I receive your letter of the 26th past, which gives me a very disagreeable reason for your late silence. By the symptoms which you mention of your illness, I both hope and believe, that it was wholly owing to your want of care. You are rather inclined to be fat, you have naturally a good stomach, and you eat at the best tables; which must of course make you plethoric; and, upon my word, you will be subject to these accidents, if you will not from time to time, when you find yourself full, heated, or your head aching, take some little easy preventive purge, that would not confine you; such as chewing a little rhubarb when you go to bed at night, or some senna-tea in the morning. You do very well to live extremely low, for some time; and I could wish, though I do not expect it, that you would take one gentle vomit; for those giddinesses and swimmings in the head always proceed from some foulness of the stomach. However, upon the whole, I am very glad that your old complaint has not mixed itself with this; which, I am fully convinced, arises singly from your own negligence. Adieu.

I am sorry for Monsieur Kurzé, upon his sister's account.

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LETTER CCXCVIII.

London, January 15, 1758.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I NEVER think my time so well employed, as when I think it employed to your advantage. You have long had the greatest share of it; you now engross it. The moment is now decisive; the piece is going to be exhibited to the public; the mere outlines, and the general colouring, are not sufficient to attract the eyes, and to secure applause; but the last finishing, artful, and delicate strokes, are necessary. Skilful judges will discern, and acknowledge, their merit; the ignorant will, without knowing why, feel their power. In that view I have thrown together, for your use, the enclosed Maxims*; or, to speak more properly, observations on men and things; for I have no merit as to the invention: I am no system-monger; and instead of giving way to my imagination, I have only consulted my memory; and my conclusions are all drawn from facts, not from fancy. Most maxim-mongers have preferred the prettiness to the justness of a thought, and the turn to the truth; but I have refused myself to every thing that my own experience did not justify and confirm. I wish you would consider them seriously and separately, and recur to them again *pro re natâ* in similar cases. Young men are as apt to think themselves wise enough, as drunken men are to think themselves sober enough. They look upon spirit to be a much better thing than experience; which they call coldness. They are but half mistaken; for though spirit, without experience, is dangerous; experience, without spirit, is languid and defective. Their union, which is very rare, is

* Turn to the end of the volume.

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perfection: you may join them, if you please; for all my experience is at your service; and I do not desire one grain of your spirit in return. Use them both; and let them reciprocally animate and check each other. I mean here, by the spirit of youth, only the vivacity and presumption of youth, which hinder them from seeing the difficulties or dangers of an undertaking; but I do not mean what the silly vulgar call spirit, by which they are captious, jealous of their rank, suspicious of being undervalued, and tart (as they call it) in their repartees, upon the slightest occasions. This is an evil, and a very silly spirit, which should be driven out, and transferred to a herd of swine. This is not the spirit of a man of fashion, who has kept good company. People of an ordinary, low education, when they happen to fall into good company, imagine themselves the only object of its attention; if the company whispers, it is, to be sure, concerning them; if they laugh, it is at them; and if any thing ambiguous, that by the most forced interpretation can be applied to them, happens to be said, they are convinced that it was meant at them; upon which they grow out of countenance first, and then angry. This mistake is very well ridiculed in the Stratagem, where Scrub says, 'I am sure they talked of me, for they laughed consumedly.' A well-bred man seldom thinks, but never seems to think, himself slighted, undervalued, or laughed at, in company, unless where it is so plainly marked out, that his honour obliges him to resent it in a proper manner; 'mais les honnêtes gens ne se boudent jamais.' I will admit that it is very difficult to command one's-self enough, to behave with ease, frankness, and good-breeding, towards those who one knows dislike, slight, and injure one as far as they can without personal consequences; but I assert, that it is absolutely necessary to do it: you must embrace the man you hate, if you cannot be justified in knocking him down; for otherwise you avow the injury

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which you cannot revenge. A prudent cuckold (and there are many such at Paris) pockets his horns, when he cannot gore with them; and will not add to the triumph of his maker, by only butting with them ineffectually. A seeming ignorance is very often a most necessary part of worldly knowledge. It is, for instance, commonly advisable to seem ignorant of what people offer to tell you; and when they say, Have you not heard of such a thing? to answer, No, and let them go on; though you know it already. Some have a pleasure in telling it, because they think that they can tell it well; others have a pride in it, as being the sagacious discoverers; and many have a vanity in showing that they have been, though very undeservedly, trusted; all these would be disappointed, and consequently displeased, if you said, Yes. Seem always ignorant (unless to one most intimate friend) of all matters of private scandal and defamation, though you should hear them a thousand times; for the parties affected always look upon the receiver to be almost as bad as the thief: and, whenever they become the topic of conversation, seem to be a sceptic, though you are really a serious believer; and always take the extenuating part. But all this seeming ignorance should be joined to thorough and extensive private information: and, indeed, it is the best method of procuring them; for most people have such a vanity, in showing a superiority over others, though but for a moment, and in the merest trifles, that they will tell you what they should not, rather than not show that they can tell what you did not know; besides that such seeming ignorance will make you pass for incurious, and consequently undesigning. However, fish for facts, and take pains to be well informed of every thing that passes; but fish judiciously, and not always, nor indeed often, in the shape of direct questions; which always put people upon their guard, and, often repeated, grow tiresome. But sometimes take the things that you would know, for granted;

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upon which somebody will kindly and officiously set you right: sometimes say, that you have heard so and so; and at other times seem to know more than you do, in order to know all that you want: but avoid direct questioning, as much as you can. All these necessary arts of the world require constant attention, presence of mind, and coolness. Achilles, though invulnerable, never went to battle but completely armed. Courts are to be the theatres of your wars, where you should be always as completely armed, and even with the addition of a heel-piece. The least inattention, the least *distraction*, may prove fatal. I would fain see you what pedants call *omnis homo*, and what Pope much better calls *all-accomplished*: you have the means in your power; add the will, and you may bring it about. The vulgar have a coarse saying, of 'spoiling a hog for a halfpenny-worth of tar:' prevent the application, by providing the tar; it is very easily to be had, in comparison with what you have already got.

The fine Mrs. Pitt, who, it seems, saw you often at Paris, speaking of you the other day, said, in French, for she speaks little English, — — —

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Whether it is that you did not pay the homage due to her beauty, or that it did not strike you as it does others, I cannot determine; but I hope she had some other reason than truth, for saying it. I will suppose that you did not care a pin for her; but, however, she surely deserved a degree of propitiatory adoration from you, which I am afraid you neglected. Had I been in your case, I should have endeavoured, at least, to have supplanted Mr. Mackay in his office of noeturnal reader to her. I played at cards, two days ago, with your friend, Mrs. Fitzgerald, and her most sublime mother, Mrs. Seagrave; they both inquired after you; and Mrs. Fitzgerald said, she hoped you went on with your dancing; I said, Yes, and that you assured me, you

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had made such considerable improvements in it, that you had now learned to stand still, and even upright. Your *virtuosa*, la Signora Vestri, sung here the other day, with great applause: I presume you are *intimately* acquainted with her merit. Good night to you, whoever you pass it with.

I have this moment received a packet, sealed with your seal, though not directed by your hand, for Lady Hervey. No letter from you! Are you not well?

LETTTER CCXCIX.

London, May 27, O. S. 1753.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE this day been tired, jaded, nay tormented, by the company of a most worthy, sensible, and learned man, a near relation of mine, who dined and passed the evening with me. This seems a paradox, but is a plain truth: he has no knowledge of the world, no manners, no address: far from talking without book, as is commonly said of people who talk sillily, he only talks by book; which, in general conversation, is ten times worse. He has formed in his own closet, from books, certain systems of every thing, argues tenaciously upon those principles, and is both surprised and angry at whatever deviates from them. His theories are good, but, unfortunately, are all impracticable. Why? because he has only read, and not conversed. He is acquainted with books, and an absolute stranger to men. Labouring with his matter, he is delivered of it with pangs; he hesitates, stops in his utterance, and always expresses himself inelegantly. His actions are all ungraceful; so that, with all his merit and knowledge, I would rather converse six hours with the most frivolous tittle-tattle woman, who knew something of the world, than with him. The

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preposterous notions of a systematical man, who does not know the world, tire the patience of a man who does. It would be endless to correct his mistakes, nor would he take it kindly; for he has considered every thing deliberately, and is very sure that he is in the right. Impropriety is a characteristic, and a never-failing one, of these people. Regardless, because ignorant, of custom and manners, they violate them every moment. They often shock, though they never mean to offend; never attending either to the general character, or the particular distinguishing circumstances, of the people to whom, or before whom, they talk: whereas the knowledge of the world teaches one, that the very same things, which are exceedingly right and proper in one company, time, and place, are exceedingly absurd in others. In short, a man who has great knowledge, from experience and observation, of the characters, customs, and manners of mankind, is a being as different from, and as superior to, a man of mere book and systematical knowledge, as a well-managed horse is to an ass. Study, therefore, cultivate, and frequent, men and women; not only in their outward, and consequently guarded, but in their interior, domestic, and consequently less disguised, characters and manners. Take your notions of things as by observation and experience you find they really are, and not as you read that they are or should be; for they never are quite what they should be. For this purpose do not content yourself with general and common acquaintance; but, wherever you can, establish yourself, with a kind of domestic familiarity, in good houses. For instance, go again to Orli, for two or three days, and so at two or three *reprises*. Go and stay two or three days at a time at Versailles, and improve and extend the acquaintance you have there. Be at home at St. Cloud; and, whenever any private person of fashion invites you to pass a few days at his country-house, accept of the invitation. This will necessarily give you a versatility of mind, and a facility to adopt various manners and customs; for every body desires

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to please those in whose house they are; and people are only to be pleased in their own way. Nothing is more engaging than a cheerful and easy conformity to people's particular manners, habits, and even weaknesses; nothing (to use a vulgar expression) should come amiss to a young fellow. He should be, for good purposes, what Alcibiades was commonly for bad ones; a Proteus, assuming with ease, and wearing with cheerfulness, any shape. Heat, cold, luxury, abstinence, gravity, gaiety, ceremony, easiness, learning, trifling, business, and pleasure, are modes which he should be able to take, lay aside, or change occasionally, with as much ease as he would take or lay aside his hat. All this is only to be acquired by use and knowledge of the world, by keeping a great deal of company, analysing every character, and insinuating yourself into the familiarity of various acquaintance. A right, a generous ambition to make a figure in the world, necessarily gives the desire of pleasing; the desire of pleasing points out, to a great degree, the means of doing it; and the art of pleasing is, in truth, the art of rising, of distinguishing one's-self, of making a figure and a fortune in the world. But without pleasing, without the graces, as I have told you a thousand times, 'egni fatica è vana.' You are now but nineteen, an age when most of your countrymen are illiberally getting drunk in port at the university. You have already got the start of them in learning; and, if you can equally get the start of them in the knowledge and manners of the world, you may be very sure of outrunning them in court and parliament, as you set out so much earlier than they. They generally begin but to see the world at one-and-twenty; you will by that age have seen all Europe. They set out upon their travels unlicked cubs; and in their travels they only lick one another, for they seldom go into any other company. They know nothing but the English world, and the worst part of that too, and generally very little of any but the English language; and they come home, at three or four and

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twenty, refined and polished (as is said in one of Congreve's plays) like Dutch skippers from a whale-fishing. The care which has been taken of you, and (to do you justice) the care you have taken of yourself, has left you, at the age of nineteen only, nothing to acquire but the knowledge of the world, manners, address, and those exterior accomplishments. But they are great and neccessary acquisitions to those who have sense enough to know their true value; and your getting them before you are one-and-twenty, and before you enter upon the active and shining scene of life, will give you such an advantage over all your cotemporaries, that they cannot overtake you: they must be distanced. You may probably be placed about a young prince, who will probably be a young king. There all the various arts of pleasing, the engaging address, the versatility of manners, the *brillant*, the graces, will outweigh and yet outrun all solid knowledge and unpolished merit. Oil yourself therefore, and be both supple and shining, for that race, if you would be first, or early, at the goal. Ladies will most probably too have something to say there; and those who are best with them will probably be best *somewhere else*. Labour this great point, my dear child, indefatigably; attend to the very smallest parts, the minutest graces, the most trifling circumstances, that can possibly concur in forming the shining character of a complete gentleman, 'un galant homme, un homme de cour,' a man of business and pleasure; 'estimé des hommes, recherché des femmes, aimé de tout le monde.' In this view, observe the shining part of every man of fashion, who is liked and esteemed; attend to, and imitate, that particular accomplishment for which you hear him chiefly celebrated and distinguished: then collect those various parts, and make yourself a mosaic of the whole. No one body possesses every thing; and almost every body possesses some one thing worthy of imitation; only choose your models well; and, in order

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to do so, choose by your ear more than by your eye. The best model is always that which is most universally allowed to be the best, though in strictness it may possibly not be so. We must take most things as they are; we cannot make them what we would, nor often what they should be; and, where moral duties are not concerned, it is more prudent to follow than to attempt to lead. Adieu.

LETTER CCC.

Bath, October 8, 1752.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YOU have set out well at the Hague; you are in love with Madame Munter, which I am very glad of: you are in the fine company there, and I hope one of it; for it is not enough, at your age, to be merely in good company: but you should, by your address and attentions, make that good company think you one of them. There is a tribute due to beauty, even independently of farther views; which tribute I hope you paid with alacrity to Madame Munter and Madame Degenfeldt: depend upon it, they expected it, and were offended in proportion as that tribute seemed either unwilling or scantily paid. I believe my friend Kreuningen admits nobody now to his table, for fear of their communicating the plague to him, or at least the bite of a mad dog. Pray profit of the *entrées libres*, that the French ambassador has given you; frequent him, and *speak* to him. I think you will not do amiss to call upon Mr. Burrish, at Aix la Chapelle, since it is so little out of your way; and you would do still better, if you would, which I know you will not, drink those waters, for five or six days only, to scour your stomach and bowels a little; I am sure, it would do you a great deal of good. Mr. Burrish can doubtless give you the best letters to Munich;

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and he will naturally give you some to Comte Preysing, or Comte Sinsheim, and such sort of grave people; but I could wish that you would ask him for some to young fellows of pleasure, or fashionable coquettes, that you may be 'dans l'honnête débauche de Munich.' *A propos* of your future motions; I leave you, in a great measure, the master of them, so shall only suggest my thoughts to you upon that subject.

You have three electoral courts, in view, Bonn, Munich, and Manheim. I would advise you to see two of them rather cursorily, and fix your tabernacle at the third, whichever that may be, for a considerable time. For instance, should you choose (as I fancy you will) to make Manheim the place of your residence, stray only ten or twelve days at Bonn, and as long at Munich, and then go and fix at Manheim; and so, *vice versâ*, if you should like Bonn or Munich better than you think you would Manheim: make that the place of your residence, and only visit the other two. It is certain, that no man can be much pleased himself, or please others much, in any place where he is only a bird of passage for eight or ten days; neither party thinking it worth while to make an acquaintance, still less to form any connexion, for so short a time: but when months are the case, a man may domesticate himself pretty well; and very soon not to be looked upon as a stranger. This is the real utility of travelling, when, by contracting a familiarity at any place, you get into the inside of it, and see it in its undress. That is the only way of knowing the customs, the manners, and all the little characteristical peculiarities, that distinguish one place from another: but then this familiarity is not to be brought about by cold, formal visits of half an hour: no; you most show a willingness, a desire, an impatience, of forming connexions, 'il faut s'y prêter, et y mettre du liant, du désir de plaire.' Whatever you do approve, you must be lavish in your praises of; and you must

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learn to commend what you do not approve of, if it is approved of there. You are not much given to praise, I know; but it is because you do not yet know how extremely people are engaged by a seeming sanction to their own opinions, prejudices, and weaknesses, even in the merest trifles. Our self-love is mortified, when we think our opinions, and even our tastes, customs, and dresses, either arraigned or condemned; as, on the contrary, it is tickled and flattered by approbation. I will give you a remarkable instance of this kind. The famous Earl of Shaftesbury, in the flagitious reign of Charles the Second, while he was chancellor, had a mind to be a favourite, as well as a minister, of the king: in order therefore to please his majesty, whose prevailing passion was women, my lord kept a w—e, whom he had no occasion for, and made no manner of use of. The king soon heard of it, and asked him if it was true; he owned it was; but that, though he kept that one woman, he had several others besides, for he loved variety. A few days afterwards, the king, at his public levee, saw Lord Shaftesbury at some distance, and said in the circle, 'One would not think that that little, weak man is the greatest whoremaster in England; but I can assure you that he is.' Upon Lord Shaftesbury's coming into the circle, there was a general smile; the king said, 'This is concerning you, my lord.' 'Me, sir!' answered the chancellor, with some surprise. 'Yes, you,' answered the king; 'for I had just said, that you were the greatest whoremaster in England: is it not true?' 'Of a *subject*, sir,' replied Lord Shaftesbury, 'perhaps I am.' It is the same in every thing; we think a difference of opinion, of conduct, of manners, a tacit reproach, at least, upon our own; we must therefore use ourselves to a ready conformity to whatever is neither criminal nor dishonourable. Whoever differs from any general custom is supposed both to think and proclaim himself wiser than the rest of the world; which the rest of the world

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cannot bear, especially in a young man. A young fellow is always forgiven, and often applauded, when he carries a fashion to an excess; but never if he stops short of it. The first is ascribed to youth and fire; but the latter is imputed to an affectation of singularity or superiority. At your age, one is allowed to *outrer* fashion, dress, vivacity, gallantry, &c. but by no means to be behind hand in any one of them. And one may apply to youth in this case, 'Si non errâsset, fecerat ille minus.' Adieu.

LETTER CCCI.

Bath, October 10, 1753.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

OF all the various ingredients that compose the useful and necessary art of pleasing, no one is so effectual and engaging as that gentleness, that *douceur* of countenance and manners, to which you are no stranger, though (God knows why) a sworn enemy. Other people take great pains to conceal, or disguise, their natural imperfections; some, by the make of their clothes, and other arts, endeavour to conceal the defects of their shape; women who unfortunately have natural bad complexions, lay on good ones; and both men and women upon whom unkind nature has inflicted a surliness and ferocity of countenance, do at least all they can, though often without success, to soften and mitigate it: they affect *douceur*, and aim at smiles, though often in the attempt, like Death in Milton, they *grin horribly a ghastly smile*. But you are the only person I ever knew, in the whole course of my life, who not only disdain, but absolutely reject and disguise, a great advantage that nature has kindly granted. You easily guess I mean *countenance*; for she has given you a very pleasing one; but you beg to be excused,

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you will not accept it; on the contrary, take singular pains to put on the most *funeste*, forbidding, and unpleasing one, that can possibly be imagined. This one would think impossible; but you know it to be true. If you imagine that it gives you a manly, thoughtful, and decisive air, as some, though very few, of your countrymen do, you are most exceedingly mistaken; for it is at best the air of a German corporal, part of whose exercise is to look fierce, and to *blasemeer-op*. You will say, perhaps, What, am I always to be studying my countenance, in order to wear this *douceur*? I answer, No; do it but for a fortnight, and you will never have occasion to think of it more. Take but half the pains to recover the countenance that nature gave you, that you must have taken to disguise and deform it as you have, and the business will be done. Accustom your eyes to a certain softness, of which they are very capable; and your face to smiles, which become it more than most faces I know. Give all your motions too an air of *douceur*, which is directly the reverse of their present celerity and rapidity. I wish you would adopt a little of *l'air du couvent* (you very well know what I mean) to a certain degree; it has something extremely engaging; there is a mixture of benevolence, affection, and unction, in it: it is frequently really sincere, but it is almost always thought so, and consequently pleasing. Will you call this trouble? It will not be half an hour's trouble to you in a week's time. But suppose it be, pray tell me, why did you give yourself the trouble of learning to dance so well as you do? it is neither a religious, moral, or civil duty. You must own, that you did it then singly to please: you were in the right on't. Why do you wear fine clothes, and curl your hair? Both are troublesome; lank locks, and plain flimsy rags, are much easier. This then you also do in order to please, and you do very right. But then, for God's sake, reason and act consequentially; and endeavour to please in other

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things too, still more essential; and without which the trouble you have taken in those is wholly thrown away. You show your dancing, perhaps, six times a year, at most; but you show your countenance and your common motions every day, and all day. Which then, I appeal to yourself, ought you to think of the most, and care to render easy, graceful, and engaging? *Douceur* of countenance and gesture, can alone make them so. You are by no means ill-natured; and would you then most unjustly be reckoned so? Yet your common countenance intimates, and would make any body, who did not know you, believe it. *A propos* of this; I must tell you what was said the other day to a fine lady whom you know, who is very good-natured in truth, but whose common countenance implies ill-nature, even to brutality. It was Miss H——n, Lady M——y's niece, whom you have seen both at Blackheath and at Lady Hervey's. Lady M——y was saying to me, that you had a very engaging countenance when you had a mind to it, but that you had not always that mind; upon which Miss H——n said, that she liked your countenance best when it was as glum as her own. 'Why then, replied Lady M——y you two should marry; for, while you both wear your worst countenances, nobody else will venture upon either of you;' and they call her now Mrs. Stanhope. To complete this *douceur* of countenance and motions, which I so earnestly recommend to you, you should carry it also to your expressions, and manner of thinking: 'mettez y toujours de l'affectueux, de l'onction;' take the gentle, the favourable, the indulgent side of most questions. I own that the manly and sublime John Trott, your countryman, seldom does; but, to show his spirit and decision, takes the rough and harsh side, which he generally adorns with an oath, to seem more formidable. This he only thinks fine; for, to do John justice, he is commonly as good-natured as any body. These are among the many little things which you have not,

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and I have lived long enough in the world to know of what infinite consequence they are in the course of life. Reason then, I repeat it again, within yourself *consequentially*; and let not the pains you have taken, and still take, to please in some things, be *à pure perte*, by your negligence of, and inattention to, others, of much less trouble and much more consequence.

I have been of late much engaged, or rather bewildered, in oriental history, particularly that of the Jews, since the destruction of their temple, and their dispersion by Titus; but the confusion and uncertainty of the whole, and the monstrous extravagances and falsehoods of the greatest part of it, disgusted me extremely. Their Thalmud, their Mischna, their Targums, and other traditions and writings of their rabbins and doctors, who were most of them Cabalists, are really more extravagant and absurd, if possible, than all that you have read in Comte de Gabalis; and indeed most of his stuff is taken from them. Take this sample of their nonsense, which is transmitted in the writings of one of their most considerable rabbins. 'One Abas Saul, a man ten feet high, was digging a grave, and happened to find the eye of Goliath, in which he thought proper to bury himself; and so he did, all but his head, which the giant's eye was unfortunately not quite deep enough to receive.' This, I assure you, is the most modest lie of ten thousand. I have also read the Turkish history, which, excepting the religious part, is not fabulous, though very possibly not true. For the Turks, having no notion of letters, and being, even by their religion, forbid the use of them, except for reading and transcribing the Koran; they have no historians of their own, nor any authentic records or memorials for other historians to work upon; so that what histories we have of that country are witten by foreigners; as Platina, Sir Paul Rycaut, prince Cantemir, &c.: or else snatches only of particular and short periods, by some who happened

to reside there at those times; such as Busbequius, whom I have just finished. I like him, as far as he goes, much the best of any of them: but then his account is properly, only an account of his own embassy, from the emperor Charles the Fifth to Solyman the Magnificent. However, there he gives, episodically, the best account I know of the customs and manners of the Turks, and of the nature of that government, which is a most extraordinary one. For, despotic as it always seems, and sometimes is, it is in truth a military republic; and the real power resides in the janisaries; who sometimes order their sultan to strangle his vizar, and sometimes the vizar to depose or strangle his sultan, according as they happen to be angry at the one or the other. I own, I am glad that the capital strangler should, in his turn, be *strangle-able*, and now and then strangled: for I know of no brute so fierce, nor criminal so guilty, as the creature called a sovereign, whether king, sultan, or sophy, who thinks himself, either by divine or human right, vested with an absolute power of destroying his fellow-creatures; or who, without inquiring into his right, lawlessly exerts that power. The most excusable of all those human monsters are the Turks, whose religion teaches them inevitable fatalism. *A propos* of the Turks; my Loyola, I pretend, is superior to your Sultan. Perhaps you think this impossible, and wonder who this Loyola is. Know then, that I have had a barbet brought me from France, so exactly like Sultan, that he has been mistaken for him several times; only his snout is shorter, and his ears longer, than Sultan's. He has also the acquired knowledge of Sultan; and I am apt to think that he studied under the same master at Paris. His habit, and his white band, show him to be an ecclesiastic; and his begging, which he does very earnestly, proves him to be of a mendicant order; which, added to his flattery and insinuation, make him supposed to be a Jesuit, and have acquired

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him the name of Loyola. I must not omit too, that, when he breaks wind, he smells exactly like Sultan.

I do not yet hear one jot the better for all my bathings and pumping, though I have been here already full half my time; I consequently go very little into company, being very little fit for any. I hope you keep company enough for us both; you will get more by that, than I shall by all my reading. I read singly to amuse myself, and fill up my time, of which I have too much; but you have two much better reasons for going into company, pleasure and profit. May you find a great deal of both, in a great deal of company! Adieu.

LETTER CCCII.

London, November 20, 1753.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

TWO mails are now due from Holland, so that I have no letter from you to acknowledge; but that, you know by long experience, does not hinder my writing to you: I always receive your letters with pleasure; but I mean, and endeavour, that you should receive mine with some profit; preferring always your advantage to my own pleasure.

If you find yourself well settled and naturalised at Manheim, stay there some time, and do not leave a certain for an uncertain good; but if you think you shall be as well, or better, established at Munich, go there as soon as you please; and, if disappointed, you can always return to Manheim. I mentioned, in a former letter, your passing the carnival at Berlin, which I think may be both useful and pleasing to you; however, do as you will; but let me know what you resolve. That king and that country have, and will have, so great a share in the affairs of Eu-

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rope, that they are well worth being thoroughly known.

Whether, where you are now, or ever may be hereafter, you speak French, German, or English most, I earnestly recommend to you a particular attention to the propriety and elegancy of your style; employ the best words you can find in the language, avoid *cacophony*, and make your periods as harmonious as you can. I need not, I am sure, tell you, what you must often have felt, how much the elegancy of diction adorns the best thoughts, and palliates the worst. In the house of commons, it is almost every thing; and, indeed, in every assembly, whether public or private. Words, which are the dress of thoughts, deserve, surely, more care than clothes, which are only the dress of the person, and which, however, ought to have their share of attention. If you attend to your style in any one language, it will give you a habit of attending to it in every other; and if once you speak either French or German very elegantly, you will afterwards speak much the better English for it. I repeat it to you again, for at least the thousandth time; exert your whole attention now in acquiring the ornamental parts of character. People know very little of the world, and talk nonsense, when they talk of plainness and solidity unadorned; they will do in nothing; mankind has been long out of a state of nature, and the golden age of native simplicity will never return. Whether for the better or the worse, no matter; but we are refined; and plain manners, plain dress, and plain diction, would as little do in life, as acorns, herbage, and the water of the neighbouring spring, would do at table. Some people are just come, who interrupt me in the middle of my sermon; so good night.

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LETTER CCCIII.

London, November 26, 1753.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

FINE doings at Manheim! If one may give credit to the weekly histories of Monsieur Roderigue, the finest writer among the moderns; not only, 'des chasses brillantes et nombreuses, des opéras où les acteurs se surpassent, les jours des Saints de LL. AA. EE. sérénissimes célébrés en grand gala;' but, to crown the whole, Monsieur Zuchmantel is happily arrived, and Monsieur Wartenfleben hourly expected. I hope that you are *pars magna* of all these delights; though, as Nell Bluff says, in the Old Bachelor, 'that rascally Gazetteer takes no more notice of you than if you were not in the land of the living.' I should think, that he might at least have taken notice, that in those rejoicings you appeared with a rejoicing, and not a gloomy countenance; and you distinguished yourself, in that numerous and shining company, by your air, dress, address, and attentions. If this was the case, as I will both hope and suppose that it was, I will, if you require it, have him written to, to do you justice in his next *supplement*. Seriously, I am very glad that you are whirled in that *tourbillon* of pleasures; they smooth, polish, and rub off rough corners; perhaps too, you have some particular *collision*, which is still more effectual.

Schannat's History, of the Palatinate was, I find, written originally in German, in which language, I suppose, it is that you have read it; but, as I must humbly content myself with the French translation, Vaillant has sent for it for me, from Holland, so that I have not yet read it. While you are in the palatinate, you do very well to read every thing

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relative to it; you will do still better if you make that reading the foundation of your inquiries into the more minute circumstances and anecdotes of that country, whenever you are in company with informed and knowing people.

The ministers here, intimidated by the absurd and groundless clamours of the mob, have, very weakly in my mind, repealed, this session, the bill which they had passed in the last for rendering Jews capable of being naturalized, by subsequent acts of parliament. The clamourers triumph, and will doubtless make farther demands; which if not granted, this piece of complaisance will soon be forgotten. Nothing is truer in politics, than this reflection of the cardinal de Retz, 'Que le peuple craint toujours quand on ne le craint pas,' and consequently they grow unreasonable and insolent, when they find that they are feared. Wise and honest governors will never, if they can help it, give the people just cause to complain; but then, on the other hand, they will firmly withstand groundless clamour. Besides that this noise against the Jew bill proceeds from that narrow mob-spirit of *intoleration* in religious, and inhospitality in civil matters, both which all wise governments should oppose.

The confusion in France increases daily, as no doubt you are informed where you are. There is an answer of the clergy to the remonstrances of the parliament, lately published; which was sent me by the last post from France, and which I would have sent you, enclosed in this, were it not too bulky. Very probably you may see it at Manheim, from the French minister: it is very well worth your reading, being most artfully and plausibly written, though founded upon false principles; the *jus divinum* of the clergy, and consequently their supremacy in all matters of faith and doctrine, are asserted; both which I absolutely deny. Were those two points allowed the clergy of any country whatsoever, they must necessarily govern that coun-

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try absolutely; every thing being, directly or indirectly, relative to faith or doctrine; and whoever is supposed to have the power of saving and damning souls to all eternity (which power the clergy pretend to) will be much more considered, and better obeyed, than any civil power, that forms no pretensions beyond this world. Whereas, in truth, the clergy in every country are, like all other subjects, dependent upon the supreme legislative power; and are appointed by that power, under whatever restrictions and limitations it pleases, to keep up decency and decorum in the church, just as constables are to keep peace in the parish. This Fra. Paolo has clearly proved, even upon their own principles of the Old and New Testament, in his book *de Beneficiis*, which I recommend to you to read with attention; it is short. Adieu!

LETTER CCCIV.

London, December 25, 1753.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YESTERDAY again I received two letters at once from you, the one of the 7th, the other of the 15th, from Manheim.

You never had in your life so good a reason for not writing, either to me or to any body else, as your sore finger lately furnished you. I believe it was painful, and I am glad it is cured; but a sore finger, however painful, is a much less evil than laziness, of either body or mind, and attended by fewer ill consequences.

I am very glad to hear that you were distinguished, at the court of Manheim, from the rest of your countrymen and fellow-travellers: it is a sign that you had better manners and address than they; for, take it for granted, the best-bred people will always

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be the best-received, wherever they go. Good manners are the settled medium of social, as *specie* is of commercial life; returns are equally expected for both; and people will no more advance their civility to a bear, than their money to a bankrupt. I really both hope and believe, that the German courts will do you a great deal of good; their ceremony and restraints being the proper correctives and antidotes for your negligence and inattention. I believe they would not greatly relish your weltering in your own laziness, and an easy chair; nor take it very kindly, if, when they spoke to you, or you to them, you looked another way; as much as to say, kiss my b——h. As they give, so they require, attention; and by the way, take this maxim for an undoubted truth; that no young man can possibly improve in any company, for which he has not respect enough to be under some degree of restraint.

I dare not trust to Meyssonier's report of his Rhenish, his Burgundy not having answered either his account or my expectations. I doubt, as a wine-merchant he is the *perfidus caupo*, whatever he may be as a banker. I shall therefore venture upon none of his wine; but delay making my provision of old-hock, till I go abroad myself next spring; as I told you in the utmost secrecy, in my last, that I intend to do; and then probably I may taste some that I like, and go upon sure ground. There is commonly very good, both at Aix-la-Chapelle and Liege; where I formerly got some excellent, which I carried with me to Spa, where I drank no other wine.

As my letters to you frequently miscarry, I will repeat, in this, that part of my last, which related to your future motions. Whenever you shall be tired of Berlin, go to Dresden; where Sir Charles Williams will be, who will receive you with open arms. He dined with me to-day; and sets out for Dresden in about six weeks. He spoke of you with

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great kindness, and impatience to see you again. He will trust and employ you in business (and he is now in the whole secret of importance) till we fix our place to meet in; which probably will be Spa. Wherever you are, inform yourself minutely of, and attend particularly to, the affairs of France; they grow serious, and in my opinion will grow more and more so every day. The king is despised, and I do not wonder at it; but he has brought it about, to be hated at the same time, which seldom happens to the same man. His ministers are known to be as disunited as incapable: he hesitates between the church and the parliaments, like the ass in the fable, that starved between two hampers of hay; too much in love with his mistress to part with her, and too much afraid for his soul to enjoy her; jealous of the parliaments, who would support his authority; and a devoted bigot to the church, that would destroy it. The people are poor, consequently discontented: those who have religion, are divided in their notions of it; which is saying, that they hate one another. The clergy never do forgive; much less will they forgive the parliament: the parliament never will forgive them. The army must without doubt take, in their own minds at least, different parts in all these disputes, which upon occasion would break out. Armies, though always the supporters and tools of absolute power for the time being, are always the destroyers of it too, by frequently changing the hands in which they think proper to lodge it. This was the case of the prætorian bands, who deposed and murdered the monsters they had raised to oppress mankind. The janisaries in Turkey, and the regiments of guards in Russia, do the same now. The French nation reasons freely, which they never did before, upon matters of religion and government, and begin to be *spregiudicati;* the officers do so too; in short, all the symptoms, which I have ever met with in history, previous to great changes and revolutions in government, now exist, and daily in-

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crease, in France. I am glad of it; the rest of Europe will be the quieter, and have time to recover. England, I am sure, wants rest; for it wants men and money: the republic of the United Provinces wants both, still more: the other powers cannot well dance, when neither France, nor the maritime powers, can, as they used to do, pay the piper. The first squabble in Europe, that I foresee, will be about the crown of Poland, should the present king die; and therefore I wish his majesty a long life and a merry Christmas. So much for foreign politics: but, *à propos* of them; pray take care, while you are in those parts of Germany, to inform yourself correctly of all the details, discussions, and agreements, which the several wars, confiscations, bans, and treaties, occasioned between the Bavarian and Palatine electorates: they are interesting and curious.

I shall not, upon the occasion of the approaching new year, repeat to you the wishes which I continue to form for you; you know them all already; and you know that it is absolutely in your own power to satisfy most of them. Among many other wishes, this is my most earnest one; that you would open the new year with a most solemn and devout sacrifice to the Graces, who never reject those that supplicate them with fervour: without them, let me tell you, that your friend Dame Fortune will stand you in little stead: may they all be your friends! Adieu.

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LETTER CCCV.

London, January 15, 1754.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE this moment received your letter of the 26th past, from Munich. Since you are got so well out of the distress and dangers of your journey from Manheim, I am glad that you were in them:

Condisce i diletti
Memoria di pene,
Ne sà che sia bene
Chi mal non soffrì.

They were but little samples of the much greater distress and dangers which you must expect to meet with in your great (and, I hope, long) journey through life. In some parts of it, flowers are scattered with profusion, the road is smooth, and the prospect pleasant; but in others (and I fear the greater number), the road is rugged, beset with thorns and briars, and cut by torrents. Gather the flowers in your way; but at the same time guard against the briars that are either mixed with them, or that most certainly succeed them.

I thank you for your wild boar, who, now he is dead, I assure him, 'se laissera bien manger, malgré qu'il en ait;' though I am not sure that I should have had that personal valour which so successfully distinguished you in single combat with him, which made him bite the dust like Homer's heroes, and, to conclude my period sublimely, put him into that *pickle* from which I propose eating him. At the same time that I applaud your valour, I must do justice to your modesty: which candidly admits,

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that you were not over-matched, and that your adversary was of about your own age and size. A *Marcassin*, being under a year old, would have been below your indignation. *Bête de compagnie*, being under two years old, was still in my opinion below your glory; but I guess that your enemy was an *Ragot*; that is, from two to three years old; an age and size which, between man and boar, answer pretty well to yours.

If accidents of bad roads or waters do not detain you at Munich, I do not fancy that pleasures will; and I rather believe you will seek for, and find them at the carnival at Berlin; in which supposition, I eventually direct this letter to your banker there. While you are at Berlin (I earnestly recommend it to you again and again), pray *care* to see, hear, know, and mind, every thing there. *The ablest prince in Europe* is surely an object that deserves attention; and the least thing that he does, like the smallest sketches of the greatest painters, has its value, and a considerable one too.

Read with care the *Code Frederick*, and inform yourself of the good effects of it in those parts of his dominions where it has taken place, and where it has banished the former chicanes, quirks, and quibbles, of the old law. Do not think any detail too minute, or trifling, for your inquiry and observation. I wish that you could find one hour's leisure every day, to read some good Italian author, and to converse in that language with our worthy friend Signor Angelo Cori: it would both refresh and improve your Italian, which, of the many languages you know, I take to be that in which you are the least perfect; but of which too you already know enough to make yourself master of, with a very little trouble, whenever you please.

Live, dwell, and grow, at the several courts there; use them so much to your face, that they may not look upon you as a stranger. Observe, and take their *ton*, even to their affections and follies; for such

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there are, and perhaps should be, at all courts. Stay, in all events, at Berlin, till I inform you of Sir Charles Williams's arrival at Dresden; where, I suppose, you would not care to be before him, and where you may go as soon after him as ever you please. Your time there will neither be unprofitably nor disagreeably spent; he will introduce you into all the best company, though he can introduce you to none so good as his own. He has of late applied himself very seriously to foreign affairs, especially those of Saxony and Poland; he knows them perfectly well, and will tell you what he knows. He always expresses, and I have good reason to believe very sincerely, great kindness and affection for you.

The works of the late Lord Bolingbroke are just published, and have plunged me into philosophical studies; which hitherto I have not been much used to, or delighted with; convinced of the futility of those researches: but I have read his philosophical essay upon the extent of human knowledge, which, by the way, makes two large quartos and a half. He there shows very clearly, and with most splendid eloquence, what the human mind can, and cannot do; that our understandings are wisely calculated for our place in this planet, and for the link which we form in the universal chain of things; but that they are by no means capable of that degree of knowledge, which our curiosity makes us search after, and which our vanity makes us often believe we arrive at. I shall not recommend to you the reading of that work. But when you return hither, I shall recommend to your frequent and diligent perusal all his tracts, that are relative to our history and constitution; upon which he throws lights, and scatters graces, which no other writer has ever done.

Reading, which was always a pleasure to me in the time even of my greatest dissipation, is now become my only refuge; and, I fear, I indulge it too

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much at the expense of my eyes. But what can I do? I must do something; I cannot bear absolute idleness: my ears grow every day more useless to me, my eyes consequently more necessary; I will not hoard them like a miser, but will rather risk the less than not enjoy the use of them.

Pray let me know all the particulars, not only of your reception at Munich, but also at Berlin; at the latter, I believe, it will be a good one; for his Prussian majesty knows, that I have long been *an admirer and respecter of his great and various talents.* Adieu.

LETTER CCCVI.

London, February 1, 1754.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I RECEIVED, yesterday, yours of the 12th from Munich; in consequence of which, I direct this to you there, though I directed my three last to Berlin, where I suppose you will find them at your arrival. Since you are not only domesticated, but *niché* at Munich, you are much in the right to stay there. It is not by seeing places, that one knows them, but by familiar and daily conversations with the people of fashion. I would not care to be in the place of that prodigy of beauty, whom you are to drive 'dans la course de traineaux;' and I am apt to think you are much more likely to break her bones, than she is, though ever so cruel, to break your heart. Nay, I am not sure but that, according to all the rules of gallantry, you are obliged to overturn her on purpose: in the first place, for the chance of seeing her backside; in the next, for the sake of the contrition and concern which it would give you an opportunity of showing; and lastly, upon account of all the 'gentilesses et epigrammes' which it would naturally

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suggest. Voltaire has made several stanzas, upon an accident of that kind, which happened to a lady of his acquaintance. There is a great deal of wit in them, rather too much; for, according to the taste of those times, they are full of what the Italians call 'concetti spiritosissimi;' the Spaniards, *agudeze;* and we, affectation and quaintness. I hope you have endeavoured to suit your *trainteau* to the character of the fair-one whom it is to contain. If she is of an irascible, impetuous disposition (as fine women can sometimes be), you will doubtless place her in the body of a lion, a tiger, a dragon, or some tremendous beast of prey and fury; if she is a sublime and stately beauty, which I think more probable (for unquestionably she is *hogh gebohrne),* you will, I suppose, provide a magnificent swan or proud peacock for her reception; but, if she is all tenderness and softness, you have, to be sure, taken care, amorous doves and wanton sparrows should seem to flutter round her. Proper mottos, I take it for granted, that you have eventually prepared; but, if not, you may find a great many ready-made ones, in 'Les entretiens d'Ariste et d'Eugéne, sur les devises,' written by Pere Bouhours, and worth your reading at any time. I will not say to you, upon this occasion, like the father in Ovid,

Parce, puer, stimulis; et fortius utere loris.

On the contrary, drive on briskly; it is not the chariot of the sun that you drive, but you carry the sun in your chariot; consequently, the faster it goes, the less it will be likely either to scorch or consume. This is Spanish enough, I am sure.

If this finds you still at Munich, pray make many compliments from me to Mr. Burrish, to whom I am very much obliged for all his kindness to you: it is true, that, while I had power, I endeavoured to serve him; but it is as true too, that I served

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many others more, who have neither returned, nor remembered those services.

I have been very ill this last fortnight, of your old Carniolan complaint, the *arthritis vaga*; luckily, it did not fall upon my breast, but seized on my right arm; there it fixed its seat of empire; but, as in all tyrannical governments, the remotest parts felt their share of its severity. Last post I was not able to hold a pen long enough to write to you, and therefore desired Mr. Grevenkop to do it for me; but that letter was directed to Berlin. My pain is now much abated, though I have still some fine remains of it in my shoulder, where I fear it will tease me a great while. I must be careful to take Horace's advice, and consider well, 'Quid valeant humeri, quid ferre recusent.'

Lady Chesterfield bids me make you her compliments, and assure you, that the music will be much more welcome to her with you, than without you.

In some of my last letters, which were directed to, and will I suppose wait for you at Berlin, I complimented you, and with justice, upon great improvement of late in the epistolary way, both with regard to the style and the turn of your letters: your four or five last to me have been very good ones, and one that you wrote to Mr. Harte, upon the new year, was so pretty a one, and he was so much and so justly pleased with it, that he sent it me from Windsor, the instant he had read it. This talent (and a most necessary one it is in the course of life) is to be acquired by resolving, and taking pains, to acquire it; and, indeed, so is every talent except poetry, which is undoubtedly a gift. Think therefore, night and day, of the turn, the purity, correctness, the perspicuity, and the elegancy, of whatever you speak or write: take my word for it, your labour will not be in vain, but greatly rewarded by the harvest of praise and success which it will bring you. Deli-

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cacy of turn, and elegancy of style, are ornaments as necessary to common sense, as attentions, address, and fashionable manners, are to common civility; both may subsist without them, but then without being of the least use to the owner. The figure of a man is exactly the same, in dirty rags, or in the finest and best-chosen clothes; but in which of the two he is the most likely to please, and to be received in good company, I leave to you to determine.

Both my arm and my paper hint to me, to bid you good night.

LETTER CCCVII.

London, February 12, 1754.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I TAKE my aim, and let off this letter at you, at Berlin; I should be sorry it missed you, because I believe you will read it with as much pleasure as I write it. It is to inform you, that after some difficulties and dangers, your seat in the new parliament is at last absolutely secured, and that without opposition, or the least necessity of your personal trouble or appearance. This success, I must farther inform you, is in a great degree owing to Mr. Eliot's friendship to us both; for he brings you in with himself, at his surest borough. As it was impossible to act with more zeal and friendship than Mr. Eliot has acted in this whole affair, I desire that you will, by the very next post, write him a letter of thanks; warm and young thanks, not old and cold ones. You may enclose it in yours to me, and I will send it to him, for he is now in Cornwall.

Thus, sure of being a senator, I dare say you do not propose to be one of the "pedarii senatores," et

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podibus fre in sententiam;' for as the house of commons is the theatre where you must make your fortune and figure in the world, you must resolve to be an actor, and not a *persona muta*, which is just equivalent to a candle-snuffer upon other theatres. Whoever does not shine there is obscure, insignificant, and contemptible; and you cannot conceive how easy it is, for a man of half your sense and knowledge, to shine there if he pleases. The receipt to make a speaker, and an applauded one too, is short and easy—Take of common sense *quantum sufficit*, add a little application to the rules and orders of the house, throw obvious thoughts in a new light, and make up the whole with a large quantity of purity, correctness, and elegancy of style.—Take it for granted, that by far the greatest part of mankind do neither analyse nor search to the bottom; they are incapable of penetrating deeper than the surface. All have senses to be gratified, very few have reason to be applied to. Graceful utterance and action please their eyes, elegant diction tickles their ears; but strong reason would be thrown away upon them. I am not only persuaded by theory, but convinced by my experience, that (supposing a certain degree of common sense) what is called a good speaker is as much a mechanic as a good shoemaker; and that the two trades are equally to be learned by the same degree of application. Therefore, for God's sake, let this trade be the principal object of your thoughts; never lose sight of it. Attend minutely to your style, whatever language you speak or write in; seek for the best words, and think of the best turns. Whenever you doubt of the propriety or elegancy of any word, search the dictionary or some good author for it, or inquire of somebody, who is master of that language; and, in a little time, propriety and elegancy of diction will become so habitual to you, that they will cost you no more trouble. As I have laid this down to be mechanical, and attainable by whoever will take the pe-

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cessary pains, there will be no great vanity in saying, that I saw the importance of the object so early, and attended to it so young, that it would now cost me more trouble to speak or write ungrammatically, vulgarly, and inelegantly, than ever it did to avoid doing so. The late Lord Bolingbroke, without the least trouble, talked all day long full as elegantly as he wrote. Why? not by a peculiar gift from Heaven; but, as he has often told me himself, by an early and constant attention to his style. The present solicitor-general, Murray*, has less law than many lawyers, but has more practice than any; merely upon account of his eloquence, of which he has a never-failing stream. I remember, so long ago as when I was at Cambridge, whenever I read pieces of eloquence (and indeed they were my chief study) whether ancient or modern, I used to write down the shining passages, and then translate them, as well and as elegantly as ever I could; if Latin or French, into English; if English, into French. This, which I practised for some years, not only improved and formed my style, but imprinted in my mind and memory, the best thoughts of the best authors. The trouble was little, but the advantage I have experienced was great. While you are abroad, you can neither have time nor opportunity to read pieces of English or parliamentary eloquence, as I hope you will carefully do when you return; but, in the mean time, whenever pieces of French eloquence come in your way, such as the speeches of persons received into the academy, *oraisons funèbres*, representations of the several parliaments to the king, &c. read them in that view, in that spirit; observe the harmony, the turn, and elegancy of the style; examine in what you think it might have been better; and consider in what, had you written it yourself, you might have done worse. Compare the different manners of expressing the same thoughts, in differ-

* Created Lord Mansfield in the year 1756.

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out-others; and observe how differently the same things appear in different dresses. Vulgar, coarse, and ill-chosen words, will deform and degrade the best thoughts, as much as rags and dirt will the best figure. In short, you now know your object; pursue it steadily, and have no digressions that are not relative to, and connected with, the main action. Your success in parliament will effectually remove all other objections; either a foreign or a domestic destination will no longer be refused you, if you make your way to it through Westminster.

I think I may now say, that I am quite recovered of my late illness, strength and spirits excepted, which are not yet restored. Aix-la-Chapelle and Spa will, I believe, answer all my purposes.

I long to hear an account of your reception at Berlin, which I fancy will be a most gracious one. Adieu.

LETTER CCCVIII.

London, February 15, 1754.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I CAN now, with great truth, apply your own motto to you, 'Nullum numen abest, si sit prudentia.' You are sure of being, as early as your age will permit, a member of that house, which is the only road to figure and fortune in this country. Those, indeed, who are bred up to, and distinguish themselves in, particular professions, as the army, the navy, and the law, may, by their own merit, raise themselves to a certain degree; but you may observe too, that they never get to the top, without the assistance of parliamentary talents and influence. The means of distinguishing yourself in parliament are, as I told you in my last, much more easily attained than I believe you imagine. Close attend-

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ence to the business of the house will soon give you the parliamentary *routine;* and strict attention to your style will soon make you not only a speaker, but a good one. The vulgar look upon a man, who is reckoned a fine speaker, as a phænomenon, a supernatural being, and endowed with some peculiar gift of Heaven: they stare at him if he walks in the park, and cry, *That is he.* You will, I am sure, view him in a juster light, and *nulla formidine.* You will consider him only as a man of good-sense, who adorns common thoughts with the graces of elocution, and the elegancy of style. The miracle will then cease; and you will be convinced, that with the same application, and attention to the same objects, you may most certainly equal, and perhaps surpass, this prodigy. Sir W—— Y——, with not a quarter of your parts, and not a thousandth part of your knowledge, has, by a glibness of tongue singly, raised himself successively to the best employments of the kingdom: he has been lord of the admiralty, lord of the treasury, secretary at war, and is now vice-treasurer of Ireland; and all this with a most sullied, not to say blasted, character. Represent the thing to yourself, as it really is, easily attainable, and you will find it so. Have but ambition enough passionately to desire the object, and spirit enough to use the means, and I will be answerable for your success. When I was younger than you are, I resolved within myself that I would in all events be a speaker in parliament, and a good one too, if I could. I consequently never lost sight of that object, and never neglected any of the means that I thought led to it. I succeeded to a certain degree; and I assure you, with great ease, and without superior talents. Young people are very apt to over-rate both men and things, from not being enough acquainted with them. In proportion as you come to know them better, you will value them less. You will find that reason, which always ought to direct mankind, seldom does; but the pas-

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tions and weaknesses commonly usurp its seat, and rule in its stead. You will find, that the ablest have their weak sides too, and are only comparatively able, with regard to the still weaker herd: having fewer weaknesses themselves, they are able to avail themselves of the innumerable ones of the generality of mankind; being more masters of themselves, they become more easily masters of others. They address themselves to their weaknesses, their senses, their passions; never to their reason; and consequently seldom fail of success. But then analyse those great, those governing, and, as the vulgar imagine, those perfect characters; and you will find the great Brutus a thief in Macedonia, the great cardinal de Richelieu a jealous poetaster, and the great duke of Marlborough a miser. Till you come to know mankind by your own experience, I know nothing, nor no man, that can in the mean time bring you so well acquainted with them as le duc de la Rochefoucault: his little book of maxims, which I would advise you to look into, for some moments at least, every day of your life, is, I fear, too like, and too exact a picture of human nature: I own it seems to degrade it; but yet my experience does not convince me that it degrades it unjustly.

Now to bring all this home to my first point. All these considerations should not only invite you to attempt to make a figure in parliament, but encourage you to hope that you shall succeed. To govern mankind, one must not over-rate them; and to please an audience as a speaker, one must not overvalue it. When I first came into the house of commons, I respected that assembly as a venerable one, and felt a certain awe upon me; but, upon better acquaintance, that awe soon vanished; and I discovered, that of the five hundred and sixty, not above thirty could understand reason, and that all the rest were *people*; that those thirty only required plain common sense, dressed up in good language; and that all the others required only flowing and harmo-

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nious periods, whether they conveyed any meaning or not; having ears to hear, but not sense enough to judge. These considerations made me speak with little concern the first time, with less the second, and with none at all the third. I gave myself no farther trouble about any thing, except my elocution, and my style; presuming, without much vanity, that I had common sense sufficient not to talk nonsense. Fix these three truths strongly in your mind: First, that it is absolutely necessary for you to speak in parliament; secondly, that it only requires a little human attention, and no supernatural gifts; and, thirdly, that you have all the reason in the world to think that you shall speak well. When we meet, this shall be the principal subject of our conversations; and, if you will follow my advice, I will answer for your success.

Now from great things to little ones; the transition is to me easy, because nothing seems little to me that can be of any use to you. I hope you take great care of your mouth and teeth, and that you clean them well every morning, with a sponge and tepid water, with a few drops of arquebusade water dropped into it: besides washing your mouth carefully after every meal. I do insist upon your never using those sticks, or any hard substance whatsoever, which always rub away the gums, and destroy the varnish of the teeth. I speak this from woful experience; for my negligence of my teeth, when I was younger than you are, made them bad; and afterwards, my desire to have them look better made me use sticks, irons, &c. which totally destroyed them; so that I have not now above six or seven left. I lost one this morning, which suggested this advice to you.

I have received the tremendous wild boar, which your still more tremendous arm slew in the immense deserts of the Palatinate; but have not yet tasted of it, as it is hitherto above my low regimen. The late king of Prussia, whenever he killed any number of

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wild boars, used to oblige the Jews to buy them, at a high price, though they could eat none of them, so they defrayed the expense of his hunting. His son has juster rules of government, as the Code Frederique plainly shews.

I hope that by this time you are as well *aseré* at Berlin, as you were at Munich; but, if not, you are sure of being so at Dresden. Adieu.

LETTER CCCIX.

London, February 26, 1754.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE received your letters of the 4th, from Munich, and of the 11th, from Ratisbon; but I have not received that of the 21st January, to which you refer in the former. It is to this negligence and uncertainty of the post, that you owe your accidents between Munich and Ratisbon; for, had you received my letters regularly, you would have received one from me before you left Munich, in which I advised you to stay, since you were so well there. But at all events you were in the wrong to set out from Munich in such weather, and such roads; since you could never imagine that I had set my heart so much upon your going to Berlin, as to venture your being buried in the snow for it. Upon the whole, considering all, you are very well off. You do quite right, in my mind, to return to Munich, or at least to keep within the circle of Munich, Ratisbon, and Manheim, till the weather and the roads are good: stay at each, or any of those places, as long as ever you please; for I am extremely indifferent about your going to Berlin.

As to our meeting, I will tell you my plan, and you may form your own accordingly. I propose setting out from hence the last week in April, then drinking the Aix-la-Chapelle waters for a week, and

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from thence bring at Spa about the 15th of May, where I shall stay two months at most, and then return straight to England. As I both hope and believe that there will be no mortal at Spa during my residence there, the fashionable season not beginning till the middle of July, I would by no means have you come there at first, to be locked up with me and some few capuchins, for two months, in that miserable hole; but I would advise you to stay where you like best, till about the first week in July, and then to come and pick me up at Spa, or meet me upon the road at Liege or Brussels. As for the intermediate time, should you be weary of Manheim and Munich, you may, if you please, go to Dresden, to Sir Charles Williams, who will be there before that time; or you may come for a month or six weeks to the Hague; or, in short, go or stay wherever you like best. So much for your motions.

As you have sent for all the letters directed to you at Berlin, you will receive from thence volumes of mine, among which you will easily perceive that some were calculated for a supposed perusal previous to your opening them. I will not repeat any thing contained in them, excepting that I desire you will send me a warm and cordial letter of thanks for Mr. Eliot; who has, in the most friendly manner imaginable, fixed you at his own borough of Liskeard, where you will be elected jointly with him, without the least opposition or difficulty. I will forward that letter to him into Cornwall, where he now is.

Now that you are to be soon a man of business, I heartily wish you would immediately begin to be a man of method; nothing contributing more to facilitate and dispatch business than method and order. Have order and method in your accounts, in your reading, in the allotment of your time; in short, in every thing. You cannot conceive how much time you will save by it, nor how much better every thing you do will be done. The duke of Marlborough did

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by no means spend, but he slattered himself into that immense debt which is not yet near paid off. The hurry and confusion of the duke of Newcastle do not proceed from his business, but from his want of method in it. Sir Robert Walpole, who had ten times the business to do, was never seen in a hurry; because he always did it with method. The head of a man who has business, and no method nor order, is properly that 'rudis indigestaque moles quam dixêre chaos.' As you must be conscious that you are extremely negligent and slatterely, I hope you will resolve not to be so for the future. Prevail with yourself, only to observe good method and order for one fortnight, and I will venture to assure you, that you will never neglect them afterwards, you will find such conveniency and advantage arising from them. Method is the great advantage that lawyers have over other people, in speaking in parliament; for, as they must necessarily observe it in their pleadings in the courts of justice, it becomes habitual to them every where else. Without making you a compliment, I can tell you with pleasure, that order, method, and more activity of mind, are all that you want, to make, some day or other, a considerable figure in business. You have more useful knowledge, more discernment of characters, and much more discretion, than is common at your age; much more, I am sure, than I had at that age. Experience you cannot yet have, and therefore trust in the mean time to mine. I am an old traveller; am well acquainted with all the bye as well as the great roads; I cannot misguide you from ignorance, and you are very sure I shall not from design.

I can assure you, that you will have no opportunity of subscribing yourself, 'my excellency's,' &c. Retirement and quiet were my choice some years ago, while I had all my senses, and health and spirits enough to carry on business; but now I have lost my hearing, and find my constitution declining daily; they are become my necessary and only re-

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fugs. I know myself (no common piece of knowledge, let me tell you); I know what I can, what I cannot, and consequently what I ought to do. I ought not, and therefore will not, return to business, when I am much less fit for it than I was when I quitted it. Still less will I go to Ireland, where from my deafness and infirmities, I must necessarily make a different figure from that which I once made there. My pride would be too much mortified by that difference. The two important senses of seeing and hearing should not only be good, but quick, in business; and the business of a lord lieutenant of Ireland (if he will do it himself), requires both those senses in the highest perfection. It was the duke of Dorset's not doing the business himself, but giving it up to favourites, that has occasioned all this confusion in Ireland; and it was my doing the whole myself, without either favourite, minister, or mistress, that made my administration so smooth and quiet. I remember, when I named the late Mr. Liddel for my secretary, every body was much surprised at it; and some of my friends represented to me, that he was no man of business, but only a very genteel pretty young fellow. I assured them, and with truth, that that was the very reason why I chose him; for that I was resolved to do all the business myself, and without even the suspicion of having a minister; which the lord lieutenant's secretary, if he is a man of business, is always supposed, and commonly with reason, to be. Moreover, I look upon myself now to be emeritus in business, in which I have been near forty years together; I give it up to you: apply yourself to it, as I have done, for forty years, and then I consent to your leaving it for a philosophical retirement, among your friends and your books. Statesmen and beauties are very rarely sensible of the gradations of their decay; and, too sanguinely hoping to shine on in their meridian, often sit with contempt and ridicule. I retired in time, 'ut senex vivat;' or, as

Pope says still better, 'Ere tittering youth shall shove you from the stage.' My only remaining ambition is, to be the counsellor and minister of your rising ambition. Let me see my own youth revived in you; let me be your Mentor, and with your parts and knowledge, I promise you, you shall go far. You must bring, on your part, activity and attention, and I will point out to you the proper objects for them. I own I fear but one thing for you, and that is what one has generally the least reason to fear from one of your age; I mean your laziness, which, if you indulge, will make you stagnate in a contemptible obscurity all your life. It will hinder you from doing any thing that will deserve to be written, or from writing any thing that may deserve to be read; and yet one or other of these two objects should be at least aimed at by every rational being. I look upon indolence as a sort of *suicide*; for the man is effectually destroyed, though the appetites of the brute may survive. Business by no means forbids pleasures; on the contrary, they reciprocally season each other: and I will venture to affirm, that no man enjoys either in perfection, that does not join both. They whet the desire for each other. Use yourself, therefore, in time, to be alert and diligent in your little concerns: never procrastinate, never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day; and never do two things at a time: pursue your object, be it what it will, steadily and indefatigably; and let any difficulties (if surmountable) rather animate than slacken your endeavours. Perseverance has surprising effects.

I wish you would use yourself to translate, every day, only three or four lines, from any book, in any language, into the correctest and most elegant English that you can think of; you cannot imagine how it will insensibly form your style, and give you an habitual elegancy: it would not take you up a quarter of an hour in a day. This letter is so long, that it will hardly leave you that quarter of an hour, the day you receive it.

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LETTER CCCX.

London, March 8, 1754.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

A GREAT and unexpected event has lately happened in our ministerial world—Mr. Pelham died last Monday, of a fever and mortification; occasioned by a general corruption of his whole mass of blood, which had broke out into sores in his back. I regret him as an old acquaintance, a pretty near relation, and a private man, with whom I have lived many years in a social and friendly way. He meaned well to the public; and was incorrupt in a post where corruption is commonly contagious. If he was no shining, enterprising minister, he was a safe one, which I like better. Very shining ministers, like the sun, are apt to scorch when they shine the brightest: in our constitution, I prefer the milder light of a less glaring minister. His successor is not yet, at least publicly, *designatus*. You will easily suppose that many are very willing, and very few able, to fill that post. Various persons are talked of, by different people, for it, according as their interest prompts them to wish, or their ignorance to conjecture. Mr. Fox is the most talked of; he is strongly supported by the duke of Cumberland. Mr. Legge, the solicitor general, and Dr. Lee, are likewise all spoken of, upon the foot of the duke of Newcastle's and the chancellor's interest. Should it be any one of the three last, I think no great alterations will ensue; but, should Mr. Fox prevail, it would, in my opinion, soon produce changes, by no means favourable to the duke of Newcastle. In the mean time, the wild conjectures of volunteer politicians, and the ridiculous importance which, upon these occasions, blockheads always endeavour to give themselves, by grave looks, significant shrugs, and insignificant whispers, are very entertaining to a by-

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slander, as, thank God, I now am. One knows something, but is not yet at liberty to tell it; another has heard something from a very good hand; a third congratulates himself upon a certain degree of intimacy, which he has long had with every one of the candidates, though, perhaps, he has never spoken twice to any one of them. In short, in these sort of intervals, vanity, interest, and absurdity, always display themselves in the most ridiculous light. One who has been so long behind the scenes as I have, is much more diverted with the entertainment, than those can be who only see it from the pit and boxes. I know the whole machinery of the interior, and can laugh the better at the silly wonder, and wild conjectures, of the uninformed spectators. This accident, I think, cannot in the least affect your election, which is finally settled with your friend Mr. Eliot. For, let who will prevail, I presume, he will consider me enough, not to overturn an arrangement of that sort, in which he cannot possibly be personally interested. So pray go on with your parliamentary preparations. Have that object always in your view, and pursue it with attention.

I take it for granted that your late residence in Germany has made you as perfect and correct in German, as you were before in French: at least it is worth your while to be so; because it is worth every man's while to be perfectly master of whatever language he may ever have occasion to speak. A man is not himself, in a language which he does not thoroughly possess; his thoughts are degraded, when inelegantly or imperfectly expressed: he is cramped and confined, and consequently can never appear to advantage. Examine and analyse those thoughts that strike you the most, either in conversation or in books; and you will find, that they owe at least half their merit to the turn and expression of them. There is nothing truer than that old saying, 'Nihil dictum quod non prius dictum.' It is only the manner of saying or writing it, that makes

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it appear new. Convince yourself, that manner is almost every thing, in every thing; and study it accordingly.

I am this moment informed, and I believe truly, that Mr. Fox* is to succeed Mr. Pelham, as first commissioner of the treasury, and chancellor of the exchequer; and your friend Mr. Yorke, of the Hague, to succeed Mr. Fox, as secretary at war. I am not sorry for this promotion of Mr. Fox, as I have always been upon civil terms with him, and found him ready to do me any little services. He is frank and gentlemanlike in his manner; and, to a certain degree, I really believe, will be your friend upon my account; if you can afterwards make him yours upon your own, *tant mieux*. I have nothing more to say now, but Adieu.

LETTER CCCXI.

London, March 15, 1754.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

WE are here in the midst of a second winter; the cold is more severe, and the snow deeper, than they were in the first. I presume your weather in Germany is not much more gentle; and therefore I hope that you are quietly and warmly fixed at some good town; and will not risk a second burial in the snow, after your late fortunate resurrection out of it. Your letters, I suppose, have not been able to make their way through the ice; for I have received none from you since that of the 28th of February, from Ratisbon. I am the more uneasy at this state of ignorance, because I fear that you may have found some subsequent inconveniences from your overturn, which you might not be aware of sooner.

* Henry Fox, created lord Holland, baron of Hanley, in the year 1763.

The curtain of the political theatre was partly drawn up the day before yesterday, and exhibited a scene which the public in general did not expect; the duke of Newcastle was declared first lord commissioner of the treasury, Mr. Fox secretary of state in his room, and Mr. Henry Legge chancellor of the exchequer. The employments of treasurer of the navy, and secretary at war, supposed to be vacant by the promotion of Mr. Fox and Mr. Legge, were to be kept in petto till the dissolution of this parliament, which will probably be next week, to avoid the expense and trouble of unnecessary re-elections; but it was generally supposed that Colonel Yorke, of the Hague, was to succeed Mr. Fox; and George Grenville, Mr. Legge. This scheme, had it taken place, you see, I believe, aware, was more a temporary expedient, for securing the elections of the new parliament, and forming it, at its first meeting, to the interests and the inclinations of the duke of Newcastle and the chancellor, than a plan of administration either intended or wished to be permanent. This scheme was disturbed yesterday: Mr. Fox, who had sullenly accepted the seals the day before, more sullenly refused them yesterday. His object was to be first commissioner of the treasury, and chancellor of the exchequer, and consequently to have a share in the election of the new parliament, and a much greater in the management of it when chosen. This necessary consequence of his view defeated it; and the duke of Newcastle and the chancellor, chose to kick him up stairs into the secretaryship of state, rather than trust him with either the election or the management of the new parliament. In this, considering their respective situations, they certainly acted wisely; but whether Mr. Fox has done so, or not, in refusing the seals, is a point which I cannot determine. If he is, as I presume he is, animated with revenge, and I believe would not be over-scrupulous in the means of gratifying it, I should have thought he could have done

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is better, as a secretary of state, with constant admission into the closet, than as a private man at the head of an opposition. But I see all these things at too great a distance to be able to judge sensibly of them. The true springs and motives of political measures are confined within a very narrow circle, and known to very few; the good reasons alleged are seldom the true ones. The public commonly judges, or rather guesses, wrong; and I am now one of that public. I therefore recommend to you a prudent Pyrrhonism in all matters of state, until you become one of the wheels of them yourself, and consequently acquainted with the general motion, at least, of the others; for as to all the minute and secret springs, that contribute more or less to the whole machine, no man living ever knows them all, not even he who has the principal direction of it: as in the human body there are innumerable little vessels and glands, that have a good deal to do, and yet escape the knowledge of the most skilful anatomist; he will know more, indeed, than those who only see the exterior of our bodies; but he will never know all. This bustle, and these changes at court, far from having disturbed the quiet and security of your election, have, if possible, rather confirmed them; for the duke of Newcastle (I must do him justice) has, in the kindest manner imaginable to you, wrote a letter to Mr. Eliot, to recommend to him the utmost care of your election.

Though the plan of administration is thus unsettled, mine for my travels this summer is finally settled; and I now communicate it to you, that you may form your own upon it. I propose being at Spa on the 10th or 12th of May, and staying there till the 10th of July. As there will be no mortal there during my stay, it will be both unpleasant and unprofitable to you to be shut up *tête-à-tête* with me the whole time; I should therefore think it best for you not to come to me there till the

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last week in June. In the mean time, I suppose that by the middle of April you will think that you have had enough of Manheim, Munich, or Ratisbon, and that district. Where would you choose to go then? for I leave you absolutely your choice.—Would you go to Dresden for a month or six weeks? That is a good deal out of your way; and I am not sure that Sir Charles will be there by that time. Or would you rather take Bonn in your way, and pass the time, till we meet, at the Hague? From Manheim you may have a great many good letters of recommendation to the court of Bonn; which court, and its elector, in one light or another, are worth your seeing. From thence your journey to the Hague will be but a short one; and you would arrive there at that season of the year when the Hague is, in my mind, the most agreeable, smiling scene in Europe; and from the Hague you would have but three very easy days' journeys to me at Spa. Do as you like; for, as I told you before, 'Ella è assolutamente padrona.' But, lest you should answer, that you desire to be determined by me, I am rather inclined to the latter plan; I mean, that of your coming to Bonn, staying there according as you like it, and then passing the remainder of your time, that is, May and June, at the Hague. Our connexion and transactions with the republic of the United Provinces are such, that you cannot be too well acquainted with that constitution, and with those people. You have established good acquaintances there, and you have been *fêtoïé* round by the foreign ministers: so that you will be there *en païs connu*. Moreover, you have not seen the stadthouder, the *gouvernante*, nor the court there, which *à bon compte* should be seen. Upon the whole then, you cannot, in my opinion, pass the months of May and June more agreeably, or more usefully, than at the Hague. However, if you have any other plan, that you like better, pursue it: only let me know what

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you intend to do, and I shall most cheerfully agree to it.

The parliament will be dissolved in about ten days, and the writs for the election of the new one issued out immediately afterwards; so that, by the end of next month, you may depend upon being 'membre de la chambre basse;' a title that sounds high in foreign countries, and perhaps higher than it deserves. I hope you will add a better title to it in your own: I mean, that of a good speaker in parliament: you have, I am sure, all the materials necessary for it, if you will but put them together and adorn them. I spoke in parliament the first month I was in it, and a month before I was of age; and from the day I was elected, till the day that I spoke, I am sure I thought nor dreamed of nothing but speaking. The first time, to say the truth, I spoke very indifferently as to the matter; but it passed tolerably, in favour of the spirit with which I uttered it, and the words in which I dressed it. I improved by degrees, till at last it did tolerably well. The house, it must be owned, is always extremely indulgent to the two or three first attempts of a young speaker; and if they find any degree of common sense in what he says, they make great allowances for his inexperience, for the concern which they suppose him to be under. I experienced that indulgence; for, had I not been a young member, I should certainly have been, as I own I deserved, reprimanded by the house for some strong and indiscreet things that I said. *Adieu!* it is indeed high time.

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LETTER CCCXII.

London, March 26, 1754.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YESTERDAY I received your letter of the 15th from Manheim, where I find you have been received in the usual gracious manner; which I hope you return in a *graceful* one. As this is a season of great devotion and solemnity in all Catholic countries, pray inform yourself of, and constantly attend to, all their silly and pompous church ceremonies; one ought to know them. I am very glad that you wrote the letter to Lord——, which in every different case that can possibly be supposed, was, I am sure, both a decent and a prudent step. You will find it very difficult, whenever we meet, to convince me that you could have any good reasons for not doing it; for I will, for argument's sake, suppose, what I cannot in reality believe, that he has both said and done the worst he could, of and by you; what then? How will you help yourself? Are you in a situation to hurt him? Certainly not; but he certainly is in a situation to hurt you. Would you show a sullen, pouting, impotent resentment? I hope not: leave that silly, unavailing sort of resentment to women, and men like them, who are always guided by humour, never by reason and prudence. That pettish, pouting conduct is a great deal too young, and implies too little knowledge of the world, for one who has seen so much of it as you have. Let this be one invariable rule of your conduct—Never to show the least symptom of resentment, which you cannot, to a certain degree, gratify: but always to smile where you cannot strike. There would be no living in courts, nor indeed in the world, if one could not conceal, and even dissemble, the just causes of resentment,

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which one meets with every day in active and busy life. Whoever cannot master his humour enough, 'pour faire bonne mine à mauvais jeu,' should leave the world, and retire to some hermitage, in an unfrequented desert. By showing an unavailing and sullen resentment, you authorise the resentment of those who can hurt you, and whom you cannot hurt; and give them that very pretence, which perhaps they wished for, of breaking with, and injuring you; whereas the contrary behaviour would lay them under the restraints of decency at least, and either shamble or expose their malice. Besides, captiousness, sullenness, and pouting, are most exceedingly illiberal and vulgar. 'Un honnête homme ne les connoit point.'

I am extremely glad to hear that you are soon to have Voltaire at Manheim; immediately upon his arrival pray make him a thousand compliments from me. I admire him most exceedingly; and whether as an epic, dramatic, or lyric poet, or prose-writer, I think I justly apply to him the 'Nil molitur inepte.' I long to read his own correct edition of 'Les Annales de l'Empire,' of which the 'Abrégé Chronologique de l'Histoire Universelle,' which I have read, is, I suppose, a stolen and imperfect part; however, imperfect as it is, it has explained to me that chaos of history of seven hundred years more clearly than any other book had done before. You judge very rightly, that I love 'le style leger et fleuri.' I do, and so does every body who has any parts and taste. It should, I confess, be more or less *fleuri*, according to the subject; but at the same time I assert, that there is no subject that may not properly, and which ought not to be adorned, by a certain elegancy and beauty of style. What can be more adorned than Cicero's philosophical works? What more than Plato's? It is their eloquence only, that has preserved and transmitted them down to us, through so many centuries; for the philosophy of them is wretched, and the reasoning past miser-

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able. But eloquence will always please, and has always pleased. Study it therefore; make it the object of your thoughts and attention. Use yourself to relate elegantly; that is a good step towards speaking well in parliament. Take some political subject, turn it in your thoughts, consider what may be said both for and against it, then put those arguments into writing, in the most correct and elegant English you can. For instance, a standing army, a place bill, &c; as to the former, consider, on one side, the dangers arising to a free country from a great standing military force; on the other side, consider the necessity of a force to repel force with. Examine whether a standing army, though in itself an evil, may not, from circumstances, become a necessary evil, and preventive of greater dangers. As to the latter, consider how far places may bias and warp the conduct of men, from the service of their country, into an unwarrantable complaisance to the court; and, on the other hand, consider whether they can be supposed to have that effect upon the conduct of people of probity and property, who are more solidly interested in the permanent good of their country, than they can be in an uncertain and precarious employment. Seek for, and answer in your own mind, all the arguments that can be urged on either side, and write them down in an elegant style. This will prepare you for debating, and give you an habitual eloquence: for I would not give a farthing for a mere holiday eloquence, displayed once or twice in a session, in a set declamation; but I want an every-day, ready, and habitual eloquence, to adorn *extempore* and debating speeches; to make business not only clear but agreeable, and to please even those whom you cannot inform, and who do not desire to be informed. All this you may acquire, and make habitual to you, with as little trouble as it cost you to dance a minuet as well as you do. You now dance it mechanically, and well, without thinking of it.

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I am surprised that you found but one letter from me at Manheim; for you ought to have found four or five; there are as many lying for you at your banker's at Berlin, which I wish you had; because I always endeavoured to put some thing into them, which, I hope, may be of use to you.

When we meet at Spa, next July, we must have a great many serious conversations; in which I will pour out all my experience of the world, and which, I hope, you will trust to, more than to your own young notions of men and things. You will, in time, discover most of them to have been erroneous; and, if you follow them long, you will perceive your error too late; but, if you will be led by a guide, who, you are sure, does not mean to mislead you, you will unite two things, seldom united in the same person; the vivacity and spirit of youth, with the caution and experience of age.

Last Saturday, Sir Thomas Robinson*, who had been the king's minister at Vienna, was declared secretary of state for the southern department, Lord Holdernesse having taken the northern. Sir Thomas accepted it unwillingly, and, as I hear, with a promise that he shall not keep it long. Both his health and spirits are bad, two very disqualifying circumstances for that employment; yours, I hope, will enable you, some time or other, to go through with it. In all events, aim at it: and, if you fail or fall, let it at least be said of you, 'Magnis tamen excidit ausis.' Adieu!

* Created Lord Grantham in the year 1761, and since embassador extraordinary and plenipotentiary to the court of Spain.

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LETTER CCCXIII.

London, April 5, 1754.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I RECEIVED, yesterday, your letter of the 20th March, from Manheim, with the enclosed for Mr. Eliot; it was a very proper one; and I have forwarded it to him by Mr. Harte, who sets out for Cornwall to-morrow morning.

I am very glad that you use yourself to translations; and I do not care of what, provided you study the correctness and elegancy of your style. The life of Sextus Quintus is the best book, of the innumerable books written by Gregorio Leti, whom the Italians, very justly, call *Leti caca libri*. But I would rather that you chose some pieces of oratory for your translations, whether ancient or modern, Latin or French; which would give you a more oratorial train of thoughts, and turn of expression. In your letter to me, you make use of two words, which, though true and correct English, are, however, from long disuse, become inelegant, and seem now to be stiff, formal, and in some degree scriptural: the first is the word *namely*, which you introduce thus, *You inform me of a very agreeable piece of news*, namely, *that my election is secured*. Instead of *namely*, I would always use, *which is*, or *that is* that my election is secured. The other word is, *Mine own inclinations*: this is certainly correct, before a subsequent word that begins with a vowel; but it is too correct, and is now disused as too formal, notwithstanding the *hiatus* occasioned by *my own*. Every language has its peculiarities; they are established by usage, and, whether right or wrong, they must be complied with. I could instance many very absurd ones in different languages;

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but so authorised by the 'jus et norma loquendi,' that they must be submitted to. *Namely*, and, *to wit*, are very good words in themselves, and contribute to clearness, more than the relatives which we now substitute in their room; but, however, they cannot be used, except in a sermon, or some very grave and formal compositions. It is with language as with manners; they are both established by the usage of people of fashion; it must be imitated, it must be complied with. Singularity is only pardonable in old age and retirement; I may now be as singular as I please, but you may not. We will, when we meet, discuss these and many other points, provided you will give me attention and credit; without both which it is to no purpose to advise either you or any body else.

I want to know your determination, where you intend to (if I may use that expression) *waste* away your time, till the last week in June, when we are to meet at Spa; I continue rather in the opinion which I mentioned to you formerly, in favour of the Hague; but however I have not the least objection to Dresden, or to any other place that you may like better. If you prefer the Dutch scheme, you take Treves and Coblentz in your way, as also Dusseldorp; all which places I think you have not yet seen. At Manheim you may certainly get good letters of recommendation to the courts of the two electors of Treves and Cologne, whom you are yet unacquainted with; and I should wish you to know them all. For, as I have often told you, 'olim hæc meminisse juvabit.' There is an utility in having seen what other people have seen; and there is a justifiable pride in having seen what others have not seen. In the former case, you are equal to others; in the latter, superior. As your stay abroad will not now be very long, pray, while it lasts, see every thing and every body you can; and see them well, with care and attention. It is not to be conceived of what advantage it is to any body to have seen more

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things, people, and countries, than other people in general have: it gives them a credit, makes them referred to, and they become the objects of the attention of the company. They are not put in any part of polite conversation; they are acquainted with all the places, customs, courts, and families, that are likely to be mentioned; they are, as Monsieur de Maupertius justly observes, 'de tous les pais, comme les scavans sont de tous les tems.' You have, fortunately, both those advantages; the only remaining point is 'de sçavoir les faire valoir;' for without that, one may as well not have them. Remember that very true maxim of La Bruyere's, 'Qu'on ne vaut dans ce monde que ce qu'on veut valoir.' The knowledge of the world will teach you to what degree you ought to show 'ce que vous valez.' One must by no means, on one hand, be indifferent about it; as, on the other, one must not display it with affectation, and in an overbearing manner; but, of the two, it is better to show too much than too little. Adieu.

LETTER CCCXIV.

Bath, November 27, 1754.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HEARTILY congratulate you upon the loss of your political maidenhead, of which I have received from others a very good account. I hear that you were stopped some time in your career; but recovered breath, and finished it very well. I am not surprised, nor indeed concerned, at your accident; for I remember the dreadful feeling of that situation in myself; and as it must require a most uncommon share of impudence to be unconcerned upon such an occasion, I am not sure that I am not rather glad you stopped. You must therefore now think of hardening yourself by degrees, by

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using yourself insensibly to the sound of your own voice, and to the act (trifling as it seems) of rising up and sitting down again. Nothing will contribute so much to this as committee work of elections at night and of private bills in the morning. There, asking short questions, moving for witnesses to be called in, and all that kind of small ware, will soon fit you to set up for yourself. I am told that you are much mortified at your accident; but without reason: pray, let it rather be a spur than a curb to you. Persevere, and, depend upon it, it will do well at last. When I say persevere, I do not mean that you should speak every day, nor in every debate. Moreover, I would not advise you to speak again upon public matters for some time, perhaps a month or two; but I mean, never lose view of that great object; pursue it with discretion, but pursue it always. 'Pelotez en attendant partie.' You know I have always told you, that speaking in public was but a knack, which those who apply to most, will succeed in best. Two old members, very good judges, have sent me compliments upon this occasion; and have assured me, that they plainly find *it will do:* though they perceived, from that natural confusion you were in, that you neither said all, nor perhaps what you intended. Upon the whole, you have set out very well, and have sufficient encouragement to go on. Attend therefore assiduously, and observe carefully all that passes in the house; for it is only knowledge and experience that can make a debater. But if you still want comfort, Mrs. ——, I hope, will administer it to you; for in my opinion she may, if she will, be very comfortable; and with women, as with speaking in parliament, perseverance will most certainly prevail, sooner or later.

What little I have played for here, I have won; but that is very far from the considerable sum which you heard of. I play every evening from seven till ten, at a crown whist party, merely to save my

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eyes from reading or writing for three hours by candle-light. I propose being in town the week after next, and hope to carry back with me much more health than I brought down here. Good night.

Mr. Stanhope being returned to England, and seeing his father almost every day, is the occasion of an interruption of two years in their correspondence.

LETTER CCCXV.

Bath, November 18, 1753.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I RECEIVED yours yesterday morning, together with the Prussian papers, which I have read with great attention. If courts could blush, those of Vienna and Dresden ought, to have their falsehoods so publicly and so undeniably exposed. The former will, I presume, next year, employ a hundred thousand men, to answer the accusation; and if the empress of the two Russias is pleased to argue in the same cogent manner, their logic will be too strong for all the king of Prussia's rhetoric. I well remember the treaty so often referred to in those pieces, between the two empresses, in 1746. The king was strongly pressed by the empress queen to accede to it. Wassenaer communicated it to me for that purpose. I asked him if there were no secret articles; suspecting that there were some, because the ostensible treaty was a mere harmless defensive one. He assured me there were none. Upon which I told him, that as the king had already defensive alliances with those two empresses, I did not see of what use his accession to this treaty, *if merely a defensive one*, could be, either to himself or the other contracting parties; but that, however, if it

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was only desired as an indication of the king's good-will, I would give him an act, by which his majesty should accede to that treaty, as far, but no farther, as at present he stood engaged to the respective empresses, by the defensive alliances subsisting with each. This offer by no means satisfied him; which was a plain proof of the secret articles now brought to light, and into which the court of Vienna hoped to draw us. I told Wassenaer so, and after that I heard no more of his invitation.

I am still bewildered in the changes at court, of which I find that all the particulars are not yet fixed. Who would have thought, a year ago, that Mr. Fox, the chancellor, and the duke of Newcastle, should all three have quitted together? nor can I yet account for it; explain it to me, if you can. I cannot see, neither, what the duke of Devonshire and Fox, whom I looked upon as intimately united, can have quarrelled about, with relation to the treasury; inform me, if you know. I never doubted of the prudent versatility of your vicar of Bray: but I am surprised at Obrien Windham's going out of the treasury, where I should have thought that the interest of his brother-in-law, George Grenville, would have kept him.

Having found myself rather worse, these two or three last days, I was obliged to take some *specacuana* last night; and, what you will think odd for a vomit, I brought it all up again in about an hour, to my great satisfaction and emolument, which is seldom the case in restitutions.

You did well to go to the duke of Newcastle, who, I suppose, will have no more levees; however, go from time to time, and leave your name at his door, for you have obligations to him. Adieu.

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LETTER CCCXVI.

Bath, December 14, 1756.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

WHAT can I say to you from this place, where *every day is still but as the first*, though by no means so agreeably passed, as Antony describes his to have been! The same nothings succeed one another every day with me, as regularly and uniformly as the hours of the day. You will think this tiresome; and so it is: but how can I help it? Cut off from society by my deafness, and dispirited by ill-health, where could I be better? You will say, perhaps, where could you be worse? Only in prison, or the galleys, I confess. However, I see a period to my stay here: and I have fixed, in my own mind, a time for my return to London; not invited there by either politics or pleasures (to both which I am equally a stranger), but merely to be at home; which, after all, according to the vulgar saying, is home, be it never so homely.

The political settlement, as it is called, is, I find, by no means settled: Mr. Fox, who took this place in his way to his brother's, where he intended to pass a month, was stopped short by an express, which he received from his connexion, to come to town immediately; and accordingly he set out from hence very early, two days ago. I had a very long conversation with him, in which he was, seemingly at least, very frank and communicative: but still I own myself in the dark. In those matters, as in most others, half knowledge (and mine is at most that) is more apt to lead one into error, than to carry one to truth; and our own vanity contributes to the seduction. Our conjectures pass upon us for truths; we will know what we do not know, and

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often what we cannot know: so mortifying to our pride is the bare suspicion of ignorance!

It has been reported here, that the empress of Russia is dying; this would be a fortunate event indeed for the king of Prussia, and necessarily produce the neutrality and inaction, at least, of that great power; which would be a heavy weight taken out of the opposite scale to the king of Prussia. The *augustissima* must, in that case, do all herself; for, though France will no doubt promise largely, it will, I believe, perform but scantily; as it desires no better, than that the different powers of Germany should tear one another to pieces.

I hope you frequent all the courts: a man should make his face familiar there. Long habit produces favour insensibly: and acquaintance often does more than friendship, in that climate where *les beaux sentimens* are not the natural growth

Adieu; I am going to the ball, to save my eyes from reading, and my mind from thinking.

LETTER CCCXVII.

Bath, January 12, 1757.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I WAITED quietly, to see when either your leisure, or your inclinations, would allow you to honour me with a letter; and at last I received one this morning, very near a fortnight after you went from hence. You will say, that you had no news to write me; and that probably may be true; but, without news, one has always something to say to those with whom one desires to have any thing to do.

Your observation is very just with regard to the king of Prussia, whom the most august house of Austria would most unquestionably have poisoned a century or two ago. But now that 'Terres Astræa

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moliquit,' kings and princes die of natural deaths; even war is pusillanimously carried on in this degenerate age; quarter is given; towns are taken, and the people spared: even in a storm, a woman can hardly hope for the benefit of a rape. Whereas (such was the humanity of former days) prisoners were killed by thousands in cold blood, and the generous victors spared neither man, woman, nor child. Heroic actions of this kind were performed at the taking of Magdebourg. The king of Prussia is certainly now in a situation that must soon decide his fate, and make him Cæsar or nothing. Notwithstanding the march of the Russians, his greatest danger, in my opinion, lies westward. I have no great notion of Apraxin's abilities, and I believe many a Prussian colonel would out-general him. But Brown, Piccolomini, Lucchese, and many other veteran officers in the Austrian troops, are respectable enemies.

Mr. Pitt seems to me to have almost as many enemies to encounter as his Prussian majesty. The late ministry, and the duke's party, will, I presume, unite against him and his tory friends; and then quarrel among themselves again. His best, if not his only chance of supporting himself would be, if he had credit enough in the city, to hinder the advancing of the money to any administration but his own; and I have met with some people here who think that he has.

I have put off my journey from hence for a week, but no longer. I find I still gain some strength and some flesh here; and therefore I will not cut, while the run is for me.

By a letter which I received this morning from Lady Allen, I observe that you are extremely well with her; and it is well for you to be so, for she is an excellent and warm puff.

A propos (an expression which is commonly used to introduce whatever is unrelative to it), you should apply to some of Lord Holdernesse's people, for the

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perusal of Mr. Cope's letters. It will not be refused you; and the sooner you have them the better. I do not mean them as models for your manner of writing; but as outlines of the matter you are to write upon.

If you have not read Hume's Essays, read them: they are four very small volumes; I have just finished, and am extremely pleased with them. He thinks impartially, deep, often new: and, in my mind, commonly just. Adieu.

LETTER CCCXVIII.

Blackheath, September 17, 1757.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

LORD Holdernesse has been so kind as to communicate to me all the letters which he has received from you hitherto, dated the 15th, 19th, 23d, and 26th August; and also a draught of that which he wrote to you the 9th instant. I am very well pleased with all your letters; and, what is better, I can tell you that the king is so too; and he said, but three days ago, to Monsieur Münchausen, 'He (meaning you) sets out very well, and I like his letters; provided that, like most of my English ministers abroad, he does not grow idle hereafter.' So that here is both praise to flatter, and a hint to warn you. What Lord Holdernesse recommends to you, being by the king's order, intimates also a degree of approbation; for the *blacker ink, and the larger character*, show, that his majesty, whose eyes are grown weaker, intends to read all your letters himself. Therefore, pray do not neglect to get the blackest ink you can; and to make your secretary enlarge his hand, though *d'ailleurs* it is a very good one.

Had I been to wish an advantageous situation for

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you, and a good *début* in it, I could not have wished you either, better than both have hitherto proved. The rest will depend entirely upon yourself; and I own, I begin to have much better hopes than I had; for I know, by my own experience, that the more one works, the more willing one is to work. We are all, more or less, 'des animaux d'habitude.' I remember very well, that when I was in business, I wrote four or five hours together every day, more willingly than I should now half an hour; and this is most certain, that when a man has applied himself to business half the day, the other half goes off the more cheerfully and agreeably. This I found so forcibly, when I was at the Hague, that I never tasted company so well, nor was so good company myself, as at the suppers of my post-days. I take Hamburgh now, to be 'le centre de refuge Allemand.' If you have any Hanover *refugiés* among them, pray take care to be particularly attentive to them. How do you like your house? Is it a convenient one? Have the *casserolles* been employed in it yet? You will find 'les petits soupers fins' less expensive, and turn to better account, than large dinners for great companies.

I hope you have written to the duke of Newcastle; I take it for granted, that you have to all your brother ministers of the northern department. For God's sake be diligent, alert, active, and indefatigable in your business. You want nothing but labour and industry to be, one day, whatever you please, in your own way.

We think and talk of nothing here but Brest, which is universally supposed to be the object of our great expedition. A great and important object it is. I suppose the affair must be *brusqué*, or it will not do. If we succeed, it will make France put some water to its wine. As for my own private opinion, I own I rather wish than hope success. However, should our expedition fail 'Magnis tamen excidit ausis;

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and that will be better than our late languid manner of making war.

'To mention a person to you whom I am very indifferent about, I mean myself, I vegetate still just as I did when we parted: but I think I begin to be sensible of the autumn of the year, as well as of the autumn of my own life. I feel an internal awkwardness, which in about three weeks I shall carry with me to the Bath, where I hope to get rid of it, as I did last year. The best cordial I could take, would be to hear from time to time of your industry and diligence; for in that case I should consequently hear of your success. Remember your own motto, 'Nullum numen abest si sit prudentia.' Nothing is truer. Yours.

LETTER CCCXIX.

Blackheath, September 23, 1757.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I RECEIVED but the day before yesterday your letter of the 3d, from the head-quarters at Selsingen; and, by the way, it is but the second that I have received from you since your arrival at Hamburgh. Whatever was the cause of your going to the army, I approve of the effect; for I would have you, as much as possible, see every thing that is to be seen. That is the true useful knowledge, which informs and improves us when we are young, and amuses us and others when we are old: 'Olim hæc meminisse juvabit.' I could wish that you would (but I know you will not) enter into a book a short note only of whatever you see or hear, that is very remarkable; I do not mean a German *album*, stuffed with people's names, and Latin sentences; but I mean such a book as, if you do not keep now, thirty

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years hence you would give a great deal of money to have kept. 'A propos de bottes,' for I am told he always wears his; was his royal highness very gracious to you, or not? I have my doubts about it. The neutrality, which he has concluded with Maréchal de Richelieu, will prevent that bloody battle which you expected; but what the king of Prussia will say to it, is another point. He was our only ally; at present, probably we have not one in the world. If the king of Prussia can get at Monsieur de Soubise's, and the imperial army, before other troops have joined them, I think he will beat them; but what then? He has three hundred thousand men to encounter afterwards. He must submit; but he may say with truth, 'Si Pergama dextrâ defendi possent.'—The late action between the Prussians and Russians has only thinned the human species, without giving either party a victory; which is plain by each party's claiming it. Upon my word, our species will pay very dear for the quarrels and ambition of a few, and those by no means the most valuable part of it. If the many were wiser than they are, the few must be quieter, and would perhaps be juster and better than they are.

Hamburgh, I find, swarms with *Grafs*, *Grüffins*, *Fürsts*, and *Fürstins*, *Hocheits* and *Durchlaugtcheits*. I am glad of it, for you must necessarily be in the midst of them; and I am still more glad, that, being in the midst of them, you must necessarily be under some constraint of ceremony; a thing which you do not love, but which is, however, very useful.

I desired you in my last, and I repeat it again in this, to give me an account of your private and domestic life. How do you pass your evenings? Have they, at Hamburgh, what are called at Paris, *des Maisons*, where one goes without ceremony, sups or not, as one pleases? Are you adopted in any society? Have you any rational brother ministers, and which? What sort of things are your

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operas? In the tender, I doubt, they do not excel; for 'mien lieber schatz,' and the other tendernesses of the Teutonic language, would, in my mind, sound but indifferently, set to soft music; for the *bravura* parts, I have a very great opinion of them; and 'das, den donner dich erschläge' must, no doubt, make a tremendously fine piece of *recitative*, which uttered by an angry hero, to the rumble of a whole orchestra, including drums, trumpets, and French horns. Tell me your whole allotment of the day, in which I hope four hours, at least, are sacred to writing: the others cannot be better employed than in *liberal* pleasures. In short, give me a full account of yourself, in your un-ministerial character, your *incognito*, without your *fiocchi*. I love to see those, in whom I interest myself, in their undress, rather than in *gala*; I know them better so. I recommend to you, 'etiam atque etiam,' method and order in every thing you undertake. Do you observe it in your accounts? If you do not, you will be a beggar, though you were to receive the appointments of a Spanish embassador extraordinary, which are a thousand pistoles a month; and in your ministerial business, if you have not regular and stated hours for such and such parts of it, you will be in the hurry and confusion of the duke of N——, doing every thing by halves, and nothing well, nor soon. I suppose you have been feasted through the *Corps diplomatique* at Hamburgh, excepting Monsieur Champeaux; with whom, however, I hope you live 'poliment et galamment,' at all third places.

Lord Loudon is much blamed here for his 'retraite des dix milles,' for it is said that he had above that number, and might consequently have acted offensively, instead of retreating; especially as his retreat was contrary to the unanimous opinion (as it is now said) of the council of war. In our ministry, I suppose, things go pretty quietly; for the D. of N. has not plagued me this two months. When his royal highness

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comes over, which I take it for granted he will do very soon, the great push will, I presume, be made at his grace and Mr. Pitt; but without effect, if they agree, as it is visibly their interest to do; and in that case, their parliamentary strength will support them against all attacks. You may remember, I said at first, that the popularity would soon be on the side of those who opposed the popular Militia Bill; and now it appears so with a vengeance, in almost every county in England, by the tumults and insurrections of the people, who swear that they will not be enlisted. That silly scheme must therefore be dropped, as quietly as may be. Now I have told you all that I know, and almost all that I think. I wish you a good supper, and a good night.

LETTER CCCXX.

Blackheath, September 30, 1757.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE so little to do, that I am surprised how I can find to write to you so often. Do not stare at the seeming paradox; for it is an undoubted truth, That the less one has to do, the less time one finds to do it in. One yawns, one procrastinates; one can do it when one will, and therefore one seldom does it at all; whereas those who have a great deal of business must (to use a vulgar expression) buckle to it; and then they always find time enough to do it in. I hope your own experience has, by this time, convinced you of this truth.

I received your last, of the 8th. It is now quite over with a very great man, who would be still a very great man, though a very unfortunate one. He has qualities of the mind that put him above the reach of these misfortunes; and if reduced, as perhaps he may, to the *marche* of Brandenburgh, he will always find in himself the comfort, and with all the

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world the credit, of a philosopher, a legislator, a patron, and a professor of arts and sciences. He will only lose the fame of a conqueror; a cruel fame, that arises from the destruction of the human species. Could it be any satisfaction to him to know, I could tell him, that he is at this time the most popular man in this kingdom; the whole nation being enraged at that neutrality which hastens and completes his ruin. Between you and me, the king was not less enraged at it himself, when he saw the terms of it; and it affected his health more than all that had happened before. Indeed, it seems to me a voluntary concession of the very worst event. We now begin to think that our great and secret expedition is intended for Martinico and St. Domingo; if that be true, and we succeed in the attempt, we shall recover, and the French lose, one of the most valuable branches of commerce, I mean sugar. The French now supply all the foreign markets in Europe with that commodity; we only supply ourselves with it. This would make us some amends for our ill luck, or ill conduct, in North-America; where Lord Loudon, with twelve thousand men, thought himself no match for the French with but seven; and Admiral Holbourne, with seventeen ships of the line, declined attacking the French, because they had eighteen, and a greater weight of *metal*, according to the new sea-phrase, which was unknown to Blake. I hear that letters have been sent to both, with very severe reprimands. I am told, and I believe it is true, that we are negotiating with the Corsican, I will not say rebels, but assertors of their natural rights; to receive them, and whatever form of government they think fit to establish, under our protection, upon condition of their delivering up to us Port Ajaccio; which may be made so strong and so good a one as to be a full equivalent for the loss of Port Mahon. This is, in my mind, a very good scheme; for though the Corsicans are a parcel of cruel and perfidious rascals, they will in this case be tied down to us by their own interest

and their own danger; a solid security with knaves, though none with fools. His royal highness the duke is hourly expected here: his arrival will make some bustle, for I believe it is certain, that he is resolved to make a push at the duke of N., Pitt, and Co.; but it will be ineffectual, if they continue to agree, as, to my *certain knowledge*, they do at present. This parliament is theirs; 'cætera quis nescit?'

Now I have told you all I know, or have heard, of public matters, let us talk private ones, that more nearly and immediately concern us. Admit me to your fire-side, in your little room; and as you would converse with me there, write to me for the future from thence. Are you completely *nippé* yet? Have you formed what the world calls connexions; that is, a certain number of acquaintances, whom, from accident or choice, you frequent more than others? Have you either fine or well-bred women here? 'Y a-t-il quelque bon ton?' All fat and fair, I presume; too proud and too cold to make advances, but, at the same time, too well bred and too warm to reject them, when made by 'un honnête homme avec des manieres.'

Mr. ** is to be married, in about a month, to Miss **. I am very glad of it; for, as he will never be a man of the world, but will always lead a domestic and retired life, she seems to have been made on purpose for him. Her natural turn is as grave and domestic as his; and she seems to have been kept by her aunts *à la glace*, instead of being raised in a hot-bed, as most young ladies are of late. If, three weeks hence, you write him a short compliment of congratulation upon the occasion, he, his mother, and *tutti quanti*, would be extremely pleased with it. Those attentions are always kindly taken, and cost one nothing but pen, ink, and paper. I consider them as draughts upon good-breeding, where the exchange is always greatly in favour of the drawer. *A propos* of exchange; I hope you have, with the

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help of your secretary, made yourself thoroughly master of all that sort of knowledge—Course of Exchange, *Agio*, *Banco*, *Reichs-Thalers*, down to *Marien Groschen*. It is very little trouble to learn it: it is often of great use to know it. Good-night, and God bless you!

LETTER CCCXXI.

Blackheath, October 10, 1757.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

IT is not without some difficulty that I snatch this moment of leisure from my extreme illness, to inform you of the present lamentable and astonishing state of affairs here, which you would know but imperfectly from the public papers, and but partially from your private correspondents. *Or sus then!*—Our invincible Armada, which cost at least half a million, sailed, as you know, some weeks ago; the object kept an inviolable secret; conjectures various, and expectations great. Brest was perhaps to be taken; but Martinico and St. Domingo, at least. When lo! the important island of Aix was taken without the least resistance, seven hundred men made prisoners, and some pieces of cannon carried off. From thence we sailed towards Rochefort, which it seems was our main object; and consequently one should have supposed we had pilots on board who knew all the soundings and landing-places there and thereabouts; but no; for General M——t asked the admiral if he could land him and the troops near Rochefort? The admiral said, With great ease. To which the general replied; But can you take us on board again? To which the admiral answered, *That*, like all naval operations, will depend upon the wind. If so, said the general, I'll e'en go home again. A council of war was immedi-

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sibly called, where it was unanimously resolved, that it was *advisable* to return; accordingly they are returned. As the expectations of the whole nation had been raised to the highest pitch, the universal disappointment and indignation have risen in proportion; and I question whether the ferment of men's minds was ever greater. Suspicions, you may be sure, are various and endless; but the most prevailing one is, that the tail of the Hanover neutrality, like that of a comet, extended itself to Rochefort. What encourages this suspicion is, that a French man of war went unmolested through our whole fleet, as it lay near Rochefort. Haddock's whole story is revived; Michel's representations are combined with other circumstances; and the whole together makes up a mass of discontent, resentment, and even fury, greater than perhaps was ever known in this country before. These are the facts, draw your own conclusions from them: for my part, I am lost in astonishment and conjectures, and do not know where to fix. My experience has shown me, that many things, which seem extremely probable, are not true; and many, which seem highly improbable, are true; so that I will conclude this article, as Josephus does almost every article of his history, with saying, 'but of this every man will believe as he thinks proper.' What a disgraceful year will this be in the annals of this country! May its good genius, if ever it appears again, tear out those sheets, thus stained and blotted by our ignominy!

Our domestic affairs are, as far as I know any thing of them, in the same situation as when I wrote to you last; but they will begin to be in motion upon the approach of the session, and upon the return of the duke, whose arrival is most impatiently expected by the mob of London, though not to strow flowers in his way.

I leave this place next Saturday, and London the Saturday following, to be the next day at Bath. Adieu.

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LETTER CCCXXII.

London, October 17, 1757.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YOUR last, of the 30th past, was a very good letter: and I will believe half of what you assure me, that you returned to the Landgrave's civilities. I cannot possibly go farther than half, knowing that you are not lavish of your words, especially in that species of eloquence called the adulatory. Do not use too much discretion, in profiting of the Landgrave's naturalization of you; but go pretty often and feed with him. Choose the company of your superiors, whenever you can have it; that is the right and true pride. The mistaken and silly pride is, to *primer* among inferiors.

Hear, O Israel! and wonder. On Sunday morn- last, the duke gave up his commission of captain general, and his regiment of guards. You will ask me why? I cannot tell you; but I will tell you the causes assigned; which, perhaps, are none of them the true ones. It is said that the king reproached him with having exceeded his powers in making the Hanover convention; which his R. H. absolutely denied, and threw up thereupon. This is certain, that he appeared at the drawing-room at Kensington, last Sunday, after having quitted, and went straight to Windsor; where, his people say, that he intends to reside quietly, and amuse himself as a private man. But I conjecture that matters will soon be made up again, and that he will resume his employments. You will easily imagine what speculations this event has occasioned in the public; I shall neither trouble you nor myself with relating them; nor would this sheet of paper, or even a quire more, contain them. Some refine enough, to suspect that

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it is a concerted quarrel, to justify *somebody to somebody*, with regard to the convention; but I do not believe it.

His R. H.'s people load the Hanover ministers, and more particularly our friend Münchausen here, with the whole blame; but with what degree of truth I know not. This only is certain, that the whole negotiation of that affair was broached, and carried on, by the Hanover ministers, and Monsieur Steinberg, at Vienna, absolutely unknown to the English ministers till it was executed. This affair combined (for people will combine it) with the astonishing return of our great armament, not only *re infectâ*, but even *intentatâ*, makes such a jumble of reflections, conjectures, and refinements, that one is weary of hearing them. Our Tacituses and Machiavels go deep, suspect the worst, and perhaps, as they often do, overshoot the mark. For my own part, I fairly confess that I am bewildered, and have not certain *postulata* enough, not only to found any opinion, but even to form conjectures upon; and this is the language which I think you should hold to all who speak to you, as to be sure all will, upon that subject. Plead, as you truly may, your own ignorance; and say, that it is impossible to judge of those nice points, at such a distance, and without knowing all circumstances, which you cannot be supposed to do. And as to the duke's resignation, you should, in my opinion, say, that perhaps there might be a little too much vivacity in the case; but that, upon the whole, you make no doubt of the thing's being soon set right again: as, in truth, I dare say it will.—Upon these delicate occasions you must practise the ministerial shrugs and *persiflage*; for silent gesticulations, which you would be most inclined to, would not be sufficient: something must be said; but that something, when analysed, must amount to nothing. As for instance, 'Il est vrai qu'on s'y perd, mais que voulez-vous que je vous dise,—il y a bien du pour et du contre, un petit

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résident ne voit gueres le fond du sac.—Il faut attendre.'—Those sort of expletives are of infinite use; and nine people in ten think they mean something. But to the landgrave of Hesse, I think you would do well to say, in seeming confidence, that you have good reason to believe, that the principal objection of his majesty to the convention was, that his highness's interests, and the affair of his troops, were not sufficiently considered in it. To the Prussian minister assert boldly, that you know *de science certaine*, that the principal object of his majesty's and his British minister's attention is, not only to perform all their present engagements with his master, but to take new and stronger ones for his support; for this is true—*at least at present*.

You did very well in inviting comte Bothmar to dine with you. You see how minutely I am informed of your proceedings, though not from yourself. Adieu.

I go to Bath next Saturday; but direct your letters, as usual, to London.

LETTER CCCXXIII.

Bath, October 26, 1757.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I ARRIVED here safe, but far from sound, last Sunday. I have consequently drank these waters but three days, and yet I find myself something better for them. The night before I left London I was for some hours at Newcastle-house; where the letters which came in that morning lay upon the table; and his grace singled out yours, with great approbation; and at the same time assured me of his majesty's approbation too. To these two approbations, I truly add my own, which, *sans vanité*, may perhaps be near as good as the other two. In that let-

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ter you venture *vos petits raisonnemens* very properly, and then as properly make an excuse for doing so. Go on so with diligence, and you will be, what I began to despair of your ever being, *somebody*. I am persuaded, if you would own the truth, that you feel yourself now much better satisfied with yourself, than you were while you did nothing.

Application to business, attended with approbation and success, flatters and animates the mind; which, in idleness and inaction, stagnates and putrefies. I could wish, that every rational man would, every night when he goes to bed, ask himself this question, 'What have I done to-day?' Have I done any thing that can be of use to myself or others? Have I employed my time, or have I squandered it? Have I lived out the day, or have I dozed it away in sloth and laziness? A thinking being must be pleased or confounded, according as he can answer himself these questions. I observe that you are in the secret of what is intended, and what Münchausen is gone to Stade to prepare: a bold and dangerous experiment, in my mind; and which may probably end in a second volume to the History of the Palatinate in the last Century. His serene highness of Brunswick has, in my mind, played a prudent and a saving game; and I am apt to believe, that the other serene highness, at Hamburgh, is more likely to follow his example, than to embark in the great scheme.

I see no sign of the duke's resuming his employments; but, on the contrary, I am assured, that his majesty is coolly determined to do as well as he can without him. The duke of Devonshire and Fox have worked hard to make up matters in the closet, but to no purpose. People's self-love is very apt to make them think themselves more necessary than they are: and I shrewdly suspect, that his royal highness has been the dupe of that sentiment, and was taken at his word when he least expected it:

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like my predecessor, Lord Harrington; who, when he went into the closet to resign the seals, had them not about him; so sure he thought himself of being pressed to keep them.

The whole talk of London, of this place, and of every place in the whole kingdom, is of our great, expensive, and yet fruitless, expedition: I have seen an officer who was there, a very sensible and observing man, who told me, that had we attempted Rochefort the day after we took the island of Aix, our success had been infallible; but that, after we had sauntered (God knows why) eight or ten days in the island, he thinks the attempt would have been impracticable; because the French had in that time got together all the troops in that neighbourhood, to a very considerable number. In short, there must have been some secret in that whole affair, which has not yet transpired; and I cannot help suspecting that it came from Stade. *We* had not been successful there; perhaps *we* were not desirous that an expedition, in which *we* had neither been concerned nor consulted, should prove so: M——t was *our* creature; and a word to the wise will sometimes go a great way. M——t is to have a public trial, from which the public expects great discoveries—Not I.

Do you visit Soltikow, the Russian minister, whose house, I am told, is the great scene of pleasures at Hamburgh? His mistress, I take it for granted, is by this time dead, and he wears some other body's shackles. Her death comes, with regard to the king of Prussia, 'comme la moutarde après diner.' I am curious to see what tyrant will succeed her, not by divine, but by military, right; for, barbarous as they are now, and still more barbarous as they have been formerly, they have had very little regard to the more barbarous notion of divine, indefeasible, hereditary right.

The prætorian bands, that is, the guards, I presume, have been engaged in the interests of the Imperial prince; but still I think that little John of

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Archangel will be heard of upon this occasion, unless prevented by a quieting draught of hemlock or nightshade; for I suppose they are not arrived to the politer and genteeler poisons of *acqua Tufana**, sugar-plums, &c.

Lord Halifax has accepted his old employment, with the honorary addition of the cabinet council. And so we heartily wish you a good night.

LETTER CCCXXIV.

Bath, November 4, 1757.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

THE sons of Britain, like those of Noah, must cover their parent's shame as well as they can; for to retrieve its honour is now too late. One would really think that our ministers and generals were all as drunk as the patriarch was. However, in your situation, you must not be Cham; but spread your cloak over our disgrace, as far as it will go. M——t calls aloud for a public trial; and in that, and that only, the public agrees with him. There will certainly be one: but of what kind is not yet fixed. Some are for a parliamentary inquiry; others for a martial one: neither will, in my opinion, discover the true secret; for a secret there most unquestionably is. Why we staid six whole days in the island of Aix, mortal cannot imagine; which time the French employed, as it was obvious they would, in assembling all their troops in the neighbourhood of Rochefort, and making our attempt then really impracticable. The day after we had taken the island of Aix, your friend, Colonel Wolfe, publicly offer-

* Acqua Tufana, a Neapolitan [illegible] poison, resembling clear water, a[illegible] at Naples, of the same [illegible]

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ed to do the business with five hundred men and three ships only. In all these complicated political machines, there are so many wheels within wheels, that it is always difficult, and sometimes impossible, to guess which of them gives direction to the whole. Mr. Pitt is convinced, that the principal wheel, or, if you will, *the spoke in his wheel*, came from Stade. This is certain, at least, that M——t was the man of confidence with that person. Whatever be the truth of the case, there is, to be sure, hitherto an *hiatus valde deflendus*.

The meeting of the parliament will certainly be very numerous, were it only from curiosity: but the majority on the side of the court will, I dare say, be a great one. The people of the late captain-general, however inclined to oppose, will be obliged to concur. Their commissions, which they have no desire to lose, will make them tractable; for those gentlemen, though all men of honour, are of Sosia's mind; 'que le vrai Amphitrion est celui où l'on dine.' The Tories, and the city, have engaged to support Pitt; the Whigs, the duke of Newcastle; the independent, and the impartial, as you well know, are not worth mentioning. It is said that the duke intends to bring the affair of his convention into parliament, for his own justification: I can hardly believe it; as I cannot conceive that transactions so merely electoral can be proper objects of inquiry or deliberation for a British parliament; and therefore, should such a motion be made, I presume it will be immediately quashed. By the commission lately given to sir John Ligonier, of general and commander in chief of all his majesty's forces in Great Britain, the door seems to be not only shut, but bolted, against his royal highness's return; and I have *good reason* to be convinced, that that breach is irreparable. The reports of changes in the ministry, I am pretty sure, are idle and groundless. The duke of Newcastle and Mr. Pitt really agree very well; not, I presume, from any sentimental tenderness for each

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other, but from a sense that it is their mutual interest; and as the late captain-general's party is now out of the question, I do not see what should produce the least change.

The visit, lately made to Berlin, was, I dare say, neither a friendly nor an inoffensive one. The Austrians always leave behind them pretty lasting monuments of their visits, or rather visitations; not so much, I believe, from their thirst of glory, as from their hunger of prey.

This winter, I take for granted, must produce a peace of some kind or another; a bad one for us, no doubt; and yet, perhaps, better than we should get the year after. I suppose the king of Prussia is negotiating with France, and endeavouring by those means to get out of the scrape, with the loss only of Silesia, and perhaps Halberstadt, by way of indemnification to Saxony; and, considering all circumstances, he would be well off upon those terms. But then how is Sweden to be satisfied? Will the Russians restore Memel? Will France have been at all this expense *gratis?* Must there be no acquisition for them in Flanders? I dare say they have stipulated something of that sort for themselves, by the additional and secret treaty, which I know they made last May, with the queen of Hungary. Must we give up whatever the French please to desire in America, besides the cession of Minorca in perpetuity? I fear we must, or else raise twelve millions more next year, to as little purpose as we did this, and have consequently a worse peace afterwards. I turn my eyes away, as much as I can, from this miserable prospect; but, as a citizen and member of society, it recurs to my imagination, notwithstanding all my endeavours to banish it from my thoughts. I can do myself or my country no good: but I feel the wretched situation of both: the state of the latter makes me better bear that of the former; and, when I am called away from my station here, I shall

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think it rather (as Cicero says of Crassus) 'mors donata quam vita erepta.'

I have often desired, but in vain, the favour of being admitted into your private apartment at Hamburgh, and of being informed of your private life there. Your mornings, I hope and believe, are employed in business; but give me an account of the remainder of the day, which I suppose is, and ought to be, appropriated to amusements and pleasures. In what houses are you domestic? Who are so in yours? In short, let me in, and do not be denied to me.

Here I am, as usual, seeing few people, and hearing fewer; drinking the waters regularly to a minute, and am something the better for them. I read a great deal, and vary occasionally my dead company. I converse with geat folios in the morning, while my head is clearest, and my attention strongest: I take up less severe quartos after dinner; and at night I choose the mixed company, and amusing chit-chat, of octavos and duodecimos. 'Je tire parti de tout ce que je puis;' that is my philosophy; and I mitigate, as much as I can, my physical ills, by diverting my attention to other objects.

Here is a report that admiral Holbourne's fleet is destroyed, in a manner, by storm: I hope it is not true, in the full extent of the report; but I believe it has suffered. This would fill up the measure of our misfortunes. Adieu.

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LETTER CCCXXV.

Bath, November 20, 1757.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I WRITE to you now, because I love to write to you; and hope that my letters are welcome to you; for otherwise I have very little to inform you of. The king of Prussia's late victory you are better informed of than we are here. It has given infinite joy to the unthinking public, who are not aware that it comes too late in the year, and too late in the war, to be attended with any very great consequences. There are six or seven thousand of the human species less than there were a month ago, and that seems to me to be all. However, I am glad of it, upon account of the pleasure and the glory which it gives the king of Prussia, to whom I wish well as a man, more than as a king. And surely he is so great a man, that, had he lived seventeen or eighteen hundred years ago, and his life been transmitted to us in a language that we could not very well understand, I mean either Greek or Latin, we should have talked of him as we do now of your Alexanders, your Cæsars, and others, with whom I believe we have but a very slight acquaiutance. *Au reste*, I do not see that his affairs are much mended by this victory. The same combination of the great powers of Europe against him still subsists, and must at last prevail. I believe the French army will melt away, as is usual, in Germany; but his army is extremely diminished by battles, fatigues, and desertion; and he will find great difficulties in recruiting it, from his own already exhausted dominions. He must, therefore, and to be sure will, negotiate privately with the French, and get better terms that way than he could any other.

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The report of the three general officers, the duke of Marlborough, Lord George Sackville, and General Waldegrave, was laid before the king last Saturday, after their having sat four days upon M——t's affair: nobody yet knows what it is: but it is generally believed, that M——t will be brought to a court-martial. That you may not mistake this matter, as *most* people here do, I must explain to you, that this examination, before the three above-mentioned general officers, was by no means a trial; but only a previous inquiry into his conduct, to see whether there was, or was not, cause to bring him to a regular trial before a court martial. The case is exactly parallel to that of a grand jury; who, upon a previous and general examination, find, or do not find, a bill, to bring the matter before the petty jury; where the fact is finally tried. For my own part, my opinion is fixed upon that affair: I am convinced that the expedition was to be defeated; and nothing that can appear before a court-martial can make me alter that opinion. I have been too long acquainted with human nature, to have great regard for human testimony: and a very great degree of probability, supported by various concurrent circumstances, conspiring in one point, will have much greater weight with me than human testimony upon oath, or even upon honour; both which I have frequently seen considerably warped by private views.

The parliament, which now stands prorogued to the first of next month, it is thought, will be put off for some time longer, till we know in what light to lay before it the state of our alliance with Prussia, since the conclusion of the Hanover neutrality: which, if it did not quite break it, made at least a great flaw in it.

The birth-day was neither fine nor crowded; and no wonder, since the king was that day seventy-five. The old court and the young one are much better together, since the duke's retirement; and

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the king has presented the prince of Wales with a service of plate.

I am still *unwell*, though I drink these waters very regularly. I will stay here at least six weeks longer, where I am much quieter than I should be allowed to be in town. When things are in such a miserable situation as they are at present, I desire neither to be concerned nor consulted, still less quoted. Adieu!

LETTER CCCXXVI.

Bath, November 26, 1757.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I RECEIVED, by the last mail, your short account of the king of Prussia's victory; which victory, contrary to custom, turns out more complete than it was at first reported to be. This appears by an intercepted letter from Monsieur de St. Germain to Monsieur d'Affry, at the Hague; in which he tells him, 'Cette armée est entièrement fondue,' and lays the blame very strongly upon Monsieur de Soubize. But be it greater, or be it less, I am glad of it, because the king of Prussia (whom I honour and almost adore) I am sure is. Though *d'ailleurs*, between you and me, *où est-ce que cela mène?* To nothing, while that formidable union, of the three great powers of Europe, subsists against him. Could that be any way broken, something might be done; without which, nothing can. I take it for granted, that the king of Prussia will do all he can to detach France. Why should not we, on our part, try to detach Russia? At least, in our present distress, *omnia tentanda*; and sometimes a lucky and unexpected hit turns up. This thought came into my head this morning; and I give it to you, not as a very probable scheme, but as a possible one, and consequently worth trying:—

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The year of the Russian subsidies (nominally paid by the court of Vienna, but really by France) is near expired. The former probably cannot, and perhaps the latter will not, renew them. The court of Petersburg is beggarly, profuse, greedy, and by no means scrupulous. Why should not we step in there, and out-bid them? if we could, we buy a great army at once; which would give an entire new turn to the affairs of that part of the world at least. And if we bid handsomely, I do not believe the *bonne foi* of that court would stand in the way. Both our court and our parliament would, I am very sure, give a very great sum, and very cheerfully, for this purpose. In the next place, why should not you wriggle yourself, if possible, into so great a scheme? You are, no doubt, much acquainted with the Russian resident, Soltikow: why should not you sound him, as entirely from yourself, upon this subject? You may ask, 'What, does your court intend to go on next year in the pay of France, to destroy the liberties of all Europe, and throw universal monarchy into the hands of that already great and always ambitious power? I know you think, at least call yourselves, the allies of the empress-queen; but is it not plain that she will be, in the first place, and you in the next, the dupes of France? At this very time you are doing the work of France and Sweden; and that for some miserable subsidies, much inferior to those which I am sure you might have, in a better cause, and more consistent with the true interest of Russia. Though not empowered, I know the manner of thinking of my own court so well, upon this subject, that I will venture to promise you much better terms than those you have now, without the least apprehensions of being disavowed.' Should he listen to this, and what more may occur to you to say upon this subject, and ask you, 'En écrirai-je à ma cour?' answer him, 'Ecrivez, écrivez, monsieur, hardiment. Je prendrai tout cela sur moi.' Should this happen,

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as perhaps, and as I heartily wish it may, then write an exact relation of it to your own court. Tell them, that you thought the measure of such great importance, that you could not help taking this little step towards bringing it about; but that you mentioned it only as from yourself, and that you have not in the least committed them by it. If Soltikow lends himself in any degree to this, insinuate, that in the present situation of affairs, and particularly of the king's electoral dominions, you are very sure that his majesty would have 'une reconnoissance sans bornes' for *all* those, by whose means so desirable a revival of an old and long friendship should be brought about. You will, perhaps, tell me, that without doubt, Mr. Keith's instructions are to the same effect: but I will answer you, that you can, *if you please*, do it better than Mr. Keith; and, in the next place, that, be all that as it will, it must be very advantageous to you at home, to show that you have at least a contriving head, and an alertness in business.

I had a letter by the last post, from the duke of Newcastle; in which he congratulates me, in his own name, and in Lord Hardwicke's, upon the approbation which your dispatches give, not only to them two, but to *others*. This success, so early, should encourage your diligence, and rouse your ambition, if you have any; you may go a great way, if you desire it, having so much time before you.

I send you here inclosed the copy of the report of the three general officers, appointed to examine previously into the conduct of General M——t; it is ill-written, and ill-spelled; but no matter; you will decipher it. You will observe, by the tenour of it, that it points strongly to a court-martial; which, no doubt, will soon be held upon him. I presume there will be no shooting in the final sentence; but I do suppose that there will be breaking, &c.

I have had some severe returns of my old com-

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plaints, last week, and am still unwell; I cannot help it.

A friend of yours arrived here three days ago; she seems to me to be a serviceable strong-bodied bay mare, with black mane and tail: you easily guess whom I mean. She is come with mamma, and without *il caro sposo*.

Adieu! my head will not let me go on longer.

LETTER CCCXXVII.

Bath, December 31, 1757.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE this moment received your letter of the 18th, with the enclosed papers. I cannot help observing, that till then, you never acknowledged the receipt of any one of my letters.

I can easily conceive that party-spirit, among your brother ministers at Hamburgh, runs as high as you represent it, because I can easily believe the errors of the human mind; but at the same time I must observe, that such a spirit is the spirit of little minds, and subaltern ministers, who think to atone by zeal, for their want of merit and importance. The political differences of the several courts should never influence the personal behaviour of their several ministers towards one another. There is a certain *procédé noble et galant*, which should always be observed among the ministers of powers even at war with each other, which will always turn out to the advantage of the ablest: who will in those conversations find or make opportunities of throwing out, or of receiving, useful hints. When I was last at the Hague, we were at war with both France and Spain; so that I could neither visit, nor be visited by, the ministers of those two crowns: but we met every day, or dined at third places, where we embraced

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as personal friends, and trifled, at the same time, upon our being political enemies; and by this sort of *badinage* I discovered some things which I wanted to know. There is not a more prudent maxim, than to live with one's enemies, as if they may one day become one's friends; as it commonly happens, sooner or later, in the vicissitudes of political affairs.

To your question, which is a rational and prudent one, Whether I was authorised to give you the hints concerning Russia by any people in power here, I will tell you that I was not: but, as I had pressed them to try what might be done with Russia, and got Mr. Keith to be dispatched thither some months sooner than otherwise I dare say he would, with the proper instructions for that purpose, I wished that, by the hints I gave you, you might have got the start of him, and the merit, at least, of having *entamé* that matter with Soltikow. What you have to do with him now, when you meet with him at any third place, or at his own house (where you are at liberty to go, while Russia has a minister in London, and we a minister at Petersburg), is, in my opinion, to say to him, in an easy cheerful manner, 'He bien, monsieur, je me flatte que nous serons bien-tôt amis publics, aussi bien qu'amis personels.' To which he will probably ask, Why, or how? You will reply, Because you know that Mr. Keith is gone to his court with instructions, which you think must necessarily be agreeable there. And throw out to him, that nothing but a change of their present system can save Livonia to Russia; for, that he cannot suppose, that, when the Swedes shall have recovered Pomerania, they will long leave Russia in quiet possession of Livonia. If he is so much a Frenchman as you say, he will make some weak answers to this; but, as you will have the better of the argument on your side, you may remind him of the old and almost uninterrupted connexion between France and

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Sweden, the inveterate enemy of Russia. Many other arguments will naturally occur to you in such a conversation, if you have it. In this case, there is a piece of ministerial art, which is sometimes of use; and that is, to sow jealousies among one's enemies, by a seeming preference shown to some one of them. Monsieur Hecht's *rêveries* are *rêveries* indeed. How should his master have made the *golden arrangements*, which he talks of, and which are to be forged into shackles for General Fermor? The Prussian finances are not in a condition now to make such expensive arrangements. But I think you may tell Monsieur Hecht, in confidence, that you hope the instructions with which you know that Mr. Keith is gone to Petersburg, may have some effect upon the measures of that court.

I would advise you to live with that same Monsieur Hecht in all the confidence, familiarity, and connexion, which prudence will allow. I mean it with regard to the king of Prussia himself, by whom I could wish you to be known and esteemed as much as possible. It may be of use to you some day or other. If man, courage, conduct, constancy, can get the better of all the difficulties which the king of Prussia has to struggle with, he will rise superior to them. But still, while this alliance subsists against him, I dread *les gros escadrons*. His last victory, of the 5th, was certainly the completest that has been heard of these many years. I heartily wish the prince of Brunswick just such a one over Monsieur de Richelieu's army; and that he may take my old acquaintance the maréchal, and send him over here, to polish and perfume us.

I heartily wish you, in the plain home-spun style, a great number of happy new years, well employed in forming both your mind and your manners, to be useful and agreeable to yourself, your country, and your friends! That these wishes are sincere, your secretary's brother will, by the time of your receiving this, have remitted you a proof, from Yours.

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LETTER CCCXXVIII.

London, February 8, 1758.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I RECEIVED by the same post your two letters of the 13th and 17th past; and yesterday that of the 27th, with the Russian manifesto enclosed; in which her imperial majesty of all the Russias has been pleased to give every reason, except the true one, for the march of her troops against the king of Prussia. The true one, I take to be, that she has just received a very great sum of money from France, or the empress-queen, or both, for that purpose. 'Point d'argent point de Russe' is now become a maxim. Whatever may be the motive of their march, the effects must be bad; and, according to my speculations, those troops will replace the French in Hanover and Lower Saxony; and the French will go and join the Austrian army. You ask me, if I still despond? Not so much as I did after the battle of Colen: the battles of Rosbach and Lissa were drams to me, and gave me some momentary spirits: but, though I do not absolutely despair, I own I greatly distrust. I readily allow the king of Prussia to be *nec pluribus impar;* but still, when the *plures* amount to a certain degree of plurality, courage and abilities must yield at last. Michel here assures me, that he does not mind the Russians; but as I have it from the gentleman's own mouth, I do not believe him. We shall very soon send a squadron to the Baltic, to entertain the Swedes; which I believe will put an end to their operations in Pomerania; so that I have no great apprehensions from that quarter; but Russia, I confess, sticks in my stomach.

Every thing goes smoothly in parliament; the king

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of Prussia has united all our parties in his support; and the Tories have declared, that they will give Mr. Pitt unlimited credit for this session: there has not been one single division yet upon public points, and I believe will not. Our American expedition is preparing to go soon; the disposition of that affair seems to me a little extraordinary. Abercrombie is to be the sedentary, and not the acting commander; Amherst, Lord Howe, and Wolfe, are to be the acting, and I hope the active officers. I wish they may agree. Amherst, who is the oldest officer, is under the influence of the same great person who influenced Mordaunt, so much to the honour and advantage of this country. This is most certain, that we have force enough in America to eat up the French alive in Canada, Quebec, and Louisbourg, if we have but skill and spirit enough to exert it properly; but of that I am modest enough to doubt.

When you come to the egotism, which I have long desired you to come to with me, you need make no excuses for it. The egotism is as proper and as satisfactory to one's friends, as it is impertinent and misplaced with strangers. I desire to see you in your every-day's clothes, by your fire-side, in your pleasures; in short, in your private life; but I have not yet been able to obtain this. Whenever you condescend to do it, as you promise, stick to truth; for I am not so uninformed of Hamburgh as, perhaps, you may think.

As for myself, I am very *unwell*, and very weary of being so; and with little hopes, at my age, of ever being otherwise. I often wish for the end of the wretched remnant of my life; and that wish is a rational one; but then the innate principle of self-preservation, wisely implanted in our natures for obvious purposes, opposes that wish, and makes us endeavour to spin out our thread as long as we can, however decayed and rotten it may be: and, in defiance of common sense, we seek on for that chemic gold, which *beggars us when old.*

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Whatever your amusements, or pleasures, may be at Hamburgh, I dare say you taste them more sensibly than ever you did in your life, now that you have business enough to whet your appetite to them. Business, one half of the day, is the best preparation for the pleasures of the other half. I hope and believe, that it will be with you as it was with an apothecary whom I knew at Twickenham. A considerable estate fell to him by an unexpected accident; upon which he thought it decent to leave off his business; accordingly he generously gave up his shop and his stock to his head man, set up his coach, and resolved to live like a gentleman: but, in less than a month, the man, used to business, found, that living like a gentleman was dying of *ennui*; upon which he bought his shop and stock, resumed his trade; and lived very happily, after he had something to do. Adieu.

LETTER CCCXXIX.

London, February 24, 1758.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I RECEIVED yesterday your letter of the 2d instant, with the enclosed; which I return you, that there may be no chasm in your papers. I had heard before of Burrish's death, and had taken some steps thereupon; but I very soon dropped that affair, for ninety-nine good reasons; the first of which was, that nobody is to go in his room, and that, had he lived, he was to have been recalled from Munich. But another reason, more flattering for you, was, that you could not be spared from Hamburgh. Upon the whole, I am not sorry for it, as the place where you are now is the great *entrepôt* of business; and when it ceases to be so, you will necessarily go to some of the courts in the neighbourhood (Berlin, I

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hope and believe), which will be a much more desirable situation than to rust at Munich, where we can never have any business beyond a subsidy. Do but go on, and exert yourself where you are, and better things will soon follow.

Surely the inaction of our army at Hanover continues too long. We expected wonders from it some time ago, and yet nothing is attempted. The French will soon receive reinforcements, and then be too strong for us; whereas they are now most certainly greatly weakened by desertion, sickness, and deaths. Does the king of Prussia send a body of men to our army, or not? or has the march of the Russians cut him out work for all his troops? I am afraid it has. If one body of Russians joins the Austrian army in Moravia, and another body the Swedes in Pomerania, he will have his hands very full; too full, I fear. The French say they will have an army of 180,000 men in Germany this year; the empress-queen will have 150,000; if the Russians have but 40,000, what can resist such a force? The king of Prussia may say, indeed, with more justice than ever any one person could before him, *Moi, Medea superest.*

You promised me some egotism; but I have received none yet. 'Do you frequent the landgrave? 'Hantez-vous les grands de la terre?' What are the connexions of the evening? All this, and a great deal more of this kind, let me know in your next.

The house of commons is still very unanimous. There was a little popular squib let off this week, in a motion of sir John Glynne, seconded by sir John Philips, for annual parliaments. It was a very cold scent, and put an end to by a division of 190 to 70.

Good night. Work hard, that you may divert yourself well.

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LETTER CCCXXX.

London, March 4, 1758.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I SHOULD have been much more surprised at the contents of your letter of the 17th past, if I had not happened to have seen sir C. W. about three or four hours before I received it. I thought he talked in an extraordinary manner: he engaged that the king of Prussia should be master of Vienna in the month of May; and he told me that you were very much in love with his daughter. Your letter explained all this to me; and the next day, Lord and Lady E—— gave me innumerable instances of his phrensy, with which I shall not trouble you. What inflamed it the more (if it did not entirely occasion it) was a great quantity of cantharides, which, it seems, he had taken at Hamburgh, to recommend himself, I suppose, to Mademoiselle John. He was let blood four times on board the ship, and has been let blood four times more since his arrival here; but still the inflammation continues very high. He is now under the care of his brothers, who do not let him go abroad. They have written to this same Mademoiselle John, to prevent, if they can, her coming to England, and told her the case; which when she hears, she must be as mad as he is, if she takes the journey. By the way, she must be *une dame aventurière*, to receive a note for 10,000 roubles from a man whom she had known but three days; to take a contract of marriage, knowing he was married already; and to engage herself to follow him to England. I suppose this is not the first adventure of the sort which she has had.

After the news we received yesterday, that the French had evacuated Hanover, all but Hamel, we

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daily expect much better. We pursue them, we cut them off *en détail*, and at last we destroy their whole army. I wish it may happen; and, moreover, I think it not impossible.

My head is much out of order, and only allows me to wish you a good night.

LETTER CCCXXXI.

London, March 22, 1758.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE now your letter of the 8th lying before me, with the favourable account of our progress in Lower Saxony, and reasonable prospect of more decisive success. I confess I did not expect this, when my friend Münchausen took his leave of me, to go to Stade, and break the neutrality; I thought it at least a dangerous, but rather a desperate undertaking; whereas, hitherto, it has proved a very fortunate one. I look upon the French army as *fondue;* and, what with desertion, deaths, and epidemical distempers, I dare say not a third of it will ever return to France. The great object is now, what the Russians can or will do; and whether the king of Prussia can hinder their junction with the Austrians, by beating either before they join: I will trust him for doing all that can be done.

Sir C. W. is still in confinement, and I fear, will always be so, for he seems *cum ratione insanire:* the physicians have collected all he has said and done, that indicated an alienation of mind, and have laid it before him in writing: he has answered it in writing too, and justifies himself by the most plausible arguments that can possibly be urged. He tells his brother, and the few who are allowed to see him, that they are such narrow and contracted minds themselves, that they take those for mad,

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who have a great and generous way of thinking; as for instance, when he determined to send his daughter over to you in a fortnight, to be married without any previous agreement or settlements, it was because he had long known you, and loved you, as a man of sense and honour; and therefore would not treat with you as with an attorney. That as for Mademoiselle John, he knew her merit, and her circumstances; and asks, whether it is a sign of madness, to have a due regard for the one, and a just compassion for the other. I will not tire you with enumerating any more instances of the poor man's phrensy; but conclude this subject with pitying him, and poor human nature, which holds its reason by so precarious a tenure. The lady, who you tell me is set out, 'en sera pour la peine et les fraix du voyage,' for her note is worth no more than her contract. By the way, she must be a kind of *aventurière* to engage so easily in such an adventure with a man whom she had not known above a week, and whose *début* of 10,000 roubles showed him not to be in his right senses.

You will probably have seen general Yorke by this time, in his way to Berlin or Breslau, or wherever the king of Prussia may be. As he keeps his commission to the states general, I presume he is not to stay long with his Prussian majesty: but, however, while he is there, take care to write to him very constantly, and to give all the informations you can. His father, Lord Hardwicke, is your great puff: he commends your office-letters exceedingly. I would have the Berlin commission your object, in good time: never lose view of it. Do all you can to recommend yourself to the king of Prussia on your side of the water, and to smooth your way for that commission on this; by the turn which things have taken of late, it must always be the most important of all foreign commissions from hence.

I have no news to send you, as things here are extremely quiet; so good night.

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LETTER CCCXXXII.

London, April 25, 1758.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I AM now two letters in your debt, which I think is the first time that ever I was so, in the long course of our correspondence. But, besides that my head has been very much out of order of late, writing is by no means that easy thing that it was to me formerly. I find by experience, that the mind and the body are more than married, for they are most intimately united; and when the one suffers, the other sympathises. 'Non sum qualis eram:' neither my memory nor my invention are now what they formerly were. It is in a great measure my own fault: I cannot accuse nature, for I abused her; and it is reasonable I should suffer for it.

I do not like the return of the oppression upon your lungs; but the rigour of the cold may probably have brought it upon you, and your lungs not in fault. Take care to live very cool, and let your diet be rather low.

We have had a second winter here, more severe than the first; at least it seemed so, from a premature summer that we had, for a fortnight in March; which brought every thing forwards, only to be destroyed. I have experienced it at Blackheath; where the promise of fruit was a most flattering one, and all nipped in the bud by frost and snow, in April. I shall not have a single peach or apricot.

I have nothing to tell you from hence, concerning public affairs, but what you read as well in the newspapers. This only is extraordinary; that last week, in the house of commons, above ten millions were granted, and the whole Hanover army taken into British pay, with but one single negative, which was Mr. Viner's.

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Mr. Pitt gains ground in the closet, and yet does not lose it in the public. That is new.

Monsieur Kniphausen has dined with me; he is one of the prettiest fellows I have seen; he has, with a great deal of life and fire, 'les manieres d'un honnête homme, et le ton de la parfaitement bonne compagnie.' You like him yourself; try to be like him: it is in your power.

I hear that Mr. Mitchel is to be recalled, notwithstanding the king of Prussia's intances to keep him. But why, is a secret that I cannot penetrate.

You will not fail to offer the Landgrave and the princess of Hesse (who I find are going home) to be their agent and commissioner at Hamburgh.

I cannot comprehend the present state of Russia, nor the motions of their armies. They change their generals once a week; sometimes they march with rapidity, and now they lie quiet behind the Vistula. We have a thousand stories here of the interior of that government, none of which I believe. Some say, that the great duke will be set aside. Woronzoff is said to be entirely a Frenchman, and that Monsieur de l'Hopital governs both him and the court. Sir C. W. is said, by his indiscretions, to have caused the disgrace of Bestuchef, which seems not impossible. In short, every thing of every kind is said, because, I believe, very little is truly known. *Apropos* of Sir C. W.; he is out of confinement, and gone to his house in the country for the whole summer. They say he is now very cool and well. I have seen his Circe, at her window in Pall-mall; she is painted, powdered, curled, and patched, and looks *l'aventure*. She has been offered, by Sir C. W——'s friends, 500*l.* in full of all demands, but will not accept of it. 'La comtesse veut plaider,' and I fancy 'faire autre chose si elle peut.' *Jubeo te bene valere.*

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LETTER CCCXXXIII.

Blackheath, May 18, 1758.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE your letter of the 9th now before me, and condole with you upon the present solitude and inaction of Hamburgh. You are now shrunk from the dignity and importance of a consummate minister, to be but, as it were, a common man. But this has, at one time or another, been the case of most great men; who have not always had equal opportunities of exerting their talents. The greatest must submit to the capriciousness of fortune; though they can, better than others, improve the favourable moments. For instance, who could have thought, two years ago, that you would have been the Atlas of the Northern pole? but the good genius of the North ordered it so; and now that you have set that part of the globe right, you return to 'otium cum dignitate.' But to be serious: now that you cannot have much office business to do, I could tell you what to do, that would employ you, I should think, both usefully and agreeably. I mean, that you should write short memoirs of that busy scene, in which you have been enough concerned, since your arrival at Hamburgh, to be able to put together authentic facts and anecdotes. I do not know whether you will give yourself the trouble to do it or not; but I do know that if you will, 'olim hæc meminisse juvabit.' I would have them short, but correct as to facts and dates.

I have told Alt, in the strongest manner, your lamentations for the loss of the house of Cassel, 'et il en fera rapport à son Sérénissime Maître.' When you are quite idle (as probably you may be, some time this summer), why should you not ask leave

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to make a tour to Cassel for a week? which would certainly be granted you from hence, and which would be looked upon as a *bon procédé* at Cassel.

The king of Prussia is probably, by this time, at the gates of Vienna, making the queen of Hungary really do what Monsieur de Bellisle only threatened; sign a peace upon the ramparts of her capital. If she is obstinate, and will not, she must fly either to Presburg or to Inspruck, and Vienna must fall. But I think he will offer her reasonable conditions enough for herself; and I suppose that, in that case, Caunitz will be reasonable enough to advise her to accept of them. What turn would the war take then? Would the French and Russians carry it on without her? The king of Prussia, and the prince of Brunswick, would soon sweep them out of Germany. By this time too, I believe, the French are entertained in America with the loss of Cape Breton: and, in consequence of that, Quebec; for we have a force there equal to both those undertakings; and officers there, now, that will execute what Lord L——— never would so much as attempt. His appointments were too considerable to let him do any thing that might possibly put an end to the war. Lord Howe, upon seeing plainly that he was resolved to do nothing, had asked leave to return, as well as Lord Charles Hay.

We have a great expedition preparing, and which will soon be ready to sail from the Isle of Wight; fifteen thousand good troops, eighty battering cannons, besides mortars, and every other thing in abundance, fit for either battle or siege. Lord Anson desired, and is appointed, to command the fleet employed upon this expedition; a proof that it is not a trifling one. Conjectures concerning its destination are infinite; and the most ignorant are, as usual, the boldest conjecturers. If I form any conjectures, I keep them to myself, not to be disproved by the event; but, in truth, I form none: I might have known, but would not.

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Every thing seems to tend to a peace next winter: our success in America, which is hardly doubtful, and the king of Prussia's in Germany, which is as little so, will make France (already sick of the expense of the war) very tractable for a peace. I heartily wish it; for, though people's heads are half turned with the king of Prussia's success, and will be quite turned, if we have any in America, or at sea; a moderate peace will suit us better than this immoderate war of twelve millions a year.

Domestic affairs go just as they did; the duke of Newcastle and Mr. Pitt jog on like man and wife; that is, seldom agreeing, often quarrelling; but by mutual interest, upon the whole, not parting. The latter, I am told, gains ground in the closet; though he still keeps his strength in the house, and his popularity in the public: or, perhaps, because of that.

Do you hold your resolutions of visiting your dominions of Bremen and Lubeck this summer? If you do, pray take the trouble of informing yourself correctly of the several constitutions and customs of those places, and of the present state of the federal union of the Hanseatic towns: it will do you no harm, nor cost you much trouble; and it is so much clear gain on the side of useful knowledge.

I am now settled at Blackheath for the summer; where unseasonable frost and snow, and hot and parching East-winds, have destroyed all my fruit, and almost my fruit-trees. I vegetate myself little better than they do; I crawl about on foot, and on horseback; read a great deal, and write a little: and am very much yours.

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LETTER CCCXXXIV.

Blackheath, May 30, 1758.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE no letter from you to answer, so this goes to you unprovoked. But *à propos* of letters: you have had great honour done you, in a letter from a fair and royal hand, no less than that of her royal highness the princess of Cassel; she has written your panegyric to her sister, Princess Amelia, who sent me a compliment upon it. This has likewise done you no harm with the king, who said gracious things upon that occasion. I suppose you had, for her royal highness, those attentions, which I wish to God you would have, in due proportions, for every body. You see, by this instance, the effects of them; they are always repaid with interest. I am more confirmed by this in thinking, that, if you can conveniently, you should ask leave to go for a week to Cassel, to return your thanks for all favours received.

I cannot expound to myself the conduct of the Russians. There must be a trick in their not marching with more expedition. They have either had a sop from the king of Prussia, or they want an animating dram from France and Austria. The king of Prussia's conduct always explains itself by the events; and within a very few days, we must certainly hear of some very great stroke from that quarter. I think I never in my life remember a period of time so big with great events as the present. Within two months the fate of the house of Austria will probably be decided: within the same space of time, we shall certainly hear of the taking of Cape Breton, and of our army's proceeding to Quebec: within a few days, we shall know the good

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or ill success of our great expedition; for it is sailed: and it cannot be long before we shall hear something of the prince of Brunswick's operations, from whom I also expect good things. If all these things turn out as there is good reason to believe they will, we may once, in our turn, dictate a reasonable peace to France, who now pays seventy *per cent.* insurance upon its trade, and seven *per cent.* for all the money raised for the service of the year.

Comte Bothmar has got the small pox, and of a bad kind. Kniphausen diverts himself much here; he sees all places and all people, and is ubiquity itself. Mitchel, who was much threatened, stays at last at Berlin, at the earnest request of the king of Prussia. Lady *** is safely delivered of a son, to the great joy of that noble family. The expression, of a woman's having brought her husband a son, seems to be a proper and cautious one; for it is never said, from whence.

I was going to ask you how you passed your time now at Hamburgh, since it is no longer the seat of strangers and of business; but I will not because I know it is to no purpose. You have sworn not to tell me.

Sir William Stanhope told me, that you promised to send him some Old Hock from Hamburgh, and so you did—not. If you meet with any superlatively good, and not else, pray send over a *foudre* of it, and write to him. I shall have a share in it. But unless you find some, either at Hamburgh or at Bremen, uncommonly and almost miraculously good, do not send any. *Dixi.* Yours.

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LETTER CCCXXXV.

Blackheath, June 13, 1758.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

THE secret is out; St. Malo is the devoted place. Our troops began to land at the bay of Cancale the 5th, without any opposition. We have no farther accounts yet, but expect some every moment. By the plan of it, which I have seen, it is by no means a weak place; and I fear there will be many hats to be disposed of before it is taken. There are in the port above thirty privateers; about sixteen of their own, and about as many taken from us.

Now for Africa, where we have had great success. The French have been driven out of all their forts and settlements upon the gum-coast, and upon the river Senegal. They had been many years in possession of them, and by them annoyed our African trade exceedingly; which, by the way, 'toute proportion gardée,' is the most lucrative trade we have. The present booty is likewise very considerable, in gold dust, and gum senega; which is a very valuable, by being a very necessary commodity for all our stained and printed linens.

Now for America. The least sanguine people here expect, the latter end of this month, or the beginning of the next, to have the account of the taking of Cape Breton, and of all the forts with hard names in North America.

Captain Clive has long since settled Asia to our satisfaction; so that three parts of the world look very favourable for us. Europe I submit to the care of the king of Prussia, and Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick; and I think they will give a good account of it. France is out of luck, and out of cou-

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rage; and will, I hope, be enough out of spirits to submit to a reasonable peace. By reasonable, I mean what all people call reasonable in their own case; an advantageous one for us.

I have set all right with Münchausen; who would not own that he was at all offended, and said, as you do, that his daughter did not stay long enough, nor appear enough at Hamburgh, for you possibly to know that she was there. But people are always ashamed to own the little weaknesses of self-love, which, however, all people feel more or less. The excuse, I saw, pleased.

I will send you your quadrille tables by the first opportunity, consigned to the care of Mr. Mathias here. 'Felices faustæque sint!' May you win upon them when you play with men! and when you play with women, either win, or know why you lose.

Miss *** marries Mr. ***, next week. 'Who proffers Love, proffers Death,' says Waller to a dwarf: in my opinion, the conclusion must instantly choke the little Lady. Admiral ** marries Lady ***; there the danger, if danger is, will be on the other side. The lady has wanted a man so long, that she now compounds for half a one. Half a loaf ——————.

I have been worse since my last letter; but am now, I think, recovering; 'tant va la cruche à l'eau;' ——— and I have been there very often.

Good night. I am faithfully and truly yours.

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LETTER CCCXXXVI.

Blackheath, June 27, 1758.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YOU either have received already, or will very soon receive, a little case from Amsterdam, directed to you at Hamburgh. It is for Princess Amelia, the king of Prussia's sister, and contains some books, which she desired Sir Charles Hotham to procure her from England, so long ago as when he was at Berlin: he sent for them immediately; but, by I do not know what puzzle, they were recommended to the care of Mr. Selwyn, at Paris, who took such care of them, that he kept them near three years in his warehouse, and has at last sent them to Amsterdam, from whence they are sent to you. If the books are good for any thing, they must be considerably improved, by having seen so much of the world; but, as I believe they are English books, perhaps they may, like English travellers, have seen nobody, but the several bankers to whom they were consigned; be that as it will, I think you had best deliver them to Monsieur Hecht, the Prussian minister at Hamburgh, to forward to her royal highness, with a respectful compliment from you, which you will, no doubt, turn in the best manner; and, 'selon le bon ton de la parfaitement bonne compagnie.'

You have already seen, in the papers, all the particulars of our St. Malo's expedition, so I say no more of that; only that Mr. Pitt's friends exult in the destruction of three French ships of war, and one hundred and thirty privateers and trading ships; and affirm, that it stopped the march of threescore thousand men, who were going to join the Comte de Clermont's army. On the other hand, Mr. Fox

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and Company call it breaking windows with guineas; and apply the fable of the Mountain and the Mouse. The next object of our fleet was to be the bombarding of Granville, which is the great *entrepôt* of their Newfoundland fishery, and will be a considerable loss to them in that branch of their trade. These, you will perhaps say, are no great matters, and I say so too; but, at least, they are signs of life, which we had not given for many years before: and will show the French, by our invading them, that we do not fear their invading us. Were those invasions, in fishing-boats from Dunkirk, so terrible as they were artfully represented to be, the French would have had an opportunity of executing them while our fleet, and such a considerable part of our army, were employed upon their coast. *But my Lord Ligonier does not want an army at home.*

The parliament is prorogued by a most gracious speech neither by nor from his majesty, who was *too ill* to go to the house; the lords and gentlemen are consequently, most of them, gone to their several counties, to do (to be sure) all the good that is recommended to them in the speech. London, I am told, is now very empty, for I cannot say so from knowledge. I vegetate wholly here; I walk and read a great deal, ride and scribble a little, according as my head allows, or my spirits prompt: to write any thing tolerable, the mind must be in a natural, proper disposition; provocatives, in that case as well as in another, will only produce miserable, abortive performances.

Now you have (as I suppose) full leisure enough, I wish you would give yourself the trouble, or rather the pleasure, to do what I hinted to you some time ago; that is, to write short memoirs of those affairs which have either gone through your hands, or that have come to your certain knowledge, from the inglorious battle of Hastenbeck, to the still more scandalous treaty of neutrality. Con-

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nect, at least, if it be by ever so short notes, the pieces and letters which you must necessarily have in your hands, and throw in the authentic anecdotes that you have probably heard. You will be glad when you have done it: and the reviving past ideas in some order and method will be an infinite comfort to you hereafter. I have a thousand times regretted not having done so: it is at present too late for me to begin; this is the right time for you, and your life is likely to be a busy one. Would young men avail themselves of the advice and experience of their old friends, they would find the utility in their youth, and the comfort of it in their more advanced age; but they seldom consider that, and you, less than any body I ever knew. May you soon grow wiser! Adieu.

LETTER CCCXXXVII.

Blackheath, June 30, 1758.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

THIS letter follows my last very close; but I received yours of the 15th in the short interval. You did very well not to buy any Rhenish, at the exorbitant price you mention, without farther directions; for both my brother and I think the money better than the wine, be the wine ever so good. We will content ourselves with our stock in hand of humble Rhenish, of about three shillings a bottle. However, 'pour la rareté du fait,' I will lay out twelve ducats, for twelve bottles of the wine of 1665, by way of an eventual cordial, if you can obtain a *senatus consultum* for it. I am in no hurry for it, so send it me only when you can conveniently, well packed up *s'entend*.

You will, I dare say, have leave to go to Cassel; and if you do go, you will perhaps think it reasen-

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able, that I, who was the adviser of the journey, should pay the expense of it. I think so too, and therefore, if you go, I will remit the 100*l.* which you have calculated it at. You will find the house of Cassel the house of gladness; for Hanau is already, or must be soon, delivered of its French guests.

The prince of Brunswick's victory is, by all the skilful, thought a *chef-d'œuvre*, worthy of Turenne, Condé, or the most illustrious human butchers. The French behaved better than at Rosbach, especially the *Carabiniers Roïaux*, who could not be *entamés*. I wish the siege of Olmutz well over, and a victory after it; and that, with good news from America, which I think there is no reason to doubt of, must procure us a good peace at the end of the year. The prince of Prussia's death is no public misfortune; there was a jealousy and alienation between the king and him, which could never have been made up between the possessor of the crown and the next heir to it. He will make something of his nephew, 'sil est du bois dont on en fait.' He is young enough to forgive, and to be forgiven, the possession and the expectative, at least for some years.

Adieu! I am *unwell*, but affectionately yours.

LETTER CCCXXXVIII.

Blackheath, July 18, 1758.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YESTERDAY I received your letter of the 4th; and my last will have informed you that I had received your former, concerning the Rhenish, about which I gave you instructions. If 'vinum Mosellanum est omni tempore sanum,' as the chapter of Treves asserts, what must this *vinum Rhenanum*

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be, from its superior strength and age? It must be the universal panacea.

Captain Howe is to sail forthwith somewhere or another with about 8,000 land forces on board him; and what is much more, Edward the White prince. It is yet a secret where they are going; but I think it is no secret, that what 16,000 men and a great fleet could not do, will not be done by 8,000 men, and a much smaller fleet. About 8,000 horse, foot, and dragoons, are embarking, at fast as they can, for Embden, to reinforce Prince Ferdinand's army: late, and few, to be sure, but still better than never, and none. The operations in Moravia go on slowly, and Olmutz seems to be a tough piece of work; I own I begin to be in pain for the king of Prussia; for the Russians now march in earnest; and Maréchal Daun's army is certainly superior in number to his. God send him a good delivery!

You have a Danish army now in your neighbourhood, and they say a very fine one; I presume you will go to see it, and, if you do, I would advise you to go when the Danish monarch comes to review it himself; 'pour prendre langue de ce seigneur.' The rulers of the earth are all worth knowing; they suggest moral reflections: and the respect that one naturally has for God's vicegerents here on earth, is greatly increased by acquaintance with them.

Your card-tables are gone, and they enclose some suits of clothes, and some of these clothes enclose a letter.

Your friend Lady ** is gone into the country with her lord, to negotiate, coolly and at leisure, their intended separation. My lady insists upon my lord's dismissing the **, as ruinous to his fortune; my lord insists, in his turn, upon my lady's dismissing Lord **; my lady replies, that that is unreasonable, since Lord ** creates no expense to the family, but rather the contrary. My lord confesses, that there is some weight in this argument; but then

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pleads sentiment: my lady says, A fiddlestick for sentiment, after having been married so long. How this matter will end is in the womb of time, 'nam fuit ante Helenam.'

You did very well to write a congratulatory letter to Prince Ferdinand; such attentions are always right, and always repaid in some way or other.

I am glad you have connected your negotiations and anecdotes; and, I hope, not with your usual laconism. Adieu! Yours.

LETTER CCCXXXIX.

Blackheath, August 1, 1758.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I THINK the court of Cassel is more likely to make you a second visit at Hamburgh, than you are to return theirs at Cassel; and therefore, till that matter is clearer, I shall not mention it to Lord Holdernesse.

By the king of Prussia's disappointment in Moravia, by the approach of the Russians, and the intended march of Monsieur de Soubise to Hanover, the waters seem to me to be as much troubled as ever. 'Je vois très noir actuellement;' I see swarms of Austrians, French, Imperialists, Swedes, and Russians, in all near four hundred thousand men, surrounding the King of Prussia and Prince Ferdinand, who have about a third of that number. Hitherto they have only buzzed, but now I fear they will sting.

The immediate danger of this country is being drowned; for it has not ceased raining these three months, and withal is extremely cold. This neither agrees with me in itself, nor in its consequences; for it hinders me from taking my necessary exercise, and makes me very unwell. As my head is always

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the part offending, and is so at present, I will not like many writers, write without a head; so adieu!

LETTER CCCXL.

Blackheath, August 20, 1758.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YOUR secretary's last letter brought me the good news, that the fever had left you, and I will believe that it has; but a postscript to it, of only two lines, under your own hand, would have convinced me more effectually of your recovery. An intermitting fever, in the intervals of the paroxysms, would surely have allowed you to have written a very few lines with your own hand, to tell me how you were; and till I receive a letter (as short as you please) from yourself, I shall doubt of the exact truth of any other accounts.

I send you no news, because I have none; Cape Breton, Cherbourg, &c. are now old stories; we expect a new one from Commodore Howe, but from whence we know not. From Germany we hope for good news; I confess I do not, I only wish it. The king of Prussia is marched to fight the Russians, and I believe will beat them, if they stand; but what then? What shall he do next, with the three hundred and fourscore thousand men, now actually at work upon him? He will do all that man can do, but at last *il faut succomber*.

Remember to think yourself less well than you are, in order to be quite so: be very regular rather longer than you need; and then there will be no danger of a relapse. God bless you!

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LETTER CCCXLI.

Blackheath, September 5, 1758.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I RECEIVED, with great pleasure, your letter of the 22d August; for, by not having a line from you in your secretary's two letters, I suspected that you were worse than he cared to tell me: and so far I was in the right, that your fever was more malignant than intermitting ones generally are, which seldom confine people to their bed, or at most only the days of the paroxysms. Now, thank God, you are well again; though weak, do not be in too much haste to be better and stronger; leave that to nature, which, at your age, will restore both your health and strength as soon as she should. Live cool for a time, and rather low, instead of taking what they call heartening things.

Your manner of making presents is noble, 'et sent la grandeur d'ame d'un preux chevalier.' You depreciate their value to prevent any returns; for it is impossible that a wine which has counted so many sindicks, and can only be delivered by a *senatus consultum*, and is the *panacea* of the north, should be sold for a ducat a bottle. The *sylphium* of the Romans, which was stored up in the public magazines, and only distributed by order of the magistrate, I dare say, cost more; so that I am convinced your present is much more valuable than you would make it.

Here I am interrupted, by receiving your letter of the 25th past. I am glad that you are able to undertake your journey to Bremen; the motion, the air, the new scene, the every thing, will do you good, provided you manage yourself discreetly.

Your bill for fifty pounds shall certainly be accepted and paid; but, as in conscience I think fifty

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pounds is too little, for seeing a live landgrave, and especially at Bremen, which this whole nation knows to be a very dear place, I shall, with your leave, add fifty more to it. By the way, when you see the princess royal of Cassel, be sure to tell her how sensible you are of the favourable and too partial testimony, which you know she wrote of you to Princess Amelia.

The king of Prussia has had the victory, which you, in some measure, foretold; and as he has taken *la caisse militaire*, I presume, 'Messieurs les Russes sont hors de combat pour cette campagne;' for, *point d'argent, point de Suisse*, is not truer of the laudable Helvetic body, than *point d'argent, point de Russe* is of the savages of the two Russias, not even excepting the autocratrice of them both. Serbelloni, I believe, stands next in his Prussian majesty's list to be beaten; that is, if he will stand; as the prince de Soubize does in Prince Ferdinand's, upon the same condition. If both these things happen, which is by no means improbable, we may hope for a tolerable peace this winter; for, *au bout du compte*, the king of Prussia cannot hold out another year; and therefore he should make the best of these favourable events, by way of negotiation.

I think I have written a great deal, with an actual giddiness of head upon me. So adieu.

I am glad you have received my letter of the Ides of July.

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LETTER CCCXLII.

Blackheath, September 8, 1758.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

THIS letter shall be short, being only an explanatory note upon my last; for I am not learned enough, nor yet dull enough, to make my comment much longer than my text. I told you then, in my former letter, that with your leave (which I will suppose granted), I would add fifty pounds to your draught for that sum; now, lest you should misunderstand this, and wait for the remittance of that additional fifty from hence, know, my meaning was, that you should likewise draw upon me for it when you please; which, I presume, will be more convenient to you.

Let the pedants, whose business it is to believe lies, or the poets, whose trade it is to invent them, match the king of Prussia with a hero in ancient or modern story, if they can. He disgraces history, and makes one give some credit to romances. Calprenede's Juba does not now seem so absurd as formerly.

I have been extremely ill this whole summer; but am now something better: however, I perceive, 'que l'esprit et le corps baissent;' the former is the last thing that any body will tell me, or own when I tell it them: but I know it is true. Adieu.

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LETTER CCCXLIII.

Blackheath, September 22, 1758.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE received no letter from you since you left Hamburgh; I presume that you are perfectly recovered, but it might not have been improper to have told me so. I am very far from being recovered; on the contrary, I am worse and worse, weaker and weaker every day; for which reason I shall leave this place next Monday, and set out for Bath a few days afterwards. I should not take all this trouble merely to prolong the fag-end of a life, from which I can expect no pleasure, and others no utility; but the cure, or at least the mitigation, of those physical ills which make that life a load while it does last, is worth any trouble and attention.

We are come off but scurvily from our second attempt upon St. Malo: it is our last for this season; and, in my mind, should be our last for ever, unless we were to send so great a sea and land force as to give us a moral certainty of taking some place of great importance, such as Brest, Rochefort, or Toulon.

Monsieur Münchausen embarked yesterday, as he said, for Prince Ferdinand's army; but as it is not generally thought that his military skill can be of any great use to that prince, people conjecture, that his business must be of a very different nature, and suspect separate negotiations, neutralities, and what not. Kniphausen does not relish it in the least, and is by no means satisfied with the reasons that have been given him for it. Before he can arrive there, I reckon that something decisive will have passed in Saxony; if to the disadvantage of the

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king of Prussia, he is crushed: but if, on the contrary, he should get a complete victory (and he does not get half victories) over the Austrians, the winter may probably produce him and us a reasonable peace. I look upon Russia as *hors de combat*, for some time; France is certainly sick of the war, under an unambitious king, and an incapable ministry, if there is one at all: and, unassisted by those two powers, the empress queen had better be quiet. Were any other man in the situation of the king of Prussia, I should not hesitate to pronounce him ruined; but he is such a prodigy of a man, that I will only say, I fear he will be ruined. It is by this time decided.

Your Cassel court at Bremen is, I doubt, not very splendid: money must be wanting: but, however, I dare say their table is always good, for the Landgrave is a *gourmand*; and as you are domestic there, you may be so too, and recruit your loss of flesh from your fever: but do not recruit too fast. Adieu.

LETTER CCCXLIV.

London, September 26, 1758.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I AM sorry to find that you had a return of your fever; but to say the truth, you in some measure deserved it, for not carrying Dr. Middleton's bark and prescription with you. I foresaw that you would think yourself cured too soon, and gave you warning of it; but *by-gones* are *by-gones*, as Chartres, when he was dying, said of his sins: let us look forwards. You did very prudently to return to Hamburgh, to good bark, and, I hope, a good physician. Make all sure there before you stir from thence, notwithstanding the requests or commands of all the princesses in Europe; I mean a month at

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least, taking the bark even to supererogation, that is, some time longer than Dr. Middleton requires; for I presume you are got over your childishness about tastes, and are sensible that your health deserves more attention than your palate. When you shall be thus re-established, I approve of your returning to Bremen: and indeed you cannot well avoid it, both with regard to your promise, and to the distinction with which you have been received by the Cassel family.

Now to the other part of your letter. Lord Holdernesse has been extremely civil to you, in sending you, all under his own hand, such obliging offers of his service. The hint is plain, that he will (in case you desire it) procure your leave to come home for some time; so that the single question is, Whether you should desire it or not, *now*. It will be two months before you can possibly undertake the journey, whether by sea or by land, and either way it would be a troublesome and dangerous one for a *convalescent*, in the rigour of the month of November; you could drink no mineral waters here in that season, nor are any mineral waters proper in your case, being all of them heating except Seltzer's; then, what would do you more harm than all medicines could do you good, would be the pestilential vapours of the house of commons, in long and crowded days, of which there will probably be many this session; where your attendance, if here, will necessarily be required. I compare St. Stephen's chapel upon those days, to *la Grotta del Cane*.

Whatever may be the fate of the war now, negotiations will certainly be stirring all the winter; and of those, the Northern ones, you are sensible, are not the least important: in these, if at Hamburgh, you will probably have your share, and perhaps a meritorious one. Upon the whole, therefore, I would advise you to write a very civil letter to Lord Holdernesse; and to tell him, that though

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you cannot hope to be of any use to his majesty's affairs any where, yet, in the present unsettled state of the North, it is possible that unforeseen accidents may throw it in your way to be of some little service, and that you would not willingly be out of the way of those accidents; but that you shall be most extremely obliged to his lordship, if he will procure you his majesty's gracious permission to return for a few months in the spring, when probably affairs will be more settled one way or another. When things tend nearer to a settlement, and Germany, from the want of money or men, or both, breathes peace more than war, I shall solicit Burrish's commission for you, which is one of the most agreeable ones in his majesty's gift; and I shall by no means despair of success. Now I have given you my opinion upon this affair, which does not make a difference of above three months, or four at most, I would not be understood to mean to force your own, if it should happen to be different from mine; but mine, I think, is more both for your health and your interest. However, do as you please; may you in this and every thing else, do for the best! so God bless you!

LETTER CCCXLV.

Bath, October 18, 1758.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I RECEIVED by the same post your two letters of the 29th past, and of the 3d instant. The last tells me, that you are perfectly recovered; and your resolution of going to Bremen in three or four days proves it; for surely, you would not undertake that journey a second time, and at this season of the year, without feeling your health solidly restored; however, in all events, I hope you have

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taken a provision of good bark with you. I think your attention to her royal highness may be of use to you here; and indeed all attentions, to all sorts of people, are always repaid in some way or other; though real obligations are not. For instance; Lord Titchfield, who has been with you at Hamburgh, has written an account to the duke and duchess of Portland, who are here, of the civilities you showed him; with which he is much pleased, and they delighted. At this rate, if you do not take care you will get the unmanly reputation of a well-bred man; and your countryman, John Trott, will disown you.

I have received, and tasted of your present; which is a *très grand vin*, but more cordial to the stomach than pleasant to the palate. I keep it as physic, only to take occasionally, in little disorders of my stomach; and in those cases I believe it is wholesomer than stronger cordials.

I have been now here a fortnight; and, though I am rather better than when I came, I am still far from well. My head is giddier than becomes a head of my age; and my stomach has not recovered its retentive faculty. Leaning forwards, particularly to write, does not at present agree with, Yours.

LETTER CCCXLVI.

Bath, October 28, 1758.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YOUR letter has quieted my alarms; for, I find by it, that you are as well recovered as you could be in so short a time. It is your business now, to keep yourself well, by scrupulously following Dr. Middleton's directions. He seems to be a rational and knowing man. Soap and steel are, unquestionably, the proper medicines for your case; but, as

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they are alteratives, you must take them for a very long time, six months at least; and then drink chalybeate waters. I am fully persuaded, that this was your original complaint in Carniola; which those ignorant physicians called, in their jargon, *Arthritis vaga*, and treated as such. But, now the true cause of your illness is discovered, I flatter myself that with time and patience on your part, you will be radically cured; but, I repeat it again, it must be by a long and uninterrupted course of those alterative medicines above-mentioned. They have no taste; but, if they had a bad one, I will not now suppose you such a child, as to let the forwardness of your palate interfere, in the least, with the recovery or enjoyment of health. The latter deserves the utmost attention of the most rational man; the former is only the proper object of the care of a dainty, frivolous woman.

The run of luck, which some time ago we were in, seems now to be turned against us. Oberg is completely routed; his Prussian majesty was surprised (which I am surprised at), and had rather the worst of it. I am in some pain for Prince Ferdinand; as I take it for granted, that the detachment from Maréchal de Contade's army, which enabled Prince Soubize to beat Oberg, will immediately return to the grand army, and then it will be infinitely superior. Nor do I see where Prince Ferdinand can take his winter quarters, unless he retires to Hanover; and that I do not take to be at present the land of Canaan. Our second expedition to St. Malo, I cannot call so much an unlucky as an ill conducted one; as was also Abercrombie's affair in America. 'Mais il n'y a pas de petite perte qui revient souvent;' and all these accidents put together make a considerable sum total.

I have found so little good by these waters, that I do not intend to stay here above a week longer; and then remove my crazy body to London, which is the most convenient place either to live or die in.

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I cannot expect active health any where; you may, with common care and prudence, expect it every where; and God grant that you may have it! Adieu.

LETTER CCCXLVII.

London, November 21, 1758.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YOU did well to think of Prince Ferdinand's ribband, which I confess I did not; and I am glad to find you thinking so far beforehand. It would be a pretty commission, and I will *accingere me* to procure it you. The only competition I fear, is that of General Yorke, in case Prince Ferdinand should pass any time with his brother at the Hague, which is not unlikely, since he cannot go to Brunswick to his eldest brother, upon account of their simulated quarrel.

I fear the peace is at an end with the king of Prussia, and he may say *illuet;* I am sure he may personally say *plaudite*. Warm work is expected this session of parliament, about continent and no continent; some think Mr. Pitt too continent, others too little so; but a little time, as the newspapers most prudently and truly observe, will clear up these matters.

The king has been ill; but his illness is terminated in a good fit of the gout, with which he is still confined. It was generally thought that he would have died, and for a very good reason: for the oldest lion in the tower, much about the king's age, died a fortnight ago. This extravagancy, I can assure you, was believed by many above *peuple*. So wild and capricious is the human mind!

Take care of your health, as much as you can: for, *to be, or not to be*, is a question of much less

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importance, in my mind, than to be or not to be well. Adieu.

LETTER CCCXLVIII.

London, December 15, 1758.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

IT is a great while since I heard from you, but I hope that good, not ill health, has been the occasion of this silence; I will suppose you have been, or are still, at Bremen, and engrossed by your Hessian friends.

Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick is most certainly to have the garter, and I think I have secured you the honour of putting it on. When I say *secured*, I mean it in the sense in which that word should always be understood at court; and that is *insecurely*; I have a promise, but that is not *caution bourgeoise*. In all events, do not mention it to any mortal, because there is always a degree of ridicule that attends a disappointment; though often very unjustly, if the expectation was reasonably grounded: however, it is certainly most prudent not to communicate, prematurely, one's hope's or one's fears. I cannot tell you when Prince Ferdinand will have it; though there are so many candidates for the other two vacant garters, that I believe he will have his soon, and by himself; the others must wait till a third, or rather a fourth vacancy. Lord Rockingham and Lord Holdernesse are secure; Lord Temple pushes strongly, but, I believe, is not secure. This commission for dubbing a knight, and so distinguished a one, will be a very agreeable and creditable one for you, 'et il faut vous en acquitter galamment.' In the days of ancient chivalry, people were very nice, whom they would be knighted by; and, if I do not mistake, Francis the First would

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only be knighted by the chevalier Bayard, 'qui étoit preux Chevalier et sans reproche;' and no doubt but it will be recorded, 'dans les archives de la maison de Brunswick,' that Prince Ferdinand received the honour of knighthood from your hands.

The estimates for the expenses of the year 1759 are made up; I have seen them; and what do you think they amount to? No less than twelve millions three hundred thousand pounds; a most incredible sum, and yet already all subscribed, and even more offered! The unanimity in the house of commons, in voting such a sum, and such forces, both by sea and land, is not less astonishing. This is Mr. Pitt's doing, *and it is marvellous in our eyes.*

The king of Prussia has nothing more to do this year: and the next, he must begin where he has left off. I wish he would employ this winter in concluding a separate peace with the elector of Saxony, which would give him more elbow-room, to act against France and the queen of Hungary, and put an end at once to the proceedings of the diet, and the army of the empire; for then no estate of the empire would be invaded by a co-estate, and France, the faithful and disinterested guarantee of the treaty of Westphalia, would have no pretence to continue its armies there. I should think that his Polish majesty, and his governor Comte Brühl, must be pretty weary of being fugitives in Poland, where they are hated, and of being ravaged in Saxony. This *rêverie* of mine, I hope, will be tried, and I wish it may succeed. Good night, and God bless you!

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LETTER CCCXLIX.

London, New Year's-day, 1759.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

MOLTI e felici, and I have done upon that subject; one truth being fair, upon the most lying day in the whole year.

I have now before me your last letter of the 21st December, which I am glad to find is a bill of health: but, however, do not presume too much upon it, but obey and honour your physicians, 'that thy days may be long in the land.'

Since my last, I have heard nothing more concerning the ribband; but I take it for granted it will be disposed of soon. By the way, upon reflection, I am not sure that any body but a knight can, according to form, be employed to make a knight. I remember that Sir Clement Cotterel was sent to Holland, to dub the late prince of Orange, only because he was a knight himself; and I know that the proxies of knights who cannot attend their own installations, must always be knights. This did not occur to me before, and perhaps will not to the person who was to recommend you; I am sure I will not stir it; and I only mention it now, that you may be in all events prepared for the disappointment, if it should happen.

G** is exceedingly flattered with your account, that three thousand of his countrymen, all as little as himself, should be thought a sufficient guard upon three-and-twenty thousand of all the nations in Europe; not that he thinks himself, by any means, a little man, for, when he would describe a tall handsome man, he raises himself up at least half an inch to represent him.

The private news from Hamburgh is, that his ma-

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jesty's resident there is woundily in love with Madame ****; if this be true, God send him, rather than her, a good *delivery!* She must be *étrennée* at this season, and therefore I think you should be so too; so draw upon me, as soon as you please, for one hundred pounds.

Here is nothing new, except the unanimity with which the parliament gives away a dozen of millions sterling; and the unanimity of the public is as great in approving of it; which has stifled the usual political and polemical argumentations.

Cardinal Bernis's disgrace is as sudden, and hitherto as little understood, as his elevation was. I have seen his poems, printed at Paris, not by a friend I dare say; and, to judge by them, I humbly conceive his excellency is a p—y. I will say nothing of that excellent head-piece that made him and unmade him in the same month, except 'O king, live for ever.'

Good night to you, whomever you pass it with.

LETTER CCCL.

London, February 2, 1759.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I AM now (what I have very seldom been) two letters in your debt: the reason was, that my head, like many other heads, has frequently taken a wrong turn; in which case, writing is painful to me, and therefore cannot be very pleasant to my readers.

I wish you would (while you have so good an opportunity as you have at Hamburgh) make yourself perfectly master of that dull but very useful knowledge, the course of exchange, and the causes of its almost perpetual variations; the value and relation of different coins, the specie, the banco,

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usances, agio, and a thousand other particulars. You may with ease learn, and you will be very glad when you have learned them; for, in your business, that sort of knowledge will often prove necessary.

I hear nothing more of Prince Ferdinand's garter: that he will have one is very certain; but when, I believe, is very uncertain; all the other postulants wanting to be dubbed at the same time, which cannot be, as there is not ribband enough for them.

If the Russians move in time, and in earnest, there will be an end of our hopes and of our armies in Germany; three such mill-stones as Russia, France, and Austria, must, sooner or later, in the course of the year, grind his Prussian majesty down to a mere *margrave* of Brandenburgh. But I have always some hopes of a change under a *gynarchy** ; where whim and humour commonly prevail, reason very seldom, and then only by a lucky mistake.

I except the incomparable fair one of Hamburgh, that prodigy of beauty, and paragon of good-sense, who has enslaved your mind, and inflamed your heart. If she is as well *étrennée* as you say she shall, you will be soon out of her chains: for I have, by long experience, found women to be like Telephus's spear; if one end kills, the other cures.

There never was so quiet, or so silent a session of parliament as the present; Mr. Pitt declares only what he would have them do, and they do it *nemine contradicente*, Mr. Viner only excepted.

Duchess Hamilton is to be married, to-morrow, to colonel Campbell, the son of general Campbell, who will, some day or other, be duke of Argyle, and have the estate. She refused the duke of B——r for him.

* Derived from the Greek word Γυνη, a woman, and meaning female government.

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Here is a report, but I believe a very groundless one, that your old acquaintance, the fair Madame C—e, is run away from her husband, with a jeweller that *étrennes* her, and is come over here; but I dare say it is some mistake, or perhaps a lie. Adieu! God bless you!

LETTER CCCLI.

London, February 27, 1759.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

IN your last letter, of the 7th, you accuse me, most unjustly, of being in arrears in my correspondence; whereas, if our epistolary accounts were fairly liquidated, I believe you would be brought in considerably debtor. I do not see how any of my letters to you can miscarry, unless your office-packet miscarries too, for I always send them to the office. Moreover, I might have a justifiable excuse for writing to you seldomer than usual, for to be sure there never was a period of time, in the middle of a winter, and the parliament sitting, that supplied so little matter for a letter. Near twelve millions have been granted this year, not only *nemine contradicente*, but *nemine quicquid dicente*. The proper officers bring in the estimates; it is taken for granted that they are necessary, and frugal; the members go to dinner, and leave Mr. West and Mr. Martin to do the rest.

I presume you have seen the little poem of the Country Lass, by Soame Jenyns, for it was in the Chronicle; as was also an answer to it, from the Monitor. They are neither of them bad performances; the first is the neatest, and the plan of the second has the most invention. I send you none of those *pièces volantes* in my letters, because they are all printed in one or other of the news-papers, par-

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ticularly the Chronicles; and I suppose that you and others have all those papers amongst you at Hamburgh; in which case it would be only putting you to the unnecessary expense of double postage.

I find you are sanguine about the king of Prussia this year: I allow his army will be what you say; but what will that be *vis-à-vis* French, Austrians, Imperialists, Swedes, and Russians, who must amount to more than double that number? Were the inequality less, I would allow for the king of Prussia's being so much *ipse agmen* as pretty nearly to balance the account. In war, numbers are generally my omens; and I confess, that in Germany they seem not happy ones this year. In America, I think we are sure of success, and great success; but how we shall be able to strike a balance, as they call it, between good success there, and ill success upon the continent, so as to come at a peace, is more than I can discover.

Lady Chesterfield makes you her compliments, and thanks you for your offer; but declines troubling you, being discouraged by the ill success of Madame Münchausen's and Miss Chetwynd's commissions, the former for beef, and the latter for gloves; neither of which have yet been executed, to the dissatisfaction of both. Adieu.

LETTER CCCLII.

London, March 16, 1759.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE now your letter of the 20th past lying before me, by which you despond, in my opinion too soon, of dubbing your prince; for he most certainly will have the garter; and he will as probably have it before the campaign opens, as after. His campaign must, I doubt, at best, be a defensive one;

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and he will show great skill in making it such; for, according to my calculation, his enemies will be at least double his number. Their troops, indeed, may perhaps be worse than his; but then their number will make up that defect, as it will enable them to undertake different operations at the same time. I cannot think that the king of Denmark will take a part in the present war; which he cannot do without great possible danger: and he is well paid by France for his neutrality; is safe, let what will turn out; and, in the mean time, carries on his commerce with great advantage and security: so that that consideration will not retard your visit to your own country, whenever you have leave to return, and your own *arrangements* will allow you. A short absence animates a tender passion, 'et l'on ne recule que pour mieux sauter,' especially in the summer months; so that I would advise you to begin your journey in May, and continue your absence from the dear object of your vows till after the dog-days, when love is said to be unwholesome. We have been disappointed at Martinico; I wish we may not be so at Gaudaloupe, though we landed there; for many difficulties must be got over, before we can be in possession of the whole island. *A propos de bottes;* you make use of two Spanish words, very properly in your letter; were I you, I would learn the Spanish language, if there were a Spaniard at Hamburgh who could teach me; and then you would be master of all the European languages that are useful; and in my mind, it is very convenient, if not necessary, for a public man to understand them all, and not to be obliged to have recourse to an interpreter, for those papers that chance or business may throw in his way. I learned Spanish when I was older than you; convinced, by experience, that, in every thing possible, it was better to trust to one's self, than to any other body whatsoever. Interpreters, as well as relators, are often unfaithful,

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and still oftener incorrect, puzzling, and blundering. In short, let it be your maxim through life, to know all you can know, yourself; and never to trust implicitly to the informations of others. This rule has been of infinite service to me, in the course of my life.

I am rather better than I was; which I owe, not to my physicians, but to an ass and a cow, who nourish me, between them, very plentifully and wholesomely; in the morning the ass is my nurse, at night the cow; and I have just now bought a milch-goat, which is to graze, and nurse me at Blackheath. I do not know what may come of this latter; and I am not without apprehensions that it may make a satyr of me; but, should I find that obscene disposition growing upon me, I will check it in time, for fear of endangering my life and character by rapes. And so we heartily bid you farewell.

LETTER CCCLIII.

London, March 30, 1759.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I DO not like these frequent, however short, returns of your illness; for, I doubt they imply either want of skill in your physician, or want of care in his patient. Rhubarb, soup, and chalybeate medicines and water, are almost always specifics for obstructions of the liver: but then a very exact regimen is necessary, and that for a long continuance. Acids are good for you, but you do not love them; and sweet things are bad for you, and you do love them. There is another thing very bad for you, and I fear you love it too much. When I was in Holland, I had a slow fever, that hung upon me a great

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while; I consulted Boerhaave, who prescribed me what I suppose was proper, for it cured me; but he added, by way of postscript to his prescription, *Venus rarius colatur:* which I observed, and perhaps that made the medicines more effectual.

I doubt we shall be mutually disappointed in our hopes of seeing one another this spring, as I believe you will find, by a letter which you will receive, at the same time with this, from Lord Holdernesse; but, as Lord Holdernesse will not tell you all, I will, between you and me, supply that defect. I must do him the justice to say, that he has acted in the most kind and friendly manner possible to us both. When the king read your letter, in which you desired leave to return, for the sake of drinking the Tunbridge waters, he said, 'If he wants steel waters, those of Pyrmont are better than Tuntridge, and he can have them very fresh at Hamburgh. I would rather he had asked to come last autumn, and had passed the winter here: for, if he returns now, I shall have nobody in those quarters to inform me of what passes; and yet it will be a very busy and important scene.' Lord Holdernesse, who found that it would not be liked, resolved to push it no farther; and replied, he was very sure, that, when you knew his majesty had the least objection to your return at this time, you would think of it no longer; and he owned that he (Lord Holdernesse) had given you encouragement for this application, last year, then thinking and hoping that there would be little occasion for your presence at Hamburgh this year. Lord Holdernesse will only tell you, in his letter, that, as he had some reason to believe his moving this matter would be disagreeable to the king, he resolved, for your sake, not to mention it. You must answer his letter upon that foot singly, and thank him for this mark of his friendship; for he has really acted as your friend. I make no doubt of your having willing leave to return in autumn, for the whole winter. In the mean time, make the best

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of your *séjour* where you are: drink the Pyrmont waters, and no wine but Rhenish, which, in your case, is the only proper one for you.

Next week Mr. Harte will send you his Gustavus Adolphus, in two quartos; it will contain many new particulars of the life of that real hero, as he has had abundant and authentic materials, which have never yet appeared. It will, upon the whole, be a very curious and valuable history; though, between you and me, I could have wished that he had been more correct and elegant in his style. You will find it dedicated to one of your acquaintance, who was forced to prune the luxuriant praises bestowed upon him, and yet has left enough of all conscience to satisfy a reasonable man. Harte has been very much out of order, these last three or four months; but is not the less intent upon sowing his lucern, of which he had six crops last year, to his infinite joy, and, as he says, profit. As a gardener, I shall probably have as much joy, though not quite so much profit by thirty or forty shillings; for there is the greatest promise of fruit this year at Blackheath, that ever I saw in my life. Vertumnus and Pomona have been very propitious to me; as for Priapus, that tremendous garden-god, as I no longer invoke him, I cannot expect his protection from the birds and thieves.

Adieu! I will conclude like a pedant. 'Leviùs fit patientiâ quicquid corrigere est nefas.'

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LETTER CCCLIV.

London, April 16, 1759.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

WITH humble submission to you, I still say, that if Prince Ferdinand can make a defensive campaign this year, he will have done a great deal, considering the great inequality of numbers. The little advantages of taking a regiment or two prisoners, or cutting another to pieces, are but trifling articles in the great account; they are only the pence, the pounds are yet to come; and I take it for granted, that neither the French, nor the court of Vienna, will have *le démenti* of their main object, which is unquestionably Hanover; for that is the *summa summarum;* and they will certainly take care to draw a force together for this purpose, too great for any that Prince Ferdinand has, or can have, to oppose them. In short, mark the end on't, *j'en augure mal.* If France, Austria, the empire, Russia, and Sweden, are not, at long run, too hard for the two electors of Hanover and Brandenburgh, there must be some invisible powers, some tutelar deities, that miraculously interpose in favour of the latter.

You encourage me to accept all the powers that goats, asses, and bulls, can give me, by engaging for my not making an ill use of them; but I own, I cannot help distrusting myself a little, or rather human nature; for, it is an old and very true observation, that there are misers of money, but none of power; and the non-use of the one, and the abuse of the other, increase in proportion to their quantity.

I am very sorry to tell you, that Harte's Gustavus Adolphus does not take at all, and consequently sells very little; it is certainly informing, and full

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of good matter; but it is as certain too that the style is execrable: where the devil he picked it up, I cannot conceive, for it is a bad style, of a new and singular kind; it is full of Latinisms, Gallicisms, Germanisms, and all *isms* but Anglicisms; in some places pompous, in others vulgar and low. Surely, before the end of the world, people, and you in particular, will discover, that the *manner*, in every thing, is at least as important as the matter; and that the latter never can please, without a good degree of elegancy in the former. This holds true in every thing in life: in writing, conversing, business, the help of the graces is absolutely necessary; and whoever vainly thinks himself above them, will find he is mistaken, when it will be too late to court them, for they will not come to strangers of an advanced age. There is a history lately come out of the reign of Mary queen of Scots, and her son (no matter by whom) king James, written by one Robertson, a Scotchman, which for clearness, purity, and dignity of style, I will not scruple to compare with the best historians extant, not excepting Davila, Guicciardini, and perhaps Livy. Its success has consequently been great; and a second edition is already published, and bought up. I take it for granted, that it is to be had, or at least borrowed, at Hamburgh, or I would send it you.

I hope you drink the Pyrmont waters every morning. The health of the mind depends so much upon the health of the body, that the latter deserves the utmost attention, independently of the senses. God send you a very great share of both! Adieu.

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LETTER CCCLV.

London, April 27, 1759.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE received your two letters of the 10th and 13th, by the last mail; and I will begin my answer to them, by observing to you, that a wise man, without being a stoic, considers, in all misfortunes that befall him, their best as well as their worst side; I have strictly observed that rule for many years, and have found by experience, that some comfort is to be extracted, under most moral ills, by considering them in every light, instead of dwelling, as people are too apt to do, upon the gloomy side of the object. Thank God, the disappointment that you so pathetically groan under, is not a calamity which admits of no consolation. Let us simplify it, and see what it amounts to. You were pleased with the expectation of coming here next month, to see those who would have been pleased with seeing you. That, from very natural causes, cannot be; and you must pass this summer at Hamburgh, and next winter in England, instead of passing this summer in England, and next winter at Hamburgh. Now, estimating things fairly, is not the change rather to your advantage? Is not the summer more eligible, both for health and pleasure, than the winter, in that northern frozen zone? and will not the winter, in England, supply you with more pleasures than the summer, in an empty capital could have done? So far then it appears, that you are rather a gainer by your misfortune.

The *tour* too which you propose making to Lubeck, Alsena, &c. will both amuse and inform you; for, at your age, one cannot see too many different places and people: since, at the age you are now

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of, I take it for granted, that you will not see them superficially, as you did when you first went abroad.

This whole matter then, summed up, amounts to no more than this—that you will be here next winter, instead of this summer. Do not think that all I have said is the consolation only of an old philosophical fellow, almost insensible of pleasure or pain, offered to a young fellow who has quick sensations of both. No: it is the rational philosophy taught me by experience and knowledge of the world, and which I have practised above thirty years. I always made the best of the best, and never made bad worse by fretting; this enabled me to go through the various scenes of life, in which I have been an actor, with more pleasure and less pain than most people. You will say, perhaps, one cannot change one's nature; and that, if a person is born of a very sensible gloomy temper, and apt to see things in the worst light, they cannot help it, nor new-make themselves. I will admit it, to a certain degree, and but to a certain degree; for, though we cannot totally change our nature, we may in a great measure correct it, by reflection and philosophy; and some philosophy is a very necessary companion in this world, where, even to the most fortunate, the chances are greatly against happiness.

I am not old enough, nor tenacious enough, to pretend not to understand the main purport of your last letter; and, to show you that I do, you may draw upon me for two hundred pounds, which, I hope, will more than clear you.

Good night: 'æquam memento rebus in arduis servare mentem;' be neither transported nor depressed by the accidents of life.

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LETTER CCCLVI.

Blackheath, May 16, 1759.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YOUR secretary's last letter of the 4th, which I received yesterday, has quieted my fears a good deal, but has not entirely dissipated them. *Your fever still continues*, he says, *though in a less degree.* Is it a continued fever, or an intermitting one? If the former, no wonder that you are weak, and that your head aches. If the latter, why has not the bark, in substance and large doses, been administered? for, if it had, it must have stopped it by this time. Next post, I hope, will set me quite at ease. Surely you have not been so regular as you ought, either in your medicines, or in your general regimen, otherwise this fever would not have returned; for the doctor calls it *your fever returned*, as if you had an exclusive patent for it. You have now had illnesses enough to know the value of health, and to make you implicitly follow the prescriptions of your physician in medicines, and the rules of your own common sense in diet: in which, I can assure you, from my own experience, that quantity is often worse than quality; and I would rather eat half a pound of bacon at a meal, than two pounds of any the most wholesome food.

I have been settled here near a week, to my great satisfaction; *c'est ma place*, and I know it, which is not given to every body. Cut off from social life by my deafness, as well as other physical ills, and being at best but the ghost of my former self, I walk here in silence and solitude as becomes a ghost; with this only difference, that I walk by day, whereas you know, to be sure, that other ghosts only appear by night. My health, however, is better than it was

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last year, thanks to my almost total milk diet. This enables me to vary my solitary amusements, and alternately to scribble as well as read, which I could not do last year. Thus I saunter away the remainder, be it more or less, of an agitated and active life, now reduced (and I am not sure I am a loser by the change) to so quiet and serene a one, that it may properly be called still life.

The French whisper in confidence, in order that it may be the more known and the more credited, that they intend to invade us this year, in no less than three places; that is, England, Scotland, and Ireland. Some of our great men, like the devils, believe and tremble; others, and one little one, whom I know, laugh at it; and, in general, it seems to be but a poor instead of a formidable scarecrow. While *somebody* was at the head of a moderate army, and wanted (I know why) to be at the head of a great one, intended invasions were made an article of political faith; and the belief of them was required, as in the church the belief of some absurdities, and even impossibilities, is required upon pain of heresy, excommunication, and consequently damnation, if they tend to the power and interest of the heads of the church. But now there is a general toleration; and the best subjects, as well as the best Christians, may believe what their reason and their consciences suggest. It is generally and rationally supposed, the French will threaten and not strike, since we are so well prepared, both by armies and fleets, to receive, and, I may add, to destroy them. Adieu! God bless you!

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LETTER CCCLVII.

Blackheath, June 15, 1759.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YOUR letter of the 5th, which I received yesterday, gave me great satisfaction, being all in your own hand; though it contains great, and I fear just complaints of your ill state of health. You do very well to change the air; and I hope that change will do well by you. I would therefore have you write, after the 20th of August, to Lord Holdernesse, to beg of him to obtain his majesty's leave for you to return to England for *two or three months*, upon account of your health. Two or three months is an indefinite time, which may afterwards be insensibly stretched to what length one pleases; leave that to me. In the mean time, you may be taking your measures with the best oeconomy.

The day before yesterday, an express arrived from Guadalouppe; which brought an account of our being in possession of the whole island. And I make no manner of doubt, but that, in about two months, we shall have as good news from Crown-point, Quebec, &c. Our affairs in Germany, I fear, will not be equally prosperous; for I have very little hopes for the king of Prussia or Prince Ferdinand. God bless you!

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LETTER CCCLVIII.

Blackheath, June 25, 1759.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

THE two last mails have brought me no letter from you or your secretary; I will take this silence as a sign that you are better; but however, if you thought that I cared to know, you should have cared to have written. Here the weather has been very fine for a fortnight together; a longer term than in this climate we are used to hold fine weather by. I hope it is so too at Hamburgh, or at least at the *villa* to which you are gone; but pray do not let it be your *villa viziosa*, as those retirements are often called, and too often prove; though (by the way) the original name was villa *vezzosa;* and by wags miscalled *viziosa*.

I have a most gloomy prospect of affairs in Germany: the French are already in possession of Cassel, and of the learned part of Hanover, that is, Gottingen; where I presume they will not stop 'pour l'amour des belles-lettres,' but rather go on to the capital, and study them upon the coin. My old acquaintance Monsieur de Richelieu made a great progress there in metallic learning and inscriptions. If Prince Ferdinand ventures a battle to prevent it, I dread the consequences; the odds are too great against him. The king of Prussia is still in a worse situation; for, he has the hydra to encounter; and, though he may cut off a head or two, there will still be enough left to devour him at last. I have, as you know, long foretold the now-approaching catastrophe; but I was Cassandra. Our affairs in the new world have a much more pleasing aspect: Guadaloupe is a great acquisition; and Quebec, which I make no doubt of, will still be a greater. But

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must all these advantages, purchased at the price of so much English blood and treasure, be at last sacrificed as a peace-offering? God knows what consequences such a measure may produce; the germ of discontent is already great, upon the bare supposition of the case; but, should it be realised, it will grow to a harvest of disaffection.

You are now, to be sure, taking the previous necessary measures for your return here in the autumn; and I think you may disband your whole family, excepting your secretary, your butler, who takes care of your plate, wine, &c. one, or at most two, maid-servants, and your valet-de-chambre, and one footman, whom you will bring over with you. But give no mortal, either there or here, reason to think that you are not to return to Hamburgh again. If you are asked about it, say, like Lockhart, that you are, 'le serviteur des événemens;' for your present appointments will do you no hurt here, till you have some better destination. At that season of the year, I believe it will be better for you to come by sea than by land; but that you will be best able to judge of from the then circumstances of your part of the world.

Your old friend Stevens is dead of the consumption that has long been undermining him. God bless you, and send you health!

LETTER CCCLIX.

Bath, February 26, 1761.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I AM very glad to hear that your election is finally settled, and, to say the truth, not sorry that Mr. ** has been compelled to do, *de mauvaise grace*, that which he might have done at first in a friendly and handsome manner. However, take

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no notice of what is past, and live with him as you used to do before; for, in the intercourse of the world, it is often necessary to seem ignorant of what one knows, and to have forgotten what one remembers.

I have just now finished Coleman's play, and like it very well; it is well conducted, and the characters are well preserved. I own, I expected from the author more dialogue-wit; but, as I know that he is a most scrupulous classic, I believe he did not dare to put in half so much wit as he could have done, because Terence has not a single grain; and it would have been 'crimen lesæ antiquitatis.' God bless you!

LETTER CCCLX.

Bath, November 21, 1761.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE this moment received your letter of the 19th. If I find any alterations by drinkiing these waters, now six days, it is rather for the better; but, in six days more, I think I shall find, with more certainty, what humour they are in with me; if kind, I will profit of, but not abuse, their kindness; all things have their bounds; 'quos ultra citrave nequit consistere rectum;' and I will endeavour to nick that point.

The queen's jointure is larger than, from *some reasons*, I expected it would be, though not greater than the very last precedent authorized. The case of the late Lord Wilmington* was, I fancy, remembered.

* Lord Wilmington, then Sir Spencer Compton, speaker of the house of commons, and whc had long been treasurer and favourite of George the Second, when prince of Wales. Upon the death of king

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I have now good reason to believe, that Spain will declare war to us; that is, that it will very soon, if it has not already, avowedly assist France, in case the war continues. This will be a great triumph to Mr. Pitt, and fully justify his plan of beginning with Spain first, and having the first blow, which is often half the battle.

Here is a great deal of company, and what is commonly called good company, that is, great quality. I trouble them very little, except at the pump, where my business calls me; for what is company to a deaf man, or a deaf man to company?

Lady Brown, whom I have seen, and who, by the way, has got the gout in her eye, inquired very tenderly after you. And so I elegantly rest,

Yours till death.

George the First, he was in a manner declared prime minister; but a few days after the accession of George the Second to the throne, Queen Caroline asked Sir Spencer Compton, what dowry she should have in case she had the misfortune to survive her royal consort. He replied, 'As much as any queen of England ever had, which was fifty thousand pounds the year.' Sir Robert Walpole hearing of this, observed, that, 'had her majesty referred herself on that article to him, he should have answered, One hundred thousand.' This being reported to the queen, she sent to Sir Robert, desiring to speak with him; when, applying to herself an indelicate epithet, which she knew he had formerly applied to her, and from thence conceived a dislike to him, she with great good humour asked him the same question, which he answered agreeably to his former declaration. This, it is said, was one principal step on which Sir Robert Walpole mounted to that zenith of power he afterwards enjoyed; and which had otherwise been designed by the king for Sir Spencer Compton, who was, however, soon after created earl of Wilmington knight of the garter, and appointed president of the council.

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LETTER CCCLXI.

Bath, December 6, 1761.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE been in your debt some time, which, you know, I am not very apt to be; but it was really for want of specie to pay. The present state of my invention does not enable me to coin; and you would have had as little pleasure in reading, as I should have had in writing *le coglionerie* of this place; besides, that I am very little mingled in them. I do not know whether I shall be able to follow your advice, and cut a winner; for, at present, I have neither won nor lost a single shilling. I will play on this week only; and if I have a good run, I will carry it off with me; if I have a bad one, the loss can hardly amount to any thing considerable in seven days, for I hope to see you in town to-morrow sevennight.

I had a dismal letter from Harte, last week; he tells me that he is at nurse with a sister in Berkshire; that he has got a confirmed jaundice, besides twenty other distempers. The true cause of these complaints I take to be, the same that so greatly disordered, and had nearly destroyed, the most august house of Austria, about one hundred and thirty years ago: I mean Gustavus Adolphus; who neither answered his expectations in point of profit, nor reputation, and that merely by his own fault, in not writing it in the vulgar tongue; for, as to facts, I will maintain, that it is one of the best histories extant.

Au revoir, as Sir Fopling says, and God bless you!

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LETTER CCCLXII.

Bath, November 2, 1762.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I ARRIVED here, as I proposed, last Sunday; but as ill as I feared I should be when I saw you. Head, stomach, and limbs, all out of order.

I have yet seen nobody but Vilettes, who is settled here for good, as it is called. What consequences has the duke of Devonshire's resignation had? He has considerable connexions and relations; but whether any of them are resigned enough to resign with him, is another matter. There will be, to be sure, as many, and as absurd reports, as there are in the law books; I do not desire to know either; but inform me of what facts come to your knowledge, and of such reports only as you believe are grounded. And so God bless you!

LETTER CCCLXIII.

Bath, November 13, 1762.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE received your letter, and believe that your preliminaries are very near the mark; and, upon that supposition, I think we have made a tolerable good bargain with Spain; at least, full as good as I expected, and almost as good as I wished, though I do not believe that we have got *all* Florida; but, if we have St. Augustin, as I suppose, that, by the figure of *pars pro toto*, will be called all Florida. We have by no means made so good a bargain with France; for, in truth, what do we get by it, except

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Canada, with a very proper boundary of the river Missisippi, and that is all? As for the restrictions upon the French fishery in Newfoundland, they are very well *per la predica*, and for the commissary whom we shall employ; for he will have a good salary from hence, to see that those restrictions are complied with; and the French will double that salary, that he may allow them all to be broken through. It is plain to me, that the French fishery will be exactly what it was before the war.

The three Leeward islands which the French yield to us are not, all together, worth half so much as that of St. Lucia, which we give up to them. Senegal is not worth one quarter of Goree. The restrictions of the French, in the East Indies, are as absurd and impracticable as those of Newfoundland; and you will live to see the French trade to the East Indies just as they did before the war. But, after all I have said, the articles are as good as I expected with France, when I considered that no one single person, who carried on this negotiation on our parts, was ever concerned or consulted in any negotiation before. Upon the whole, then, the acquisition of Canada has cost us fourscore millions sterling. I am convinced we might have kept Gaudaloupe, if our negotiators had known how to have gone about it.

His most faithful majesty of Portugal is the best off of any body in this transaction; for he saves his kingdom by it, and has not laid out one moidore in defence of it. Spain, thank God, in some measure 'paie les pots cassés;' for, besides St. Augustin, Logwood, &c. it has lost at least four millions sterling in money, ships, &c.

Harte is here, who tells me he has been at this place these three years, excepting some few excursions to his sister; he looks ill, and laments that he has frequent fits of the yellow jaundice. He complains of his not having heard from you these four years; you should write to him. These waters have done

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me a great deal of good, though I drink but two-thirds of a pint in the whole day, which is less than the soberest of my countrymen drink of claret at every meal.

I should naturally think, as you do, that this session will be a stormy one, that is, if Mr. Pitt takes an active part; but if he is pleased, as the ministers say, there is no other Æolus to blow a storm. The dukes of Cumberland, Newcastle, and Devonshire, have no better troops to attack with, than the militia; but Pitt alone is *ipse agmen*. God bless you!

LETTER CCCLXIV.

Bath, November 27, 1762.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I RECEIVED your letter this morning, and return you the ball *à la volée*. The king's speech is a very prudent one, and, as I suppose that the addresses, in answer to it, were, as usual, in almost the same words, my lord mayor might very well call them innocent. As his majesty expatiates so much upon the great *achievements* of the war, I cannot help hoping that, when the preliminaries shall be laid before parliament *in due time*, which, I suppose, means after the respective ratifications of all the contracting parties, that some untalked of and unexpected advantage will break out in our treaty with France; St. Lucia, at least. I see in the newspapers, an article which I by no means like, in our treaty with Spain; which is, that we shall be at liberty to cut logwood in the Bay of Campeachy, *but paying for it*. Who does not see that this condition may, and probably will, amount to a prohibition, by the price which the Spaniards may set it at? It was our undoubted right, and confirmed to us by

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former treaties before the war, to cut logwood *gratis;* but this new stipulation (if true) gives us a privilege, something like a reprieve to a criminal, with a *non obstante* to be hanged.

I now drink so little water, that it can neither do me good nor hurt; but as I bathe but twice a week, that operation, which does my rheumatic carcase good, will keep me here some time longer than you had allowed.

Harte is going to publish a new edition of his Gustavus, in octavo; which, he tells me, he has altered, and which, I could tell him, he should translate into English, or it will not sell better than the former; for, while the world endures, style and manner will be regarded, at least as much as matter. And so, 'Dieu vous ait dans sa sainte garde!'

LETTER CCCLXV.

Bath, December 4, 1762.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I RECEIVED your letter this morning, with the enclosed preliminaries, which we have had here these three days; and I return them, since you intend to keep them, which is more than I believe the French will. I am very glad to find that the French are to restore all the conquests they made upon us in the East Indies during this war: and I cannot doubt but they will likewise restore to us all the cod that they shall take within less than three leagues of our coasts in North America (a distance easily measured, especially at sea), according to the spirit, though not the letter, of the treaty. I am informed, that the strong opposition to the peace will be in the house of lords, though I cannot well conceive it; nor can I make out above-six or

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seven, who will be against it upon a division, unless (which I cannot suppose) some of the bishops should vote on the side of their maker. God bless you!

LETTER CCCLXVI.

Bath, December 13, 1762.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YESTERDAY I received your letter, which gave me a very clear account of the debate in your house. It is impossible for a human creature to speak well for three hours and a half; I question even if Belial, who, according to Milton, was the orator of the fallen angels, even spoke so long at a time.

There must have been a trick in Charles Townshend's speaking for the preliminaries; for he is infinitely above having an opinion. Lord Egremont must be ill, or have thoughts of going into some other place; perhaps into Lord Granville's, who they say is dying: when he dies, the ablest head in England dies too, take it for all in all.

I shall be in town, barring accidents, this day sevennight, by dinner-time; when I have ordered a *haricot*, to which you will be very welcome, about four o'clock. 'En attendant, Dieu vous ait dans sa sainte garde!'

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LETTER CCCLXVII.

Blackheath, June 14, 1763.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I RECEIVED, by the last mail, your letter of the 4th, from the Hague; so far so good. You arrived *sonica* at the Hague, for our ambassador's entertainment; I find he has been very civil to you. You are in the right to stop, for two or three days, at Hanau, and make your court to the lady of that place*. Your excellency makes a figure already in the newspapers; and let them, and others, excellency you as much as they please, but pray suffer not you own servants to do it.

Nothing new of any kind has happend here since you went; so I will wish you a good night, and hope that God will bless you.

LETTER CCCLXVIII.

Blackheath, July 14, 1763.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YESTERDAY I received your letter from Ratisbon, where I am glad that you are arrived safe. You are, I find, over head and ears engaged in ceremony and *étiquette*. You must not yield in any thing essential, where your public character may suffer; but I advise you, at the same time, to distinguish carefully what may and what may not affect it, and to despise some German *minutiæ*;

* Her Royal Highness Princess Mary of England, Landgravine of Hesse.

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such as one step lower or higher upon the stairs, a bow more or less, and such sort of trifles.

By what I see in Cressener's letter to you, the cheapness of wine compensates the quantity, as the cheapness of servants compensates the number that you must make use of.

Write to your mother often, if it be but three words, to prove your existence; for, when she does not hear from you, she knows, to a demonstration, that you are dead, if not buried.

The enclosed is a letter of the utmost consequence, which I was desired to forward, with care and speed, to the most serene *Louis*.

My head is not well to-day. So God bless you!

LETTER CCCLXIX.

Blackheath, August 1, 1763.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HOPE that by this time you are pretty well settled at Ratisbon, at least as to the important points of the ceremonial; so that you may know, to precision, to whom you must give, and from whom you must require, the *seine Excellentz*. Those formalities are, no doubt, ridiculous enough in themselves; but yet they are necessary for manners, and sometimes for business; and both would suffer by laying them quite aside.

I have lately had an attack of a new complaint, which I have long suspected that I had in my body, *in actu primo*, as the pedants call it, but which I never felt *in actu secundo*, till last week; and that is a fit of the stone or gravel. It was, thank God, but a slight one; but it was 'dans toutes les formes;' for it was preceded by a pain in my loins, which I at first took for some remains of my rheumatism; but was soon convinced of my mistake, by making water

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much blacker than coffee, with a prodigious sediment of gravel. I am now perfectly easy again, and have no more indications of this dreadful complaint.

God keep you from that and deafness! other complaints are the common and almost the inevitable lot of human nature, but admit of some mitigation. God bless you!

LETTER CCCLXX.

Blackheath, August 22, 1763.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YOU will, by this post, hear from others, that Lord Egremont died two days ago of an apoplexy: which, from his figure, and the constant plethora he lived in, was reasonably to be expected. You will ask me, who is to be secretary in his room? to which I answer, that I do not know. I should guess Lord Sandwich, to be succeeded in the admiralty by Charles Townshend; unless the duke of Bedford, who seems to have taken to himself the department of Europe, should have a mind to it. This event may perhaps produce others; but, till this happened, every thing was in a state of inaction, and absolutely nothing was done. Before the next session, this chaos must necessarily take some form, either by a new jumble of its own atoms, or by mixing them with the more efficient ones of the opposition.

I see by the newspapers, as well as by your letter, that the difficulties still subsist about your ceremonial at Ratisbon; should they, from pride and folly, prove insuperable, and obstruct your real business, there is one expedient, which may perhaps remove difficulties, and which I have often known practised; but which I believe our people here know

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nothing of: it is, to have the character of *minister*, only, in your ostensible title, and that of envoy extraordinary in your pocket, to produce occasionally, especially if you should be sent to any of the electors in your neighbourhood: or else, in any transactions that you may have, in which your title of envoy extraordinary may create great difficulties, to have a reversal given you, declaring, that the temporary suspension of that character, 'ne donnera pas la moindre atteinte ni à vos droits ni à vos prétensions.' As for the rest, divert yourself as well as you can, and eat and drink as little as you can: and so God bless you!

LETTER CCCLXXI.

Blackheath, September 1, 1763.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

GREAT news! The king sent for Mr. Pitt last Saturday, and the conference lasted a full hour: on the Monday following, another conference, which lasted much longer; and yesterday a third, longer than either. You take for granted, that the treaty was concluded and ratified: no such matter, for this last conference broke it entirely off; and Mr. Pitt and Lord Temple went yesterday evening to their respective country-houses. Would you know what it broke off upon, you must ask the newsmongers, and the coffee-houses: who, I dare say, know it all very minutely; but I, who am not apt to know any thing that I do not know, honestly and humbly confess, that I cannot tell you; probably one party asked too much, and the other would grant too little. However, the king's dignity was not, in my mind, much consulted, by their making him sole plenipotentiary of a treaty, which they were not, in all events, determined to conclude. It ought

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surely to have been begun by some inferior agent; and his majesty should only have appeared in rejecting or ratifying it. Lewis the Fourteenth never sat down before a town in person, that was not sure to be taken.

However, 'ce qui est différé n'est pas perdu;' for this matter must be taken up again, and concluded before the meeting of the parliament, and probably upon more disadvantageous terms to the present ministers, who have tacitly admitted, by this late negotiation, what their enemies have loudly proclaimed, that they are not able to carry on affairs. So much *de re politicâ*.

I have at last done the best office that can be done, to most married people; that is, I have fixed the separation between my brother and his wife; and the definitive treaty of peace will be proclaimed in about a fortnight; for the only solid and lasting peace between a man and his wife is, doubtless, a separation. God bless you!

LETTER CCCLXXII.

Blackheath, September 30, 1763.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YOU will have known, long before this, from the office, that the departments are not cast as you wished; for Lord Halifax, as senior, had of course his choice, and chose the southern, upon account of the colonies. The ministry, such as it is, is now settled, *en attendant mieux;* but, in my opinion, cannot, as they are, meet the parliament.

The only, and all the efficient people they have, are in the house of lords: for since Mr. Pitt has firmly engaged Charles Townshend to him, there is not a man of the court side, in the house of commons, who has either abilities or words enough to

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call a coach. Lord B*** is certainly playing *un dessous de cartes*, and I suspect that it is with Mr. Pitt; but what that *dessous* is I do not know, though all the coffee-houses do most exactly.

The present inaction, I believe, gives you leisure enough for *ennui*, but it gives you time enough too for better things; I mean reading useful books; and, what is still more useful, conversing with yourself some part of every day. Lord Shaftesbury recommends self-conversation to all authors: and I would recommend it to all men; they would be the better for it. Some people have not time, and fewer have inclination, to enter into that conversation; nay, very many dread it, and fly to the most trifling dissipations, in order to avoid it; but, if a man would allot half an hour every night for this self-conversation, and recapitulate with himself whatever he has done, right or wrong, in the course of the day, he would be both the better and the wiser for it. My deafness gives me more than sufficient time for self-conversation; and I have found great advantages from it. My brother and Lady Stanhope are at last finally parted. I was the negotiator between them; and had so much trouble in it, that I would much rather negotiate the most difficult point of the *jus publicum Sacri Romani Imperii*, with the whole diet of Ratisbon, than negotiate any point with any woman. If my brother had had some of those self-conversations, which I recommend, he would not, I believe, at past sixty, with a crazy, battered constitution, and deaf into the bargain, have married a young girl, just turned of twenty, full of health, and consequently of desires. But who takes warning by the fate of others? This, perhaps, proceeds from a negligence of self-conversation. God bless you!

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LETTER CCCLXXIII.

Blackheath, October 17, 1763.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

THE last mail brought me your letter of the 2d instant, as the former had brought me that of the 25th past. I did suppose that you would be sent for over, for the first day of the session; as I never knew a stricter muster, and no furloughs allowed. I am very sorry for it, for the reasons you hint at; but, however, you did very prudently, in doing *de bonne grace* what you could not help doing: and let that be your rule in every thing, for the rest of your life. Avoid disagreeable things as much as by dexterity you can; but when they are unavoidable, do them with seeming willingness and alacrity. Though this journey is ill-timed for you in many respects, yet, n point of *finances*, you will be a gainer by it upon ie whole; for, depend upon it, they will keep you ere till the very last day of the session; and I suppose you have sold your horses, and dismissed some your servants. Though they seem to apprehend ie first day of the session so much, in my opinion, their danger will be much greater in the course of it.

When you are at Paris, you will of course wait upon Lord Hertford, and desire him to present you to the king; at the same time make my compliments to him, and thank him for the very obliging message he left at my house in town; and tell him, that had I received it in time from thence, I would have come to town on purpose to have returned it in person. If there are any new little books at Paris, pray bring them me. I have already Voltaire's *Zelis dans le Bain*, his *Droit du Seigneur*, and *Olympie*. Do not forget to call once at Madame Monconseil's, and as often as you please at Madame du Pin's. *Au revoir*.

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LETTER CCCLXXIV.

Bath, November 24, 1763.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I ARRIVED here, as you suppose in your letter, last Sunday; but after the worst day's journey I ever had in my life: it snowed and froze that whole morning, and in the evening it rained and thawed, which made the roads so slippery, that I was six hours coming post from the Devizes, which is but eighteen miles from hence; so that, but for the name of coming post, I might as well have walked on foot. I have not yet quite got over my last violent attack, and am weak and flimsy.

I have now drank the waters but three days; so that, without a miracle, I cannot yet expect much alteration, and I do not in the least expect a miracle. If they proved *les eaux de jouvence* to me, that would be a miracle indeed; but, as the late Pope Lambertini said, 'Frà noi, gli miracoli sono passati già un pezzo.'

I have seen Harte, who inquired much after you: he is dejected and dispirited, and thinks himself much worse than he is, though he has really a tendency to the jaundice. I have yet seen nobody else, nor do I know who here is to be seen; for I have not yet exhibited myself to public view, except at the pump, which, at the time I go to it, is the most private place in Bath.

After all the fears and hopes, occasioned severally by the meeting of the parliament, in my opinion, it will prove a very easy session. Mr. Wilkes is universally given up; and if the ministers themselves do not wantonly raise difficulties, I think they will meet with none. A majority of two hundred is a great anodyne. Adieu! God bless you!

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LETTER CCCLXXV.

Bath, December 3, 1763.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

LAST post brought me your letter of the 29th past. I suppose C—— T—— let off his speech upon the princess's portion, chiefly to show that he was of the opposition: for otherwise the point was not debatable, unless as to the *quantum*, against which something might be said; for the late princess of Orange (who was the eldest daughter of a king) had no more, and her two sisters but half, if I am not mistaken.

It is a great mercy that Mr. Wilkes, the intrepid defender of our rights and liberties, is out of danger, and may live to fight and write again in support of them; and it is no less a mercy, that God hath raised up the earl of S—— to vindicate and promote true religion and morality. These two blessings will justly make an epocha in the annals of this country.

I have delivered your message to Harte, who waits with impatience for your letter. He is very happy now in having free access to all Lord Craven's papers, which, he says, give him great lights into the *bellum tricennale*; the old Lord Craven having been the professed and valorous knight errant, and perhaps something more, to the queen of Bohemia; at least, like Sir Peter Pride, he had the honour of spending great part of his estate in her royal cause.

I am by no means right yet; I am very weak and flimsy still; but the doctor assures me that strength and spirits will return: if they do, *lucro apponam*, I will make the best of them; if they do not, I will not make their want still worse, by grieving and regretting them. I have lived long enough, and ob-

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served enough, to estimate most things at their intrinsic, and not their imaginary, value; and, at seventy, I find nothing much worth either desiring or fearing. But these reflections, which suit with seventy, would be greatly premature at two-and-thirty. So make the best of your time; enjoy the present hour, but *memor ultimæ*. God bless you.

LETTER CCCLXXVI.

Bath, December 18, 1763.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I RECEIVED your letter this morning, in which you reproach me with not having written to you this week. The reason was, that I did not know what to write. There is that sameness in my life here, that *every day is still but as the first*. I see very few people; and, in the literal sense of the word, I hear nothing.

Mr. L— and Mr. C— I hold to be two very ingenious men; and your image of the two men ruined, one by losing his law-suit, and the other by carrying it, is a very just one. To be sure, they felt in themselves uncommon talents for business and speaking, which were to reimburse them.

Harte has a great poetical work to publish, before it be long: he has shown me some parts of it. He had entitled it Emblems; but I persuaded him to alter that name for two reasons; the first was, because they were not emblems, but fables; the second was that, if they had been emblems, Quarles had degraded and vilified that name to such a degree, that it is impossible to make use of it after him: so they are to be called Fables, though Moral Tales would, in my mind, be the properest name. If you ask me what I think of those I have seen, I must say that 'sunt plura bona, quædam mediocria, et quædam—'

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Your report of future changes I cannot think is wholly groundless: for it still runs strongly in my head, that the mine we talked of will be sprung, at, or before, the end of the session.

I have got a little more strength, but not quite the strength of Hercules: so that I will not undertake, like him, fifty deflorations in one night; for I really believe that I could not compass them. So good night, and God bless you!

LETTER CCCLXXVII.

Bath, December 24, 1763.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I CONFESS I was a good deal surprised at your pressing me so strongly to influence parson Rosenhagen, when you well know the resolution I had made several years ago, and which I have scrupulously observed ever since, not to concern myself, directly or indirectly, in any party political contest whatsoever. Let parties go to loggerheads as much and as long as they please; I will neither endeavour to part them, nor take the part of either; for I know them all too well. But you say, that Lord Sandwich has been remarkably civil and kind to you. I am very glad of it; and he can by no means impute to you my obstinacy, folly, or philosophy; call it what you please: you may with great truth assure him, that you did all you could to obey his commands.

I am sorry to find that you are out of order; but I hope it is only a cold; should it be any thing more, pray consult Dr. Maty, who did you so much good in your last illness, when the great medicinal matadores did you rather harm. I have found a Monsieur *Diafoirus* here, Dr. Moisy, who has really done me a great deal of good; and I am sure I want-

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ed it a great deal, when I came here first. I have recovered some strength, and a little more will give me as much as I can make use of.

Lady Brown, whom I saw yesterday, makes you many compliments; and I wish you a merry Christmas, and a good night. Adieu.

LETTER CCCLXXVIII.

Bath, December 31, 1763.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

GREVENKOP wrote me word, by the last post, that you were laid up with the gout; but I much question it; that is, whether it is the gout or not. Your last illness, before you went abroad, was pronounced the gout by the skilful, and proved at last a mere rheumatism. Take care that the same mistake is not made this year; and that, by giving you strong and hot medicines to throw out the gout, they do not inflame the rheumatism, if it be one.

Mr. Wilkes has imitated some of the great men of antiquity, by going into voluntary exile: it was his only way of defeating both his creditors and his prosecutors. Whatever his friends, if he has any, give out of his returning soon, I will answer for it, that it will be a long time before that *soon* comes.

I have been much out of order these four days, of a violent cold; which I do not know how I got, and which obliged me to suspend drinking the waters: but it is now so much the better, that I propose resuming them for this week, and paying my court to you in town on Monday or Tuesday sevennight; but this is *sub sperati* only. God bless you!

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LETTER CCCLXXIX.

Blackheath, July 29, 1764.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE this moment received your letter of the 3d, from Prague; but I never received that which you mention, from Ratisbon; this made me think you in such rapid motion, that I did not know where to take aim. I now suppose that you are arrived, though not yet settled, at Dresden; your audiences and formalities are, to be sure, over, and that is great ease of mind to you.

I have no political events to acquaint you with; the summer is not the season for them, they ripen only in winter; great ones are expected immediately before the meeting of parliament; but that, you know, is always the language of fears and hopes. However, I rather believe that there will be something patched up between the *ins* and the *outs*.

The whole subject of conversation, at present, is the death and will of Lord Bath: he has left above twelve hundred thousand pounds in land and money; four hundred thousand pounds in cash, stocks, and mortgages; his own estate, in land, was improved to fifteen thousand pounds a year, and the Bradford estate, which he **, is as much; both which, at only five-and-twenty years' purchase, amount to eight hundred thousand pounds; and all this he has left to his brother General Pulteney, and in his own disposal, though he never loved him. The legacies he has left are trifling; for, in truth, he cared for nobody: the words *give and bequeath* were too shocking to him to repeat, and so he left all, in one word, to his brother. The public, which was long the dupe of his simulation and dissimulation, begins to explain upon him; and draws such a picture of him as I gave you long ago.

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Your late secretary has been with me three or four times; he wants something or another, and it seems all one to him what, whether civil or military; in plain English, he wants bread. He has knocked at the doors of some of the ministers, but to no purpose. I wish with all my heart that I could help him: I told him fairly that I could not, but advised him to find some channel to Lord B***, which, though a Scotchman, he told me he could not. He brought a packet of letters from the office to you, which I made him seal up; and I keep it for you, as I suppose it makes up the series of your Ratisbon letters.

As for me, I am just what I was when you left me; that is, nobody. Old age steals upon me insensibly. I grow weak and decrepit: but do not suffer, and so I am content.

Forbes brought me four books of yours, two of which were Bielefeldt's letters; in which, to my knowledge, there are many notorious lies.

Make my compliments to Comte Einsiedel, whom I love and honour much; and so good night to *seine excellentz*.

Now our correspondence may be more regular, and I expect a letter from you every fortnight. I will be regular on my part: but write oftener to your mother, if it be but three lines.

LETTER CCCLXXX.

Blackheath, July 27, 1764.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I RECEIVED two days ago your lettter of the 11th, from Dresden, where I am very glad that you are safely arrived at last. The prices of the necessaries of life are monstrous there; and I do not

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conceive how the poor natives subsist at all, after having been so long and so often plundered by their own as well as by other sovereigns.

As for procuring you either the title or the appointments of plenipotentiary, I could as soon procure them from the Turkish as from the English ministry; and, in truth, I believe they have it not to give.

Now to come to your civil list, if one may compare small things with great: I think I have found out a better refreshment for it than you propose; for to-morrow I shall send to your cashier, Mr. Larpent, five hundred pounds at once, for your use, which I presume is better than by quarterly payments; and I am very apt to think, that next Midsummer-day he will have the same sum, and for the same use, consigned to him.

It is reported here, and I believe not without some foundation, that the queen of Hungary has acceded to the family-compact between France and Spain; if so, I am sure it behoves us to form in time a counter-alliance, of at least equal strength; which I could easily point out, but which, I fear, is not thought of here.

The rage of marrying is very prevalent; so that there will be probably a great crop of cuckolds next winter, who are at present only *cocus en herbe*. It will contribute to population, and so far must be allowed to be a public benefit. Lord G—, Mr. B—, and Mr. D——, are, in this respect, very meritorious; for they have all married handsome women, without one shilling fortune. Lord —— must, indeed, take some pains to arrive at that dignity; but I dare say he will bring it about by the help of some young Scotch or Irish officer. Good night, and God bless you!

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LETTER CCCLXXXI.

Blackheath, September 3, 1764.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE received your letter of the 13th past. I see that your complete arrangement approaches, and you need not be in a hurry to give entertainments, since so few others do.

Comte Flemming is the man in the world the best calculated to retrieve the Saxon finances, which have been all this century squandered and lavished with the most absurd profusion: he has certainly abilities, and, I believe, integrity; I dare answer for him, that the gentleness and flexibility of his temper will not prevail with him to yield to the importunities of craving and pétulant application. I see in him another Sully; and therefore I wish he were at the head of our finances.

France and Spain both insult us, and we take it too tamely: for this is, in my opinion, the time for us to talk high to them. France, I am persuaded, will not quarrel with us, till it has got a navy at least equal to ours, which cannot be these three or four years, at soonest; and then, indeed, I believe, we shall hear of something or other; therefore, this is the moment for us to speak loud, and we shall be feared if we do not show that we fear.

Here is no domestic news of changes and chances in the political world; which, like oysters, are only in season in the R months, when the parliament sits. I think there will be some then, but of what kind God knows.

I have received a book for you, and one for myself, from Harte. It is upon agriculture, and will surprise you, as, I confess, it did me. This work is not only in English, but good and elegant English; he has even scattered graces upon this subject; and,

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in prose, has come very near Virgil's Georgics in verse. I have written to him, to congratulate his happy transformation. As soon as I can find an opportunity, I will send you your copy. You, though no Agricola, will read it with pleasure.

I know Mackenzie, whom you mention. 'C'est un delié; sed cave.'

Make mine and Lady Chesterfield's compliments to Comte et Comtesse Flemming; and so, 'Dieu vous ait en sa sainte garde!'

LETTER CCCLXXXII.

Blackheath, September 14, 1764.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YESTERDAY I received your letter of the 30th past, by which I find that you had not then got mine, which I sent you the day after I had received your former; you have had no great loss of it; for, as I told you in my last, this inactive season of the year supplies no materials for a letter; the winter may, and probably will, produce an abundant crop, but of what grain I neither know, guess, nor care. I take it for granted, that Lord B*** *surnagera encore*, but by the assistance of what bladders or cork-waistcoats God only knows. The death of poor Mr. Legge, the epileptic fits of the duke of Devonshire, for which he is gone to Aix la-Chapelle, and the advanced age of the duke of Newcastle, seem to facilitate an accommodation, if Mr. Pitt and Lord Bute are inclined to it.

You ask me what I think of the death of poor Iwan, and of the person who ordered it. You may remember that I often said, she would murder or marry him, or probably both; she has chosen the safest alternative; and has now completed her character of *femme forte*, above scruples and hesita-

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tion. If Machiavel were alive, she would probably be his heroine, as Cesar Borgia was his hero. Women are all so far Machiavelians, that they are never either good or bad by halves; their passions are too strong, and their reason too weak, to do any thing with moderation. She will, perhaps, meet, before it is long, with some Scythian, as free from prejudice as herself. If there is one Oliver Cromwell in the three regiments of guards, he will probably, for the sake of his dear country, depose and murder her: for that is one and the same thing in Russia.

You seem now to be settled, and *bien nippé*, at Dresden. Four sedentary footmen, and one running one, *font equipage leste*. The German ones will give you, *seine excellentz*; and the French ones, if you have any, *monseigneur*.

My own health varies, as usual, but never deviates into good. God bless you, and send you better!

LETTER CCCLXXXIII.

Blackheath, October 4, 1764.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE now your last letter, of the 16th past, lying before me; and I gave your enclosed to Grevenkop, which has put him into a violent bustle to execute your commissions, as well and as cheap as possible. I refer you to his own letter. He tells you true, as to Comtesse Cosel's diamonds, which certainly nobody will buy here, unsight unseen, as they call it; so many *minutiæ* concurring, to increase or lessen the value of a diamond. Your Cheshire cheese, your Burton ale and beer, I charge myself with, and they shall be sent you as soon as possible. Upon this occasion I will give you a piece of advice, which by experience I know to be useful. In all commissions, whether from men or women,

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point de galanterie; bring them in your account, and be paid to the utmost farthing: but if you would show them *une galanterie,* let your present be of something that is not in your commission, otherwise you will be the *commissionaire banal* of all the women of Saxony. *A propos,* who is your Comtesse de Cosel? is she daughter or grand-daughter of the famous Madame de Cosel, in King Augustus's time? Is she young or old, ugly or handsome?

I do not wonder that people are wonderfully surprised at our tameness and forbearance, with regard to France and Spain. Spain, indeed, has lately agreed to our cutting logwood, according to the treaty, and sent strict orders to their governor to allow it; but you will observe too, that there is not one word of reparation for the losses we lately sustained there. But France is not even so tractable; it will pay but half the money due upon a liquidated account, for the maintenance of their prisoners. Our request, to have Comte d'Estaing recalled and censured, they have absolutely rejected, though by the laws of war he might be hanged for having twice broken his parole. This does not do France honour; however, I think we shall be quiet, and that at the only time, perhaps, this century, when we might with safety be otherwise; but this is nothing new, nor the first time, by many, when national honour and interest have been sacrificed to private. It has always been so: and one may say, upon this occasion, what Horace says upon another, 'Nam fuit ante Helenam.'

I have seen *les Contes de Guillaume Vadé,* and like most of them so little that I can hardly think them Voltaire's, but rather the scraps that have fallen from his table, and been worked up by inferior workmen, under his name. I have not seen the other book you mention, the *Dictionnaire Portatif.* It is not yet come over.

I shall next week go to take my winter-quarters in London, the weather here being very cold and

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damp, and not proper for an old, shattered, and cold carcass, like mine. In November I will go to the Bath, to careen myself for the winter, and to shift the scene. Good night!

LETTER CCCLXXXIV.

London, October 19, 1764.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YESTERDAY morning Mr. ** came to me, from Lord Halifax, to ask me whether I thought you would approve of vacating your seat in parliament, during the remainder of it, upon a valuable consideration, meaning *money*. My answer was, that I really did not know your disposition upon that subject; but that I knew you would be very willing, in general, to accommodate them, as far as lay in your power. That your election, to my knowledge, had cost you two thousand pounds; that this parliament had not sate above half its time: and that, for my part, I approved of the measure well enough, provided you had an equitable equivalent. I take it for granted, that you will have a letter from ——, by this post, to that effect, so that you must consider what you will do. What I advise is this, give them a good deal of *galbanum* in the first part of your letter. 'Le galbanum ne coute rien;' and then say, that you are willing to do as they please; but that you hope an equitable consideration will be had to the two thousand pounds, which your seat cost you in the present parliament, of which not above half the term is expired. Moreover, that you take the liberty to remind them, that your being sent for from Ratisbon, last session, when you were just settled there, put you to the expense of three or four hundred pounds, for which you were allowed nothing; and that, therefore, you hope they will not

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think one thousand pounds too much, considering all these circumstances; but that, in all events, you will do whatever they desire. Upon the whole, I think this proposal advantageous to you, as you probably will not make use of your seat this parliament; and further, as it will secure you from another unpaid journey from Dresden, in case they meet, or fear to meet with difficulties in any ensuing session of the present parliament. Whatever one must do, one should do 'de bonne grace.' *Diri.* God bless you!

LETTER CCCLXXXV.

Bath, November 10, 1764.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I AM much concerned at the account you gave me of yourself, in your last letter. There is to be sure, at such a town as Dresden, at least some one very skilful physician; whom I hope you have consulted; and I would have you acquaint him with all your several attacks of this nature, from your great one at Laubach, to your late one at Dresden: tell him too, that in your last illness in England, the physician mistook your case, and treated it as the gout, till Maty came, who treated it as a rheumatism, and cured you. In my opinion you have never had the gout, but always the rheumatism; which, to my knowledge, is as painful as the gout can possibly be, and should be treated in a quite different way; that is, by cooling medicines and regimen, instead of those inflammatory cordials which they always administer, where they suppose the gout, to keep it, as they say, out of the stomach.

I have been here now just a week; but have hitherto drank so little of the water, that I can neither speak well nor ill of it. The number of people

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in this place is infinite; but very few whom I know. Harte seems settled here for life. He is not well, that is certain; but not so ill neither as he thinks himself, or at least would be thought.

I long for your answer to my last letter, containing a certain proposal, which by this time, I suppose, has been made you, and which, in the main, I approve of your accepting.

God bless you, my dear friend, and send you better health! Adieu.

LETTER CCCLXXXVI.

Bath, February 26, 1765.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YOUR last letter, of the 5th, gave me as much pleasure as your former had given me uneasiness; and Larpent's acknowledgement of his negligence frees you from those suspicions, which I own I did entertain, and which I believe every one would, in the same concurrence of circumstances, have entertained. So much for that.

You may depend upon what I promised you before Midsummer next, at farthest, and *at least*.

All I can say of the affair between you of the *corps diplomatique*, and the Saxon ministers, is 'que voila bien du bruit pour une ommelette au lard.' It will most certainly be soon made up; and in that negotiation show yourself as moderate and healing as your instructions from hence will allow, especially to Comte Flemming. The king of Prussia, I believe, has a mind to insult him personally, as an old enemy, or else to quarrel with Saxony, that dares not quarrel with him; but some of the *corps diplomatique* here assure me, it is only a pretence to recall his envoy, and to send, when matters shall be made up, a little secretary there,

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à moins de frais, as he does now to Paris and London.

Comte Brühl is much in fashion here; I like him mightily; he has very much *le ton de la bonne compagnie*. Poor Schrader died last Saturday, without the least pain or sickness. God bless you!

LETTER CCCLXXXVII.

London, April 22, 1765.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

THE day before yesterday I received your letter of the 3d instant. I find that your important affair of the ceremonial is adjusted at last, as I foresaw it would be. Such *minutiæ* are often laid hold on as a pretence, for powers who have a mind to quarrel; but are never tenaciously insisted upon, where there is neither interest nor inclination to break. Comte Flemming, though a hot, is a wise man; and, I was sure, would not break both with England and Hanover, upon so trifling a point, especially during a minority.

A propos of a minority; the king is to come to the house to-morrow, to recommend a bill to settle a regency, in case of his demise, while his successor is a minor. Upon the king's late illness, which was no trifling one, the whole nation cried out aloud for such a bill, for reasons which will readily occur to you, who know situations, persons, and characters here. I do not know the particulars of this intended bill; but I wish it may be copied exactly from that which was passed in the late king's time, when the present king was a minor. I am sure there cannot be a better.

You inquire about Monsieur de Guerchy's affair; and I will give you as succinct an account as I can, of so extraordinary and perplexed a transaction; but

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without giving you my own opinion of it, by the common post. You know what passed at first between Mr. de Guerchy and Monsieur D'Eon, in which, both our ministers, and Monsieur de Guerchy, from utter inexperience in business, puzzled themselves into disagreeable difficulties. About three or four months ago, Monsieur de Vergy published in a *brochure* a parcel of letters, from himself to the duc de Choiseul; in which he positively asserts, that Monsieur de Guerchy prevailed with him (Vergy) to come over into England to assassinate D'Eon; the words are, as well as I remember, 'que ce n'êtoit pas pour se servir de sa plume, mais de son epée, qu'on le demandoit en Angleterre.' This accusation of assassination, you may imagine, shocked Monsieur de Guerchy, who complained bitterly to our ministers; and they both puzzled on for some time, without doing any thing, because they did not know what to do. At last du Vergy, about two months ago, applied himself to the grand jury of Middlesex, and made oath, that Mr. de Guerchy had hired him (du Vergy) to assassinate D'Eon. Upon this deposition, the grand jury found a bill of intended murder against Monsieur de Guerchy; which bill, however, never came to the petty jury. The king granted a *noli prosequi* in favour of Monsieur de Guerchy; and the attorney-general is actually prosecuting du Vergy. Whether the king can grant a *noli prosequi* in a criminal case, and whether *le droit des gens* extends to criminal cases, are two points which employ our domestic politicians, and the whole *corps diplomatique*. *Enfin*, to use a very coarse and vulgar saying, 'il y a de la merde au bout du bâton, quelque part.'

I see and hear these storms from shore, *suave mari magno*, &c. I enjoy my own security and tranquillity, together with better health than I had reason to expect at my age, and with my constitution: however, I feel a gradual decay, though a

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gentle one; and I think that I shall not tumble, but slide gently to the bottom of the hill of life. When that will be, I neither know nor care, for I am very weary. God bless you!

Mallet died, two days ago, of a diarrhœa, which he had carried with him to France, and brought back again hither.

LETTER CCCLXXXVIII.

Blackheath, July 2, 1765.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE this moment received your letter of the 22d past; and I delayed answering your former, in daily, or rather hourly expectation of informing you of the birth of a new ministry; but in vain; for, after a thousand conferences, all things remain still in the state which I described to you in my last. Lord S. has, I believe, given you a pretty true account of the present state of things; but my lord is much mistaken, I am persuaded, when he says, that 'the king has thought proper to re-establish his old servants in the management of his affairs;' for he shows them all the public dislike possible; and, at his levee, hardly speaks to any of them; but speaks by the hour to any body else. Conferences, in the mean time, go on, of which it is easy to guess the main subject, but impossible, for me at least, to know the particulars; but this I will venture to prophesy, that the whole will soon centre in Mr. Pitt.

You seem not to know the character of the queen: here it is—She is a good woman, a good wife, a tender mother; and an unmeddling queen. The king loves her as a woman; but, I verily believe, has never yet spoken one word to her about business. I have now told you all that I know of these

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affairs; which, I believe, is as much as any body else knows, who is not in the secret. In the mean time, you easily guess, that surmises, conjectures, and reports, are infinite; and if, as they say, truth is but one, one million at least of these reports must be false; for they differ exceedingly.

You have lost an honest servant, by the death of poor *Louis;* I would advise you to take a clever young Saxon in his room, of whose character you may get authentic testimonies; instead of sending for one to France, whose character you can only know from far.

When I hear more, I will write more; till when, God bless you!

LETTER CCCLXXXIX.

Blackheath, July 15, 1766.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I TOLD you in my last, that you should hear from me again, as soon as I had any thing more to write; and now I have too much to write, therefore will refer you to the Gazette, and the office letters, for all that has been done; and advise you to suspend your opinion, as I do, about all that is to be done. Many more changes are talked of; but so idly, and variously, that I give credit to none of them. There has been pretty clean sweeping already; and I do not remember, in my time, to have seen so much at once, as an entire new board of treasury, and two new secretaries of state, 'cum multis aliis,' &c.

Here is a new political arch almost built, but of materials of so different a nature, and without a key-stone, that it does not, in my opinion, indicate either strength or duration. It will certainly re-

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quire repairs, and a key-stone, next winter; and that key-stone will, and must necessarily be, Mr. Pitt. It is true, he might have been that key-stone now; and would have accepted it, but not without Lord Temple's consent; and Lord Temple positively refused. There was evidently some trick in this, but what is past my conjecturing. 'Davus sum, non Œdipus.'

There is a manifest interregnum in the treasury; for I do suppose that Lord Rockingham and Mr. Dowdeswell will not think proper to be very active. General Conway, who is your secretary, has certainly parts at least equal to his business, to which, I dare say, he will apply. The same may be said, I believe, of the duke of Grafton; and indeed there is no magic requisite for the executive part of those employments. The ministerial part is another thing: they must scramble with their fellow-servants, for power and favour, as well as they can. Foreign affairs are not so much as mentioned, and, I verily believe, not thought of. But, surely, some counterbalance would be necessary to the family compact; and, if not soon contracted, will be too late. God bless you.

LETTER CCCXC.

Blackheath, August 17, 1765.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YOU are now two letters in my debt; and I fear the gout has been the cause of your contracting that debt. When you are not able to write yourself, let your secretary send me two or three lines, to acquaint me how you are.

You have now seen, by the London Gazette, what changes have really been made at court; but at the same time, I believe you have seen that there

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must be more, before a ministry can be settled; what those will be, God knows. Were I to conjecture, I should say, that the whole will centre, before it is long, in Mr. Pitt and Co. the present being an heterogeneous jumble of youth and caducity, which cannot be efficient.

Charles Townshend calls the present, a lutestring ministry; fit only for the summer. The next session will be not only a warm, but a violent one, as you will easily judge, if you look over the names of the *ins* and of the *outs*.

I feel this beginning of the autumn, which is already very cold: the leaves are withered, fall apace, and seem to intimate that I must follow them; which I shall do without reluctance, being extremely weary of this silly world. God bless you, both in it and after it!

LETTER CCCXCI.

Blackheath, August 25, 1765.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I RECEIVED but four days ago your letter of the 2d instant. I find by it that you are well, for you are in good spirits. Your notion of the new birth, or regeneration of the ministry, is a very just one, and that they have not yet the true seal of the covenant is, I dare say, very true; at least, it is not in the possession of either of the secretaries of state, who have only the king's seal; nor do I believe (whatever his grace may imagine) that it is even in the possession of the Lord Privy Seal. I own, I am lost, in considering the present situation of affairs; different conjectures present themselves to my mind, but none that it can rest upon. The next session must necessarily clear up matters a good deal; for, I believe, it will be the warmest and

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most acrimonious one that has been known since that of the excise. The late ministry, *the present opposition*, are determined to attack Lord B—— publicly in parliament, and reduce the late opposition, *the present ministry*, to protect him publicly, in consequence of their supposed treaty with him. 'En attendant mieux,' the paper war is carried on with much fury and scurrility on all sides, to the great entertainment of such lazy and impartial people as myself. I do not know whether you have the Daily Advertiser and the Public Advertiser; in which all the political letters are inserted, and some very well-written ones on both sides; but I know that they amuse me, 'tant bien que mal,' for an hour or two every morning. Lord T—— is the supposed author of the pamphlet you mention; but I think it is above him. Perhaps his brother C—— T——, who is by no means satisfied with the present arrangement, may have assisted him privately. As to this latter, there was a good ridiculous paragraph in the news-papers, two or three days ago: 'We hear that the Right Honourable Mr. C—— T—— is indisposed, at his house in Oxfordshire, of a pain in his side; but it is not said in which side.'

I do not find that the duke of York has yet visited you; if he should, it may be expensive, 'mais on trouvera moïen.' As for the lady, if you should be very sharp-set for some English flesh, she has it amply in her power to supply you, if she pleases. Pray tell me in your next, what you think of, and how you like, Prince Henry of Prussia. God bless you!

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LETTER CCCXCII.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YOUR great character of Prince Henry, which I take to be a very just one, lowers the king of Prussia's a great deal; and probably that is the cause of their being so ill together. But the king of Prussia, with his good parts, should reflect upon that trite and true maxim, 'Qui invidet minor,' or M. de la Rochefoucault's, 'Que l'envie est la plus basse de toutes les passions, puisqu'on avoue bien des crimes, mais que personne n'avoue l'envie.' I thank God I never was sensible of that dark and vile passion, except that formerly I have sometimes envied a successful rival with a fine woman. But now that cause is ceased, and consequently the effects.

What shall I, or rather what can I, tell you of the political world here? The late ministers accuse the present with having done nothing; the present accuse the late ones with having done much worse than nothing. Their writers abuse one another most scurrilously, but sometimes with wit. I look upon this to be 'peloter en attendant partie,' till battle begins in St. Stephen's Chapel. How that will end, I protest, I cannot conjecture; any farther than this, that, if Mr. Pitt does not come in to the assistance of the present ministers, they will have much to do to stand their ground. C**** T**** will play booty; and whom else have they? Nobody but C****; who has only good-sense, but not the necessary talents nor experience,

'Ære ciere viros, Martemque accendere cantu.'

I never remember, in all my time, to have seen so

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problematical a state of affairs; and a man would be much puzzled which side to bet on.

Your guest, Miss C****, is another problem which I cannot solve. She no more wanted the waters of Carlsbadt, than you did. Is it to show the duke of Kingston that he cannot live without her? a dangerous experiment! which may possibly convince him that he can. There is a trick, no doubt, in it; but what, I neither know nor care: you did very well to show her civilities, 'cela ne gâte jamais rien.' I will go to my waters, that is, the Bath waters, in three weeks or a month, more for the sake of bathing than of drinking. The hot bath always promotes my perspiration, which is sluggish, and supplies my stiff rheumatic limbs. *D'ailleurs*, I am at present as well, and better than I could reasonably expect to be, 'anno septuagesimo primo.' May you be so as long, *y mos!* God bless you!

LETTER CCCXCIII.

London, October 25, 1765.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I RECEIVED your letter of the 10th *sonica*; for I set out for Bath to-morrow morning. If the use of those waters does me no good, the shifting the scene for some time will at least amuse me a little; and at my age, and with my infirmities, 'il faut faire de tout bois flèche.' Some variety is as necessary for the mind, as some medicines are for the body.

Here is a total stagnation of politics, which, I suppose, will continue till the parliament sits to do business, and that will not be till about the middle of January; for the meeting on the 17th December is only for the sake of some new writs. The late

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ministers threaten the present ones: but the latter do not seem in the least afraid of the former, and for a very good reason, which is, that they have the distribution of the loaves and fishes. I believe it is very certain, that Mr. Pitt will never come into this or any other administration: he is absolutely a cripple all the year, and in violent pain at least half of it. Such physical ills are great checks to two of the strongest passions, to which human nature is liable, love and ambition. Though I cannot persuade myself that the present ministry can be long-lived, I can as little imagine, who or what can succeed them, 'telle est la disette de sujets papables.' The duke of **** swears, that he will have Lord **** personally attacked in both houses; but I do not see how without endangering himself at the same time.

Miss C**** is safely arrived here, and her duke is fonder of her than ever. It was a dangerous experiment that she tried, in leaving him so long; but it seems she knew her man.

I pity you for the inundation of your good countrymen, which overwhelms you: 'je sçai ce qu'en vaut l'aune.' It is, besides, expensive; but, as I look upon the expense to be the least evil of the two, I will see if a new-year's gift will not make it up.

As I am now upon the wing, I will only add, God bless you!

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LETTER CCCXCIV.

Bath, November 28, 1765.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE this moment received your letter of the 10th; I have now been here near a month, bathing and drinking the waters, for complaints much of the same kind as yours; I mean, pains in my legs, hips, and arms; whether gouty or rheumatic, God knows; but, I believe, both, that fight without a decision in favour of either, and have absolutely reduced me to the miserable situation of the Sphynx's riddle, to walk upon three legs; that is, with the assistance of my stick, to walk, or rather hobble, very indifferently. I wish it were a declared gout, which is the distemper of a gentleman; whereas the rheumatism is the distemper of a hackney-coachman or chairman, who are obliged to be out in all weathers and at all hours.

I think you will do very right to ask leave, and I dare say you will easily get it, to go to the baths in Suabia; that is, supposing you have consulted some skilful physician, if such a one there be, either at Dresden or at Leipsic, about the nature of your distemper, and the nature of those baths; but, 'suos quisque patimur manes.' We have but a bad bargain, God knows, of this life, and patience is the only way not to make bad worse. Mr. Pitt keeps his bed here, with a very real gout, and not a political one, as is often suspected.

Here has been a congress of most of the *ex ministres*. If they have raised a battery, as I suppose they have, it is a masked one, for nothing has transpired; only they confess, that they intend a most vigorous attack. *D'ailleurs*, there seems to be a total suspension of all business, till the meet-

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ing of the parliament, and then *Signa canant.* I am very glad, that at this time you are out of it; and for reasons that I need not mention: you would certainly have been sent for over, and, as before, not paid for your journey.

Poor Harte is very ill, and condemned to the hot-well at Bristol. He is a better poet than philosopher; for all this illness and melancholy proceeds originally from the ill success of his Gustavus Adolphus. He is grown extremely devout, which I am very glad of, because that is always a comfort to the afflicted.

I cannot present Mr. Larpent with my new-year's gift, till I come to town, which will be before Christmas at farthest; till when, God bless you! Adieu.

LETTER CCCXCV.

London, December 27, 1765.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I ARRIVED here from Bath last Monday, rather, but not much, better than when I went thither. My rheumatic pains, in my legs and hips, plague me still; and I must never expect to be quite free from them.

You have, to be sure, had from the office an account of what the parliament did, or rather did not do, the day of their meeting: and the same point will be the great object at their next meeting: I mean, the affair of our American colonies, relatively to the late imposed stamp-duty; which our colonists absolutely refuse to pay. The administration are for some indulgence and forbearance to those froward children of their mother-country: the opposition are for taking vigorous, as they call them, but I call them violent measures; not less than 'les

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dragonades;' and to have the tax collected by the troops we have there. For my part, I never saw a froward child mended by whipping; and I would not have the mother-country become a step-mother. Our trade to America brings in, 'communibus annis,' two millions a year; and the stamp-duty is estimated at but one hundred thousand pounds a year; which I would by no means bring into the stock of the exchequer, at a loss, or even the risk, of a million a year to the national stock.

I do not tell you of the garter given away yesterday, because the newspapers will; but I must observe, that the prince of Brunswick's ribband is a mark of great distinction to that family; which, I believe, is the first (except our own royal family) that has ever had two blue ribbands at a time; but it must be owned they deserve them.

One hears of nothing now, in town, but the separation of men and their wives; Will Finch, the ex-vice chamberlain, Lord Warwick, and your friend Lord Bolingbroke. I wonder at none of them for parting; but I wonder at many for still living together; for in this country, it is certain, that marriage is not well understood.

I have this day sent Mr. Larpent two hundred pounds for your Christmas-box, of which, I suppose, he will inform you by this post. Make this Christmas as merry a one as you can; for 'pour le peu de bon tems qui nous reste, rien n'est si funeste qu'un noir chagrin.' For the new years; God send you many, and happy ones! Adieu.

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LETTER CCCXCVI.

London, February 11, 1766.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I RECEIVED, two days ago, your letter of the 25th past; and your former, which you mention in it, but ten days ago; this may easily be accounted for, from the badness of the weather, and consequently of the roads. I hardly remember so severe a winter; it has occasioned many illnesses here. I am sure it pinched my crazy carcass so much, that, about three weeks ago, I was obliged to be let blood twice in four days; which I found afterwards was very necessary, by the relief it gave to my head, and to the rheumatic pains in my limbs; and from the execrable kind of blood which I lost.

Perhaps you expect from me a particular account of the present state of affairs here; but, if you do, you will be disappointed; for no man living (and I still less than any one) knows what it is; it varies not only daily, but hourly. Most people think, and I amongst the rest, that the date of the present ministers is pretty near out; but how soon we are to have a new style, God knows. This, however, is certain, that the ministers had a contested election in the house of commons, and got it but by eleven votes; too small a majority to carry any thing: the next day they lost a question in the house of lords, by three. The question in the house of lords was, to enforce the execution of the stamp-act in the colonies *vi et armis*. What conclusions you will draw from these premises I do not know; I protest, I draw none; but only stare at the present undecipherable state of affairs, which in fifty years' experience I have never seen any thing like. The stamp-act has proved a most pernicious measure; for, whether it is repealed or not, which is still very

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doubtful, it has given such terror to the Americans, that our trade with them will not be, for some years, what it used to be. Great numbers of our manufacturers at home will be turned a starving, for want of that employment which our very profitable trade to America found them: and hunger is always the cause of tumults and sedition.

As you have escaped a fit of the gout in this severe cold weather, it is to be hoped you may be entirely free from it, till next winter at least.

P. S. Lord ***, having parted with his wife, now keeps another w—e, at a great expense. I fear he is totally undone.

LETTER CCCXCVII.

London, March 17, 1766.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YOU wrong me, in thinking me in your debt; for I never receive a letter of yours, but I answer it by the next post, or the next but one, at farthest; but I can easily conceive that my two last letters to you may have been drowned or frozen in their way; for portents, and prodigies of frost, snow, and inundations, have been so frequent this winter that they have almost lost their names.

You tell me that you are going to the baths of *Baden*; but that puzzles me a little, so I recommend this letter to the care of Mr. Larpent, to forward to you; for Baden I take to be the general German word for baths, and the particular ones are distinguished by some epithet, as Weissbaden, Carlsbaden, &c. I hope they are not cold baths, which I have a very ill opinion of, in all arthritic or rheumatic cases; and your case I take to be a compound of both, but rather more of the latter.

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You will probably wonder that I tell you nothing of public matters; upon which I shall be as secret as Hotspur's gentle Kate, who would not tell what she did not know; but what is singular, nobody seems to know any more of them than I do. People gape, stare, conjecture, and refine. Changes of the ministry, or in the ministry, at least, are daily reported and foretold: but, of what kind, God only knows. It is also very doubtful whether Mr. Pitt will come into the administration or not; the two present secretaries are extremely desirous that he should; but the others think of the horse that called the man to its assistance. I will say nothing to you about American affairs, because I have not pens, ink, or paper enough to give you an intelligible account of them. They have been the subjects of warm and acrimonious debates, both in the lords and commons, and in all companies.

The repeal of the stamp-act is at last carried through. I am glad of it, and gave my proxy for it; because I saw many more inconveniences from the enforcing, than from the repealing it.

Colonel Browne was with me the other day, and assured me that he left you very well. He said that he saw me at Spa, but I did not remember him; though I remember his two brothers, the colonel and the ravisher, very well. Your Saxon colonel has the brogue exceedingly. Present my respects to Count Flemming; I am very sorry for the countess's illness; she was a most well-bred woman.

You would hardly think that I gave a dinner to the prince of Brunswick, your old acquaintance. I am glad it is over; but I could not avoid it. 'Il m'avoit accablé de politesses.' God bless you!

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LETTER CCCXCVIII.

Blackheath, June 13, 1766.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I RECEIVED, yesterday, your letter of the 30th past. I waited with impatience for it, not having received one from you of six weeks; nor your mother neither, who began to be very sure that you were dead, if not buried. You should write to her once a week, or at least once a fortnight; for women make no allowance for either business or laziness; whereas I can, by experience, make allowances for both: however, I wish you would generally write to me once a fortnight.

Last week I paid my midsummer offering, of five hundred pounds, to Mr. Larpent, for your use, as I suppose he has informed you. I am punctual, you must allow.

What account shall I give you of ministerial affairs here? I protest I do not know: your own description of them is as exact a one as any I, who am upon the place, can give you. It is a total dislocation and *derangement*; consequently a total inefficiency. When the duke of Grafton quitted the seals he gave that very reason for it, in a speech in the house of lords: he declared, 'that he had no objection to the persons or to the measures of the present ministers; but he thought they wanted strength and efficiency to carry on proper measures with success; and that he knew but one man (meaning, as you will easily suppose, Mr. Pitt) who could give them that strength and solidity; that, under this person, he should be willing to serve in any capacity, not only as a general officer, but as a pioneer; and would take up a spade and a mattock.' When he quitted the seals, they were offered first to Lord Egmont, then to Lord Hardwicke; who both declined them,

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probably for the same reasons that made the duke of Grafton resign them; but, after their going a begging for some time, the duke of *** begged them, and has them 'faute de mieux.' Lord Mountstuart was never thought of for Vienna, where Lord Stormont returns in three months: the former is going to be married to one of the Miss Windsors, a great fortune. To tell you the speculations, the reasonings, and the conjectures, either of the uninformed, or even of the best-informed public, upon the present wonderful situation of affairs, would take up much more time and paper than either you or I can afford, though we have neither of us a great deal of business at present.

I am in as good health as I could reasonably expect, at my age, and with my shattered carcass: that is, from the waist upwards: but downwards it is not the same; for my limbs retain that stiffness and debility of my long rheumatism, I cannot walk half an hour at a time. As the autumn, and still more as the winter approaches, take care to keep yourself very warm, especially your legs and feet.

Lady Chesterfield sends you her compliments, and triumphs in the success of her plaster. God bless you!

LETTER CCCXCIX.

Blackheath, July 11, 1766.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YOU are a happy mortal, to have your time thus employed between the great and the fair; I hope you do the honours of your country to the latter. The emperor, by your account, seems to be very well for an emperor; who, by being above the other monarchs in Europe, may justly be supposed to have had a proportionably worse education. I find, by your account of him, that he has

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been trained up to homicide, the only science in which princes are ever instructed; and with good reason, as their greatness and glory singly depend upon the numbers of their fellow-creatures, which their ambition exterminates. If a sovereign should, by great accident, deviate into moderation, justice, and clemency, what a contemptible figure would he make in the catalogue of princes! I have always owned a great regard for King Log. From the interview at Torgaw, between the two monarchs, they will be either a great deal better or worse together; but I think rather the latter, for our namesake, Philip de Comines, observes, that he never knew any good come from 'l'abouchement des rois.' The king of Prussia will exert all his perspicacity, to analyse his imperial majesty; and I would bet upon the one head of his black eagle, against the two heads of the Austrian eagle; though two heads are said, proverbially, to be better than one. I wish I had the direction of both the monarchs, and they should, together with some of their allies, take Lorraine and Alsace from France. You will call me l'Abbé de St. Pierre; but I only say what I wish; whereas he thought every thing that he wished practicable.

Now to come home. Here are great bustles at court, and a great change of persons is certainly very near. You will ask me, perhaps, who is to be out, and who is to be in? To which I answer, I do not know. My conjecture is, that, be the new settlement what it will, Mr. Pitt will be at the head of it. If he is, I presume 'qu'il aura mis de l'eau dans son vin par rapport à Mylord B——;' when that shall come to be known, as known it certainly will soon be, he may bid adieu to his popularity. A minister, as minister, is very apt to be the object of public dislike; and a favourite, as favourite, still more so. If any event of this kind happens, which (if it happens at all) I conjecture will be some time next week, you shall hear further from me.

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I will follow your advice, and be as well as I can next winter, though I know I shall never be free from my flying rheumatic pains, as long as I live; but whether that will be many years or few is extremely indifferent to me: in either case, God bless you!

LETTER CCCC.

Blackheath, August 1, 1766.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

THE curtain was at last drawn up, the day before yesterday, and discovered the new actors together with some of the old ones. I do not name them to you, because to-morrow's Gazette will do it full as well as I could. Mr. Pitt, who had 'carte blanche' given him, named every one of them: but what would you think he named himself for? Lord privy seal; and (what will astonish you, as it does every mortal here) earl of Chatham. The joke here is, that he has had *a fall up stairs*, and has done himself so much hurt, that he will never be able to stand upon his legs again. Every body is puzzled how to account for this step; though it would not be the first time that great abilities have been duped by low cunning. But be it what it will, he is now certainly only earl of Chatham; and no longer Mr. Pitt, in any respect whatever. Such an event, I believe, was never read nor heard of. To withdraw, in the fullness of his power, and in the utmost gratification of his ambition, from the house of commons, (which procured him his power, and which could alone ensure it to him) and to go into that hospital of incurables, the house of lords, is a measure so unaccountable, that nothing but proof positive could have made me believe it: but true it is. Hans Stanley is to go embassador to Russia; and my nephew, Ellis, to Spain, decorated with the

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red ribband. Lord Shelburne is your secretary of state, which I suppose he has notified to you this post, by a circular letter. Charles Townshend has now the sole management of the house of commons; but how long he will be content to be only Lord Chatham's vicegerent there, is a question which I will not pretend to decide. There is one very bad sign for Lord Chatham, in his new dignity; which is, that all his enemies, without exception, rejoice at it; and all his friends are stupified and dumb-founded. If I mistake not much, he will in the course of a year enjoy perfect 'otium cum dignitate.' Enough of politics.

Is the fair, or at least the fat, Miss C—— with you still? It must be confessed that she knows the arts of courts; to be so received at Dresden, and so connived at in Leicester-fields.

There never was so wet a summer at this has been, in the memory of man; we have not had one single day, since March, without some rain; but most days a great deal. I hope that does not affect your health, as great cold does; for, with all these inundations, it has not been cold. God bless you!

LETTER CCCCI.

Blackheath, August 14, 1766.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I RECEIVED yesterday your letter of the 30th past; and find by it, that it crossed mine upon the road, where they had no time to take notice of one another.

The newspapers have informed you, before now, of the changes actually made; more will probably follow, but what, I am sure, I cannot tell you; and I believe nobody can, not even those who are to make them: they will, I suppose, be occasional,

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as people behave themselves. The causes and consequences of Mr. Pitt's quarrel now appear in print, in a pamphlet published by Lord T——; and in a refutation of it, not by Mr. Pitt himself, I believe, but by some friend of his, and under his sanction. The former is very scurrilous and scandalous, and betrays private conversation. My lord says, that in his last conference, he thought he had as good a right to nominate the new ministry as Mr. Pitt, and consequently named Lord G——, Lord L——, &c. for cabinet council employments; which Mr. Pitt not consenting to, Lord T—— broke up the conference, and in his wrath went to Stowe; where I presume he may remain undisturbed a great while, since Mr. Pitt will neither be willing, nor able to send for him again. The pamphlet, on the part of Mr. Pitt, gives an account of his whole political life; and, in that respect, is tedious to those who were acquainted with it before; but, at the latter end, there is an article that expresses such supreme contempt of Lord T——, and in so pretty a manner, that I suspect it to be Mr. Pitt's own: you shall judge yourself, for I here transcribe the article.—— 'But this I will be bold to say, that had he (Lord T——) not fastened himself into Mr. Pitt's train, and acquired thereby such an interest in that great man, he might have crept out of life with as little notice as he crept in; and gone off with no other degree of credit, than that of adding a single unit to the bills of mortality.' I wish I could send you all the pamphlets and half-sheets that swarm here upon this occasion; but that is impossible; for every week would make a ship's cargo. It is certain that Mr. Pitt has, by his dignity of earl, lost the greatest part of his popularity, especially in the city; and I believe the opposition will be very strong, and perhaps prevail, next session, in the house of commons; there being now nobody there, who can have the authority, and ascendant over them, that Pitt had.

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People tell me here, as young Harvey told you at Dresden, that I look very well; but these are words of course, which every one says to every body. So far is true, that I am better than at my age, and with my broken constitution, I could have expected to be. God bless you!

LETTER CCCCII.

Blackheath, September 12, 1766.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE this moment received your letter of the 27th past. I was in hopes that your course of waters this year at Baden would have given you a longer reprieve from your painful complaint. If I do not mistake, you carried over with you some of Dr. Monsey's powders: Have you taken any of them, and have they done you any good? I know they did me a great deal. I, who pretend to some skill in physic, advise a cool regimen, and cooling medicines.

I do not wonder, that you do wonder at Lord C****'s conduct. If he was not outwitted into his peerage by Lord B****, his accepting it is utterly inexplicable. The instruments he has chosen for the great offices, I believe, will never fit the same case. It was cruel to put such a boy as Lord G****, over the head of old Ligonier; and if I had been the former, I would have refused that commission, during the life of that honest and brave old general. All this to quiet the duke of R**** to a resignation, and to make Lord B**** lieutenant of Ireland, where, I will venture to prophesy, that he will not do. Ligonier was much pressed to give up his regiment of guards, but would by no means do it; and declared, that the king might break him, if he pleased, but that he would certainly not break himself.

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I have no political events to inform you of; they will not be ripe till the meeting of the parliament. Immediately upon the receipt of this letter, write me one to acquaint me how you are.

God bless you: and particularly, may he send you health, for that is the greatest blessing!

LETTER CCCCIII.

Blackheath, September 30, 1766.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I RECEIVED yesterday, with great pleasure, your letter of the 18th, by which I consider this last ugly bout as over; and, to prevent its return, I greatly approve of your plan for the South of France, where I recommend for your principal residence, Pezenas, Toulouse, or Bourdeaux; but do not be persuaded to go to Aix en Provence, which by experience I know to be at once the hottest and the coldest place in the world, from the ardour of the Provençal sun, and the sharpness of the Alpine winds. I also earnestly recommend to you, for your complaint upon your breast, to take, twice a day, ass's or (what is better) mare's milk, and that for these six months at least. Mingle turnips, as much as you can, with your diet.

I have written, as you desired, to Mr. Secretary Conway; but I will answer for it, that there will be no difficulty to obtain the leave you ask.

There is no new event in the political world, since my last; so God bless you!

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LETTER CCCCIV.

London, October 29, 1766.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

THE last mail brought me your letter of the 17th. I am glad to hear that your breast is so much better. You will find both ass's and mare's milk enough in the south of France, where it was much drank when I was there. Guy Patin recommends to a patient to have no doctor but a horse; and no apothecary but an ass. As for your pains and weakness in your limbs, 'je vous en offre autant;' I have never been free from them since my last rheumatism. I use my legs as much as I can, and you should do so too, for disuse makes them worse. I cannot now use them long at a time, because of the weakness of old-age: but I contrive to get, by different snatches, at least two hours walking every day, either in my garden or within doors, as the weather permits. I set out to-morrow for Bath, in hopes of half repairs, for Medea's kettle could not give me whole ones; the timbers of my wretched vessel are too much decayed to be fitted out again for use. I shall see poor Harte there, who, I am told, is in a miserable way, between some real and some imaginary distempers.

I send you no political news, for one reason, among others, which is, that I know none. Great expectations are raised of this session, which meets the 11th of next month: but of what kind nobody knows, and consequently every body conjectures variously. Lord Chatham comes to town to-morrow from Bath, where he has been to refit himself for the winter campaign: he has hitherto but an indifferent set of *aides de camp;* and where he will find better, I do not know. Charles Townshend and

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he are already upon ill terms, 'Enfin je n'y vois goute;' and so God bless you!

LETTER CCCCV.

Bath, November 15, 1766.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE this moment received your letter of the 5th instant from Basle. I am very glad to find that your breast is relieved, though, perhaps, at the expense of your legs; for, if the humour be either gouty or rheumatic, it had better be in your legs than any where else. I have consulted Moisy, the great physician of this place, upon it; who says, that at this distance he dares not prescribe any thing, as there may be such different causes for your complaint, which must be well weighed by a physician upon the spot; that is, in short, that he knows nothing of the matter. I will therefore tell you my own case, in 1732, which may be something parallel to yours. I had that year been dangerously ill of a fever in Holland; and, when I was recovered of it, the febrific humour fell into my legs, and swelled them to that degree and chiefly in the evening, that it was as painful to me as it was shocking to others. I came to England with them in this condition; and consulted Mead, Broxholme, and Arbuthnot, who none of them did me the least good; but, on the contrary, increased the swelling, by applying poultices and emollients. In this condition I remained near six months, till, finding that the doctors could do me no good, I resolved to consult Palmer, the most eminent surgeon of St. Thomas's hospital. He immediately told me, that the physicians had pursued a very wrong method, as the swelling of my legs proceeded only from a relaxation and weakness of the cutaneous vessels; and he must apply streng-

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theners instead of emollients. Accordingly, he ordered me to put my legs up to the knees every morning, in brine from the salter's, as hot as I could bear it: the brine must have had meat salted in it. I did so; and after having thus pickled my legs for about three weeks, the complaint absolutely ceased, and I have never had the least swelling in them since. After what I have said, I must caution you not to use the same remedy rashly, and without the most skilful advice you can find, where you are; for, if your swelling proceeds from a gouty, or rheumatic humour, there may be great danger in applying so powerful an astringent, and perhaps *repellent*, as brine. So go *piano*, and not without the best advice upon a view of the parts.

I shall direct all my letters to you *Chez Monsieur Sarrazin*, who by his trade is, I suppose, *sedentaire* at Basle, which it is not sure that you will be, at any one place, in the south of France. Do you know that he is a descendent of the French poet Sarrazin?

Poor Harte, whom I frequently go to see here, out of compassion, is in the most miserable way; he has had a stroke of the palsy, which has deprived him of the use of his right leg, affected his speech a good deal, and perhaps his head a little. Such are the intermediate tributes that we are forced to pay, in some shape or other, to our wretched nature, till we pay the last great one of all. May you pay this very late, and as few intermediate tributes as possible; and so 'jubeo te bene valere.' God bless you!

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LETTER CCCCVI.

Bath, December 9, 1766.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I RECEIVED, two days ago, your letter of the 26th past. I am very glad that you begin to feel the good effects of the climate where you are; I know it saved my life, in 1741, when both the skilful and the unskilful gave me over. In that ramble I stayed three or four days at Nîmes, where there are more remains of antiquity, I believe, than in any town in Europe, Italy excepted. What is falsely called *la maison quarrée*, is, in my mind, the finest piece of architecture that I ever saw; and the amphitheatre the clumsiest and the ugliest: if it were in England, every body would swear it had been built by Sir John Vanbrugh.

This place is now just what you have seen it formerly; here is a great crowd of trifling and unknown people, whom I seldom frequent, in the public rooms; so that I pass my time *très uniment*, in taking the air in my post-chaise every morning, and reading in the evenings. And *à propos* of the latter, I shall point out a book, which I believe will give you some pleasure; at least it gave me a great deal: I never read it before. It is 'Réflexions sur la Poësie et la Peinture, par l'Abbé de Bos,' in two octavo volumes; and is, I suppose, to be had at every great town *in* France. The criticisms and the reflections are just and lively.

It may be you expect some political news from me; but I can tell you that you will have none: for no mortal can comprehend the present state of affairs. Eight or nine people, of some consequence, have resigned their employments; upon which Lord C**** made overtures to the duke of B**** and his

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people; but they could by no means agree, and his grace went, the next day, full of wrath, to Woburn: so that negotiation is entirely at an end. People wait to see who Lord C**** will take in, for some he must have; even *he* cannot be alone, *contra mundum*. Such a state of affairs, to be sure, was never seen before, in this or in any other country. When this ministry shall be settled, it will be the sixth ministry in six years time.

Poor Harte is here, and in a most miserable condition; those who wish him the best, as I do, must wish him dead. God bless you!

LETTER CCCCVII.

London, February 13, 1767.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

IT is so long since I have had a letter from you that I am alarmed about your health; and fear, that the southern parts of France have not done so well by you, as they did by me in the year 1741, when they snatched me from the jaws of death. Let me know, upon the receipt of this letter, how you are, and where you are.

I have no news to send you from hence; for every thing seems suspended, both in the court and in the parliament, till Lord Chatham's return from the Bath, where he has been laid up this month, by a severe fit of the gout; and, at present, he has the sole apparent power. In what little business has hitherto been done in the house of commons, Charles Townshend has given himself more ministerial airs than Lord Chatham will, I believe, approve of. However, since Lord Chatham has thought fit to withdraw himself from that house, he cannot well do without Charles's abilities to manage it as his deputy.

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I do not send you an account of weddings, births, and burials, as I take it for granted that you know them all from the English printed papers; some of which, I presume, are sent after you. Your old acquaintance, Lord Essex, is to be married this week to Harriet Bladen, who has 20,000*l.* down, besides the reasonable expectation of as much at the death of her father. My kinsman, Lord Strathmore, is to be married, in a fortnight, to Miss Bowes, the greatest heiress, perhaps, in Europe. In short, the matrimonial phrensy seems to rage at present, and is epidemical. The men marry for money; and I believe you guess what the women marry for. God bless you, and send you health!

LETTER CCCCVIII.

London, March 3, 1767.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YESTERDAY I received two letters at once from you, both dated at Montpelier; one of the 29th of last December, and the other, the 12th of February: but I cannot conceive what became of my letters to you; for, I assure you that I answered all yours the next post after I received them; and, about ten days ago, I wrote you a volunteer, because you had been so long silent; and I was afraid that you were not well: but your letter of the 12th February has removed all my fears upon that score. The same climate that has restored your health so far, will probably, in a little more time, restore your strength too; though you must not expect it to be quite what it was before your late painful complaints. At least I find that, since my late great rheumatism, I cannot walk above half an hour at a time, which I do not place singly to the account of my years, but chiefly to the great shock given then to my limbs.

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D'ailleurs I am pretty well for my age and shattered constitution.

As I told you in my last, I must tell you again in this, that I have no news to send. Lord Chatham, at last, came to town yesterday, full of gout, and is not able to stir hand or foot. During his absence, Charles Townshend has talked of him and at him, in such a manner, that henceforwards they must be either much worse or much better together than ever they were in their lives. On Friday last, Mr. Dowdeswell and Mr. Grenville moved to have one shilling in the pound of the land-tax taken of; which was opposed by the court; but the court lost it by eighteen. The opposition triumph much upon this victory; though I think, without reason; for it is plain that all the landed gentlemen bribed themselves with this shilling in the pound.

The duke of Buccleugh is very soon to be married to Lady Betty Montague. Lord Essex was married, yesterday, to Harriet Bladen; and Lord Strathmore last week to Miss Bowes; both couples went directly from the church to consummation in the country, from an unnecessary fear that they should not be tired of each other, if they stayed in town. And now *dixi;* God bless you!

You are in the right to go to see the assembly of the states of Languedoc, though they are but the shadow of the original *états*, while there was some liberty subsisting in France.

LETTER CCCCIX.

London, March 3, 1767.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YESTERDAY I received your letter from Nîmes, by which I find that several of our letters have reciprocally miscarried. This may probably have the same fate; however, if it reaches Monsieur Sarrazin,

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I presume he will know where to take his aim at you: for I find you are in motion, and with a polarity to Dresden. I am very glad to find by it, that your meridional journey has perfectly recovered you, as to your general state of health; for, as to your legs and thighs, you must never expect that they will be restored to their original strength and activity, after so many rheumatic attacks as you have had. I know that my limbs, besides the natural debility of old-age, have never recovered the severe attack of rheumatism that plagued me five or six years ago. I cannot now walk above half an hour at a time, and even that in a hobbling kind of way.

I can give you no account of our political world, which is in a situation that I never saw in my whole life. Lord Chatham has been so ill, these last two months, that he has not been able (some say not willing) to do or hear of any business; and for his *sous ministres*, they either cannot, or dare not, do any, without his directions: so that every thing is now at a stand. This situation, I think, cannot last much longer; and if Lord Chatham should either quit his post, or the world, neither of which is very improbable, I conjecture, that what is called the Rockingham connexion stands the fairest for the ministry. But this is merely my conjecture: for I have neither *data* nor *postulata* enough to reason upon.

When you get to Dresden, which I hope you will not do till next month, our correspondence will be more regular. God bless you!

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LETTER CCCCX.

London, May 5, 1767.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

BY your letter of the 25th past from Basle, I presume this will find you at Dresden, and accordingly I direct to you there. When you write me word that you are at Dresden, I will return you an answer, with something better than the answer itself. If you complain of the weather north of Besançon, what would you say to the weather that we have had here for these last two months, uninterruptedly? Snow often, north-east wind constantly, and extreme cold. I write this by the side of a good fire; and at this moment it snows very hard. All my promised fruit at Blackheath is quite destroyed; and, what is worse, many of my trees.

I cannot help thinking that the king of Poland, the empress of Russia, and the king of Prussia, 's'entendent comme larrons en foire,' though the former must not appear in it, upon account of the stupidity, ignorance, and bigotry of his Poles. I have a great opinion of the cogency of the controversial arguments of the Russian troops, in favour of the dissidents: I am sure, I wish them success; for I would have all intoleration intolerated in its turn. We shall soon see more clearly into this matter: for I do not think that the autocratrice of all the Russians will be trifled with by the Sarmatians.

What do you think of the late extraordinary event in Spain? Could you ever have imagined that those ignorant Goths would have dared to banish the Jesuits? There must have been some very grave and important reasons for so extraordinary a measure: but what they were I do not pretend to guess; and

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perhaps I shall never know, though all the coffee-houses here do.

Things are here in exactly the same situation, in which they were when I wrote to you last. Lord Chatham is still ill, and only goes abroad for an hour in a day, to take the air, in his coach. The king has, to my certain knowledge, sent him repeated messages, desiring him not to be concerned at his confinement, for that he is resolved to support him 'pour et contre tous.' God bless you!

LETTER CCCCXI.

London, June 1, 1767.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I RECEIVED yesterday your letter of the 20th past from Dresden, where I am glad to find that you are arrived safe and sound. This has been every-where an *annus mirabilis* for bad weather; and it continues here still. Every body has fires, and their winter clothes, as at Christmas. The town is extremely sickly; and sudden deaths have been very frequent.

I do not know what to say to you upon public matters; things remain *in statu quo*, and nothing is done. Great changes are talked of, and I believe will happen very soon, perhaps next week: but who is to be changed, for whom, I do not know, though every body else does. I am apt to think that it will be a Mosaic ministry, made up 'de piéces rapportées' from different connexions.

Last Friday I sent your subsidy to Mr. Larpent, who, I suppose, has given you notice of it. I believe it will come very seasonably, as all places, both foreign and domestic, are so far in arrears. They talk of paying you all up to Christmas. The king's inferior servants are almost starving.

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I suppose you have already heard at Dresden, that Count Brühl is either actually married, or very soon to be so, to Lady Egremont. She has, together with her salary as lady of the bedchamber, 2,500*l.* a year; besides ten thousand pounds in money left her, at her own disposal, by Lord Egremont. All this will sound great 'en écus d'Allemagne.' I am glad of it; for he is a very pretty man. God bless you!

I easily conceive why Orloff influences the empress of all the Russias; but I cannot see why the king of Prussia should be influenced by that motive.

LETTER CCCCXII.

Blackheath, July 2, 1767.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

THOUGH I have had no letter from you since my last, and though I have no political news to inform you of, I write this to acquaint you with a piece of Greenwich news, which I believe you will be very glad of; I am sure I am. Know then, that your friend Miss ** was happily married, three days ago, to Mr. ***, an Irish gentleman, and a member of that parliament, with an estate of above two thousand pounds a year. He settles upon her 600*l.* a jointure, and, in case they have no children, 1,500*l.* He happened to be by chance in her company one day here, and was at once shot dead by her charms; but, as dead men sometimes walk he walked to her the next morning, and tendered her his person and his fortune; both which, taking the one with the other, she very prudently accepted, for his person is sixty years old.

Ministerial affairs are still in the same ridiculous and doubtful situation as when I wrote to you last. Lord Chatham will neither hear of nor do any busi-

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ness, but lives at Hampstead, and rides about the heath: his gout is said to be fallen upon his nerves. Your provincial secretary, Conway, quits this week, and returns to the army, for which he languished. Two lords are talked of to succeed him; Lord Egmont, and Lord Hillsborough: I rather hope the latter. Lord Northington certainly quits this week; but nobody guesses who is to succeed him, as president. A thousand other changes are talked of, which I neither believe nor reject.

Poor Harte is in a most miserable condition: he has lost one side of himself, and in a great measure his speech; notwithstanding which, he is going to publish his *divine poems*, as he calls them. I am sorry for it, as he had not time to correct them before this stroke, nor abilities to do it since. God bless you!

LETTER CCCCXIII.

Blackheath, July 9, 1767.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE received yours of the 21st past, with the enclosed proposal from the French *refugiés*, for a subscription towards building them *un Temple*. I have shown it to the very few people I see, but without the least success. They told me (and with too much truth) that whilst such numbers of poor were literally starving here, from the dearness of all provisions, they could not think of sending their money into another country, for a building which they reckoned useless. In truth, I never knew such misery as is here now; and it affects both the hearts and the purses of those who have either: for my own part, I never gave to a building in my life; which I reckon is only giving to masons and carpenters and the treasurer of the undertaking.

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Contrary to the expectations of all mankind here, every thing still continues *in statu quo*. General Conway has been desired by the king to keep the seals till he has found a successor for him, and the lord president the same. Lord Chatham is relapsed, and worse than ever: he sees no body, and no body sees him: it is said, that a bungling physician has checked his gout, and thrown it upon his nerves; which is the worst distemper that a minister or a lover can have, as it debilitates the mind of the former, and the body of the latter. Here is at present an interregnum. We must soon see what order will be produced from this chaos.

The electorate, I believe, will find the want of Comte Flemming; for he certainly had abilities: and was as sturdy and inexorable as a minister at the head of finances ought always to be. When you see Comtesse Flemming, which I suppose cannot be for some time, pray make her Lady Chesterfield's and my compliments of condolence.

You say that Dresden is very sickly; I am sure London is at least as sickly now, for there reigns an epidemical distemper, called by the genteel name of *l'influenza*. It is a little fever, of which scarcely any body dies; and it generally goes off with a little looseness. I have escaped it, I believe, by being here. God keep you from all distempers, and bless you!

LETTER CCCCXIV.

London, October 30, 1767.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE now left Blackheath, till the next summer, if I live till then; and am just able to write, which is all I can say, for I am extremely weak, and have in a great measure lost the use of my

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legs; I hope they will recover both flesh and strength, for at present they have neither. I go to the Bath next week, in hopes of half repairs at most; for those waters, I am sure, will not prove Medea's kettle, nor 'les eaux de jouvence' to me; however, I shall do as good courtiers do, and get what I can, if I cannot get what I will. I send you no politics, for here are neither politics nor ministers; Lord Chatham is quiet at Pynsent, in Somersetshire; and his former subalterns do nothing, so that nothing is done. Whatever places or preferments are disposed of, come evidently from Lord ****, who affects to be invisible; and who, like a woodcock, thinks that, if his head is but hid, he is not seen at all.

General Pulteney is at last dead, last week, worth above thirteen hundred thousand pounds. He has left all his landed estate, which is eight-and-twenty thousand pounds a year, including the Bradford estate, which his brother had ——— from that ancient family, to a cousin-german. He has left two hundred thousand pounds, in the funds, to Lord Darlington, who was his next nearest relation; and at least twenty thousand pounds in various legacies. If riches alone could make people happy, the last two proprietors of this immense wealth ought to have been so, but they never were.

God bless you, and send you good health, which is better than all the riches in the world!

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LETTER CCCCXV.

London, November 3, 1767.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YOUR last letter brought me but a scurvy account of your health. For the head-achs you complain of, I will venture to prescribe a remedy, which, by experience, I found a specific, when I was extremely plagued with them. It is, either to chew ten grains of rhubarb every night going to bed; or, what I think rather better, to take, immediately before dinner, a couple of rhubarb pills, of five grains each; by which means it mixes with the aliments, and will, by degress, keep your body gently open. I do it to this day, and find great good by it. As you seem to dread the approach of a German winter, I would advise you to write to General Conway, for leave of absence for the three rigorous winter months, which I dare say will not be refused. If you choose a worse climate, you may come to London; but, if you choose a better and a warmer, you may go to Nice en Provence, where Sir William Stanhope is gone to pass his winter, who, I am sure, will be extremely glad of your company there.

I go to the Bath next Saturday; 'Utinam ne frustra.' God bless you!

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LETTER CCCCXVI.

Bath, December 19, 1767.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YESTERDAY I received your letter of the 29th past, and am very glad to find that you are well enough to think, that you may perhaps stand the winter at Dresden; but, if you do, pray take care to keep both your body and your limbs exceedingly warm.

As to my own health, it is, in general, as good as I could expect it at my age; I have a good stomach, a good digestion, and sleep well; but find that I shall never recover the free use of my legs, which are now full as weak as when I first came hither.

You ask me questions, concerning Lord C****, which neither I, nor, I believe, any body but himself can answer; however, I will tell you all that I do know, and all that I guess concerning him. This time twelvemonth he was here, and in good health and spirits, except now and then some little twinges of the gout. We saw one another four or five times, at our respective houses; but for these last eight months, he has been absolutely invisible to his most intimate friends, *les sous ministres:* he would receive no letters, nor so much as open any packet about business.

His physician, Dr. ****, as I am told, had very ignorantly checked a coming fit of the gout, and scattered it about his body; and it fell particularly upon his nerves, so that he continues exceedingly vapourish; and would neither see nor speak to any body, while he was here. I sent him my compliments, and asked leave to wait upon him; but he sent me word, that he was too ill to see any body

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whatsoever. I met him frequently taking the air in his post-chaise, and he looked very well. He set out from hence, for London, last Tuesday; but what to do, whether to resume, or finally to resign the administration, God knows; conjectures are various. In one of our conversations here, this time twelvemonth, I desired him to secure you a seat in the new parliament; he assured me he would; and, I am convinced, very sincerely: he said even that he would make it his own affair; and desired I would give myself no more trouble about it. Since that, I have heard no more of it: which made me look out for some venal borough; and I spoke to a borough jobber, and offered five-and twenty hundred pounds for a secure seat in parliament; but he laughed at my offer, and said, That there was no such thing as a borough to be had now; for the rich East and West Indians had secured them all, at the rate of three thousand pounds at least: but many at four thousand; and two or three, that he knew, at five thousand. This, I confess, has vexed me a good deal; and made me the more impatient to know whether Lord C**** had done any thing in it; which I shall know when I go to town, as I propose to do in about a fortnight; and as soon as I know it, you shall. To tell you truly what I think—I doubt, from all these *nervous disorders*, that Lord C**** is *hors de combat*, as a minister; but do not even hint this to any body. God bless you!

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LETTER CCCCXVII.

Bath, December 27, 1767.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

'En nova progenies!'

THE outlines of a new ministry are now declared; but they are not yet quite filled up: it was formed by the duke of Bedford. Lord Gower is made president of the council, Lord Sandwich post-master, Lord Hillsborough secretary of state, for America only, Mr. Rigby vice-treasurer of Ireland. General Conway is to keep the seals a fortnight longer, and then to surrender them to Lord Weymouth. It is very uncertain whether the duke of Grafton is to continue at the head of the treasury or not; but, in my private opinion, George Grenville will very soon be there. Lord Chatham seems to be out of the question, and is at his re-purchased house at Hayes, where he will not see a mortal. It is yet uncertain whether Lord Shelburne is to keep his place; if not, Lord Sandwich, they say, is to succeed him. All the Rockingham people are absolutely excluded. Many more changes must necessarily be: but no more are yet declared. It seems to be a resolution taken by somebody, that ministries are to be annual.

Sir George Macartney is next week to be married to Lady Jane Stuart, Lord Bute's second daughter.

I never knew it so cold in my life as it is now, and with a very deep snow; by which, if it continues, I may be snow-bound here for God knows how long, though I proposed leaving this place the latter end of the week.

Poor Harte is very ill here: he mentions you often, and with great affection. God bless you!

When I know more, you shall.

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LETTER CCCCXVIII.

London, January 29, 1768.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

TWO days ago I received your letter of the 8th. I wish you had gone a month or six weeks sooner to Basle, that you might have escaped the excessive cold, of the most severe winter that I believe was ever known. It congealed both my body and my mind, and scarcely left me the power of thinking. A great many here, both in town and country, have perished by the frost, and been lost in the snow.

You have heard, no doubt, of the changes at court, by which you have got a new provincial Lord Weymouth; who has certainly good parts, and, as I am informed, speaks very well in the house of lords; but I believe he has no application. Lord Chatham is at his house at Hayes, but sees no mortal. Some say that he has a fit of the gout, which would probably do him good; but many think that his worst complaint is in his head, which I am afraid is too true. Were he well, I am very sure he would realise the promise he made me concerning you; but however, in that uncertainty, I am looking out for any chance borough; and, if I can find one, I promise you I will bid like a chapman for it, as I should be very sorry that you were not in the next parliament. I do not see any probability of any vacancy in a foreign commission in a better climate; Mr. Hamilton at Naples, Sir Horace Man at Florence, and George Pitt at Turin, do not seem likely to make one. And as for changing your foreign department for a domestic one, it would not be in my power to procure you one; and you would become *d' évêque mûnier*, and gain nothing in point of climate, by changing a bad one for another full as bad,

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if not worse; and a worse I believe is not than ours. I have always had better health abroad than at home; and, if the tattered remnant of my wretched life were worth my care, I would have been in the south of France long ago. I continue very lame and weak, and despair of ever recovering any strength in my legs. I care very little about it. At my age every man must have his share of physical ills, of one kind or another; and mine, thank God, are not very painful. God bless you!

LETTER CCCCXIX.

London, March 12, 1768.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

THE day after I received your letter of the 21st past, I wrote to Lord Weymouth, as you desired; and I send you his answer enclosed; from which (though I have not heard from him since) I take it for granted, and so may you, that his silence signifies his majesty's consent to your request. Your complicated complaints give me great uneasiness, and the more, as I am convinced that the Montpelier physicians have mistaken a material part of your case; as indeed all the physicians here did, except Dr. Maty. In my opinion you have no gout, but a very scorbutic and rheumatic habit of body, which should be treated in a very different manner from the gout; and, as I pretend to be a very good quack, at least, I would prescribe to you a strict milk diet, with the seeds, such as rice, sago, barley, millet, &c. for the three summer months at least, and without ever tasting wine. If climate signifies any thing (in which, by the way, I have very little faith), you are, in my mind, in the finest climate in the world; neither too hot nor too cold, and always clear: you are with the gayest people living; be gay with them,

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and do not wear out your eyes with reading at home. *L'ennui* is the English distemper; and a very bad one it is, as I find by every day's experience; for my deafness deprives me of the only rational pleasure that I can have at my age, which is society; so that I read my eyes out every day, that I may not hang myself.

You will not be in this parliament, at least not in the beginning of it. I relied too much upon Lord C——'s promise above a year ago, at Bath. He desired that I would leave it to him; that he would make it his own affair, and give it in charge to the duke of G——, whose province it was to make the parliamentary arrangement. This I depended upon, and I think with reason; but since that Lord C—— has neither seen nor spoken to any body, and has been in the oddest way in the world. I sent to the D—— of G——, to know if L—— C—— had either spoken or sent to him about it; but he assured me that he had done neither: that all was full, or rather running over, at present: but that, if he could crowd you in upon a vacancy, he would do it with great pleasure. I am extremely sorry for this accident; for I am of a very different opinion from you, about being in parliament, as no man can be of consequence in this country, who is not in it; and, though one may not speak like a Lord Mansfield, or a Lord Chatham, one may make a very good figure in a second rank, 'Locus est et pluribus umbris.' I do not pretend to give you any account of the present state of this country, or ministry, not knowing nor guessing it myself.

God bless you, and send you health, which is the first and greatest of all blessings!

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LETTER CCCCXX.

London, March 15, 1768.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

THIS letter is supplemental to my last. This morning Lord Weymouth very civilly sent Mr. Wood, his first *commis*, to tell me, that the king very willingly gave you leave of absence from your post for a year, for the recovery of your health; but then added, that as the court of Vienna was tampering with that of Saxony, which it seems our court is desirous to *contre-quarrer*, it might be necessary to have in the interim a *chargé d'affaires* at Dresden, with a defalcation out of your appointments of forty shillings a day, till your return, if I would agree to it. I told him that I consented to both the proposals, upon condition that at your return you should have the character and the pay of plenipotentiary added to your present character and pay; and that I would completely make up to you the defalcation of the forty shillings a day. He positively engaged for it, and added, that he knew that it would be willingly agreed to. Thus I think I have made a good bargain for you, though but an indifferent one for myself; but that is what I never minded in my life. You may, therefore, depend upon receiving from me the full of this defalcation, when and how you please, independently of your usual annual refreshment, which I will pay to Monsieur Larpent whenever you desire it. In the mean time, *cura ut valeas*.

The person whom Mr. Wood intimated to me would be the *chargé d'affaires* during your absence is one Mr. Keith, the son of that Mr. Keith who was formerly minister in Russia.

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LETTER CCCCXXI.

London, April 12, 1768.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I RECEIVED, yesterday, your letter of the 1st; in which you do not mention the state of your health, which I desire you will do for the future.

I believe you have guessed the true reason of Mr. Keith's mission; but, by a whisper that I have since heard, Keith is rather inclined to go to Turin, as *chargé d'affaires*. I forgot to tell you, in my last, that I was most positively assured, that the instant you returned to Dresden, Keith should decamp. I am persuaded they will keep their words with me, as there is no one reason in the world why they should not. I will send your annual to Mr. Larpent, in a fortnight, and pay the forty shillings a day quarterly, if there should be occasion; for, in my own private opinion, there will be no *chargé d'affaires* sent. I agree with you, that 'point d'argent point d'Allemand,' as was used to be said, and not without more reason, of the Swiss; but as we have neither the inclination nor, I fear, the power to give subsidies, the court of Vienna can give good things that cost them nothing, as archbishoprics, bishoprics, besides corrupting their ministers and favourites with places.

Elections, here, have been carried to a degree of phrensy hitherto unheard of; that for the town of Northampton has cost the contending parties at least thirty thousand pounds a side; and * * * has sold his borough of * * * *, to two members, for nine thousand pounds. As soon as Wilkes had lost his election for the city, he set up for the county of Middlesex, and carried it hollow, as the jockeys say. Here were great mobs and riots upon that oc-

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casion, and most of the windows in town broke, that had no lights *for Wilkes and Liberty*, who were thought to be inseparable. He will appear, the 20th of this month, in the court of King's Bench, to receive his sentence; and then great riots are again expected, and probably will happen. God bless you.

LETTER CCCCXXII.

Bath, October 17, 1768.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YOUR last two letters, to myself and Grevenkop, have alarmed me extremely; but I comfort myself a little, by hoping that you, like all people who suffer, think yourself worse than you are. A dropsy never comes so suddenly; and I flatter myself, that it is only that gouty or rheumatic humour which has plagued you so long, that has occasioned the temporary swelling of your legs. Above forty years ago, after a violent fever, my legs were swelled as much as you describe yours to be; I immediately thought that I had a dropsy; but the faculty assured me, that my complaint was only the effect of my fever, and would soon be cured; and they said true. Pray let your amanuensis, whoever he may be, write an account regularly, once a week, either to Grevenkop or myself, for that is the same thing, of the state of your health.

I sent you, in four successive letters, as much of the duchess of Somerset's snuff as a letter could well convey to you. Have you received all or any of them; and have they done you any good? Though, in your present condition, you cannot go into company, I hope you have some acquaintances that come and sit with you; for, if originally it was not good for man to be alone, it is much worse for a sick man to be so: he thinks too much of his distem-

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per, and magnifies it. Some men of learning amongst the ecclesiastics, I dare say, would be glad to sit with you; and you could give them as good as they brought.

Poor Harte, who is still here, is in a most miserable condition; he has entirely lost the use of his left side, and can hardly speak intelligibly. I was with him yesterday. He inquired after you with great affection, and was in the utmost concern when I showed him your letter.

My own health is as it has been ever since I was here last year. I am neither well nor ill, but *unwell*. I have in a manner lost the use of my legs; for, though I can make a shift to crawl upon even ground for a quarter of an hour, I cannot go up or down stairs, unless supported by a servant.

God bless, and grant you a speedy recovery.

Here end the letters to Mr. Stanhope, as he died the 16th of November following.

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LETTER CCCCXXIII.

To Mrs. Stanhope, then at Paris.

London, March 16, 1769.

MADAM,

A TROUBLESOME and painful inflammation in my eyes obliges me to use another hand than my own, to acknowledge the receipt of your letter from Avignon, of the 27th past.

I am extremely surprised that Mrs. du-Bouchet should have any objection to the manner in which your late husband desired to be buried, and which you very properly complied with. All I desire for my own burial, is not to be buried alive; but how or where, I think, must be intirely indifferent to every rational creature.

I have no commission to trouble you with, during your stay at Paris; from whence I wish you and the boys a good journey home; where I shall be very glad to see you all; and assure you of my being, with great truth,

Your faithful, humble servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

LETTER CCCCXXIV.

To the same, at London.

MADAM,

THE last time I had the pleasure of seeing you, I was so taken up in playing with the boys, that I forgot their more important affairs. How soon would you have them placed at school? When

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I know your pleasure as to that, I will send to Monsieur Perny, to prepare every thing for their reception. In the mean time, I beg that you will equip them thoroughly with clothes, linen, &c. all good, but plain; and give me the account, which I will pay; for I do not intend, that, from this time forwards, the two boys should cost you one shilling.

I am, with great truth, madam,
Your faithful, humble servant,
CHESTERFIELD.

Wednesday.

LETTER CCCCXXV.

MADAM,

AS some day must be fixed for sending the boys to school, do you approve of the 8th of next month? by which time the weather will probably be warm and settled, and you will be able to equip them completely.

I will, upon that day, send my coach to you, to carry you and the boys to Loughborough House, with all their immense baggage. I must recommend to you, when you leave them there, to suppress, as well as you can, the overflowings of maternal tenderness; which would grieve the poor boys the more, and give them a terror of their new establishment.

I am, with great truth, madam,
Your faithful, humble servant,
CHESTERFIELD.

Tuesday morning.

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LETTER CCCCXXVI.

Bath, October 11, 1769.

MADAM,

NOBODY can be more willing or ready to obey orders than I am; but then I must like the orders and the orderer. Your orders and yourself come under this description; and therefore I must give you an account of my arrival and existence, such as it is, here. I got hither last Sunday, the day after I left London, less fatigued than I expected to have been; and now crawl about this place upon my three legs, but am kept in countenance by many of my fellow-crawlers: the last part of the Sphynx's riddle approaches, and I shall soon end as I began, upon all fours.

When you happen to see either Monsieur or Madame Perny, I beg you will give them this *melancholic* proof of my caducity, and tell them, that the last time I went to see the boys, I carried the Michaelmas quarterage in my pocket, and when I was there I totally forgot it; but assure them, that I have not the least intention to bilk them, and will pay them faithfully the two quarters together, at Christmas.

I hope our two boys are well; for then I am sure you are so.

I am, with great truth and esteem,
Your most faithful, humble servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

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LETTER CCCCXXVII.

Bath, October 28, 1769.

MADAM,

YOUR kind anxiety for my health and life is more than, in my opinion, they are both worth: without the former the latter is a burden; and, indeed, I am very weary of it. I think I have got some benefit by drinking these waters, and by bathing, for my old, stiff, rheumatic limbs; for I believe I could now outcrawl a snail, or perhaps even a tortoise.

I hope the boys are well. Phil, I dare say, has been in some scrapes; but he will get triumphantly out of them, by dint of strength and resolution.

I am, with great truth and esteem,

Your most faithful, humble servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

LETTER CCCCXXVIII.

Bath, November 5, 1769.

MADAM,

I REMEMBER very well the paragraph which you quote from a letter of mine to Mrs. du Bouchet, and I see no reason yet to retract that opinion, *in general*, which at least nineteen widows in twenty had authorised. I had not then the pleasure of your acquaintance: I had seen you but twice or thrice, and I had no reason to think that you would deviate, as you have done, from other widows, so much, as to put perpetual shackles upon yourself, for the sake of your children; but (if I may use a vulgarism) one swallow makes no summer: five righteous were for,

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merly necessary to save a city, and they could not be found; so, till I find four more such righteous widows as yourself, I shall entertain my former notions of widowhood in general.

I can assure you that I drink here very soberly and cautiously, and at the same time keep so cool a diet, that I do not find the least symptom of heat, much less of inflammation. By the way, I never had that complaint, in consequence of having drank these waters; for I have had it but four times, and always in the middle of summer. Mr. Hawkins is timorous, even to *minutiæ*, and my sister delights in them.

Charles will be a scholar, if you please; but our little Philip, without being one, will be something or other as good, though I do not yet guess what. I am not of the opinion generally entertained in this country, that man lives by Greek and Latin alone; that is, by knowing a great many words of two dead languages, which nobody living knows perfectly, and which are of no use in the common intercourse of life. Useful knowledge, in my opinion, consists of modern languages, history, and geography; some Latin may be thrown into the bargain, incompliance with custom, and for closet-amusement.

You are by this time certainly tired with this long letter, which I could prove to you from Horace's own words (for I am a *scholar*) to be a bad one; he says that water-drinkers can write nothing good; so I am, with real truth and esteem,

Your most faithful, humble servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

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LETTER CCCCXXIX.

Bath, October 9, 1770.

MADAM,

I AM extremely obliged to you for the kind part which you take in my health and life: as to the latter, I am as indifferent myself, as any other body can be; but as to the former, I confess care and anxiety; for while I am to crawl upon this planet, I would willingly enjoy the health at least of an insect. How far these waters will restore me to that moderate degree of health, which alone I aspire at, I have not yet given them a fair trial, having drank them but one week: the only difference I hitherto find is, that I sleep better than I did.

I beg that you will neither give yourself, nor Mr. Fitzhugh, much trouble about the pine-plants; for, as it is three years before they fruit, I might as well, at my age, plant oaks, and hope to have the advantage of their timber: however, somebody or other, God knows who, will eat them, as somebody or other will fell and sell the oaks I planted five-and-forty years ago.

I hope our boys are well; *my respects* to them both.

I am, with the greatest truth,
Your faithful, humble servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

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LETTER CCCCXXX.

Bath, November 4, 1770.

MADAM,

THE post has been more favourable to you than I intended it should; for, upon my word, I answered your former letter the post after I had received it. However, you have *got a loss*, as we say sometimes in Ireland.

My friends, from time to time, require bills of health from me in these suspicious times, when the plague is busy in some parts of Europe. All I can say, in answer to their kind inquiries, is, that I have not the distemper properly called the plague; but that I have all the plagues of old age, and of a shattered carcase. These waters have done me what little good I expected from them; though by no means what I could have wished, for I wished them to be *les eaux de jouvence*.

I had a letter the other day, from our two boys; Charles's was very finely written, and Philip's very prettily: they are perfectly well, and say that they want nothing. What grown-up people will or can say as much?

I am, with the truest esteem, madam,
Your most faithful servant,
CHESTERFIELD.

LETTER CCCCXXXI.

Bath, October 27, 1771.

MADAM,

UPON my word, you interest yourself in the state of my existence, more than I do myself; for it is worth the care of neither of us. I ordered my *valet de chambr* according to your orders, to i-

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form you of my safe arrival here; to which I can add nothing, being neither better nor worse than I was then.

I am very glad that our boys are well. Pray give them the enclosed.

I am not at all surprised at Mr. ——'s conversion; for he was, at seventeen, the idol of old women, for his gravity, devotion, and dulness.

I am, madam,
Your most faithful, humble servant,
CHESTERFIELD.

LETTER CCCCXXXII.

To Charles and Philip Stanhope.

Bath, October 27, 1771.

I RECEIVED, a few days ago, two of the best written letters that ever I saw in my life: the one signed Charles Stanhope, the other Philip Stanhope. As for you, Charles, I did not wonder at it; for you will take pains, and are a lover of letters: but, you idle rogue, you Phil, how came you to write so well, that one can almost say of you two, 'et cantare pares, et respondere parati?' Charles will explain this Latin to you.

I am told, Phil, that you have got a nick-name at school from your intimacy with Master Strangeways; and that they call you Master *Strangerways;* for to be sure you are a strange boy. Is this true?

Tell me what you would have me bring you both from hence, and I will bring it you, when I come to town. In the mean time, God bless you both!

CHESTERFIELD.

The End of the Letters.

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MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

CCCCXXXIII.

Some Account of the Government of the Republic of the Seven United Provinces.

THE government of the republic of the Seven United Provinces is thought by many to be democratical; but it is merely aristocratical*; the people not having the least share in it, either themselves, or by representatives of their own choosing: they have nothing to do but to pay and grumble.

The sovereign power is commonly thought to be in the states-general *as they are called*, residing at the Hague. It is no such thing; they are only limited deputies, obliged to consult their constituents upon every point of any importance that occurs. It is very true, that the sovereign power is lodged in

* The members of the senate, *or vroetschaps*, were originally elected by the burghers, in a general, and often a tumultuous assembly: but now, for near two hundred years, the *vroetschaps* found means to persuade the people that these elections were troublesome and dangerous; and kindly took upon themselves to elect their own members, upon vacancies; and to keep their own body full, without troubling the people with an election: it was then that the aristocracy was established.

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the states-general; but who are those states-general? Not those who are commonly called so; but the senate-council, or *vrootschaps*, call it what you will, of every town in every province that sends deputies to the provincial states of the said province. These *vrootschaps* are, in truth, the states-general; but, were they to assemble, they would amount, for aught I know, to two or three thousand; it is therefore for conveniency and dispatch of business, that every province sends deputies to the Hague, who are constantly assembled there, who are commonly called the states-general, and in whom many people falsely imagine that the sovereign power is lodged. These deputies are chosen by the *vrootschaps;* but their powers are extremely circumscribed; and they can consent to nothing*, without writing, or returning themselves, to their several constituent towns, for instructions in that particular case. They are authorised to concur in matters of order; that is, to continue things in the common, current, ordinary train; but for the least innovation, the least step out of the ordinary course, new instructions must be given, either to deliberate or to conclude.

Many people are ignorant enough to take the province of Holland, singly, for the republic of the Seven United Provinces; and, when they mean to

* When the deputies of the states signed the triple alliance with sir William Temple, in two or three days' time, and without consulting their principals (however sir William Temple values himself upon it), in reality they only signed *sub spe rati*. The act was not valid; and, had it not been ratified by the several constituents of the several provinces, it had been as *non avenu*. The deputies who signed that treaty *sub spe rati* knew well enough that, considering the nature of the treaty, and the then situation of affairs, they should not only be avowed, but approved of, by their masters the states.

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speak of the republic, they say, *Holland* * will, or will not, do such a thing; but most people are

* When the province of Holland has once taken an important resolution of peace, or war, or accession to any treaty, it is very probable that the other provinces will come into that measure, but by no means certain: it is often a great while first; and, when the little provinces know that the province of Holland has their concurrence much at heart, they will often annex conditions to it; as the little towns in Holland frequently do when the great ones want their concurrence. As for instance, when I was soliciting the accession of the republic to the treaty of Vienna, in 1731; which the pensionary, Comte Sinzendorf, and I, had made secretly at the Hague; all the towns in Holland came pretty readily into it, except the little town of Briel, whose deputies frankly declared, that they would not give their consent, till *major such-a-one*, a very honest gentleman of their town, was promoted to the rank of lieutenant-colonel; and that, as soon as that was done, they would agree, for they approved of the treaty. This was accordingly done in two or three days, and then they agreed. This is a strong instance of the absurdity of the unanimity required, and of the use that is often made of it.

However, should one, or even two, of the lesser provinces, who contribute little, and often pay less, to the public charge, obstinately and frivolously, or perhaps corruptly, persist in opposing a measure which Holland and the other more considerable provinces thought necessary, and had agreed to, they would send a deputation to those opposing provinces, to reason with and persuade them to concur: but, if this would not do, they would, as they have done in many instances, conclude without them. The same thing is done in the provincial states of the respective provinces; where if one or two of the least considerable towns pertinaciously

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ignorant enough to imagine, that the province of Holland has a legal, a constitutional power over the other six; whereas, by the act of union, the little province of *Groningen* is as much sovereign as the province of Holland. The seven provinces are seven distinct sovereignties, confederated together in one republic; no one having any superiority over, or dependence upon, any other: nay, in point of precedence, Holland is but the second, *Gueldres* being the first. It is very natural to suppose, and it is very true in fact, that Holland, from its superiority of strength and riches, and paying 58 per cent. should have great weight and influence in the other six provinces; but power it has none.

The unanimity which is constitutionally requisite for every act of each town and each province separately, and then for every act of the seven collectively, is something so absurd, and so impracticable in government, that one is astonished, that even the form of it has been tolerated so long; for the substance is not strictly observed. And five provinces will often conclude, though two dissent, provided that Holland and Zealand are two of the five—as fourteen or fifteen of the principal towns of Holland will conclude an affair, notwithstanding the opposition of four or five of the lesser. I cannot help conjecturing, that William, the first prince of Orange, called the *Taciturne*, the ablest man, without dispute, of the age he lived in, not excepting even the Admiral Coligny *, and who had the modelling

oppose a necessary measure, they conclude without them. But, as this is absolutely unconstitutional, it is avoided as much as possible, and a complete unanimity procured, if it can be, by such little concessions as that which I have mentioned to the Briel major.

* I am persuaded, that, had the *Taciturne* been in the place of the Admiral Coligny, he would never have been prevailed upon to have come to

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of the republic as he pleased: I conjecture, I say, that the prince of Orange would never have suffered such an absurdity to have crippled that government, which he was at the head of, if he had not thought it useful to himself and his family. He covered the greatest ambition with the greatest modesty, and declined the insignificant outward signs, as much as he desired the solid substance, of power; might he not therefore think, that this absurd, though requisite unanimity, made a Stadthouder absolutely necessary, to render the government practicable? in which case he was very sure the Stadthouder would always be taken out of his family; and he minded things, not names. The pensionary * thinks this conjecture probable; and, as we were talking the other day confidentially upon this subject, we both agreed that this monstrous and impracticable unanimity, required by the constitution, was alone sufficient to bring about a Stadthouder, in spite of all the measures of the republican party to prevent it. He confessed to me, that upon his being made pensionary, he entered into solemn engagements, not to contribute, directly or indirectly, to any change of the present form of government, and that he would scrupulously observe those engagements; but that he foresaw the defects in their form of government, and the abuses crept into every part of it, would infallibly produce

Paris, and to have put himself into the power of those two monsters of perfidy and cruelty, Catharine of Medicis and Charles the Ninth. His prudent escape from Flanders is a proof of it; when he rather chose to be *prince sans terre*, than *prince sans tête*.

* Monsieur Slingelandt, the ablest minister, and the honestest man, I ever knew. I may justly call him my friend, my master, and my guide. For I was then quite new in business; he instructed me, he loved, he trusted me.

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a Stadthouder *, tumultuously imposed upon the republic, by an insurrection of the populace, as in the case of King William. I told him, that, in my opinion, if that were to happen a second time, the Stadthouder so made would be their king †. He said, he believed so too; and that he had urged all this to the most considerable members of the government, and the most jealous republicans. That he had even formed a plan which he had laid before them, as the only possible one to prevent this impending danger. That a Stadthouder was originally the chief spring upon which their government turned; and that, if they would have no Stadt-

* It has since appeared that he judged very rightly.

† And so he ought to be now, even for the sake and preservation of the seven provinces. The necessary principle of a republic, *virtue*, subsists no longer there. The great riches of private people (though the public is poor) have long ago extinguished that principle, and destroyed the equality necessary to a commonwealth. A commonwealth is unquestionably, upon paper, the most rational and equitable form of government; but it is as unquestionably impracticable, in all countries where riches have introduced luxury, and a great inequality of conditions. It will only do in those countries that poverty keeps virtuous. In England, it would very soon grow a tyrannical aristocracy; soon afterwards, an oligarchy; and, soon after that, an absolute monarchy: from the same cause that Denmark, in the last century, became so; the intolerable oppression of the bulk of the people, from those whom they looked upon as their equals. If the young Stadthouder has abilities, he will, when he grows up, get all the powers of a limited monarchy, such as England, no matter under what name; and, if he is really wise, he will desire no more: if the people are wise, they will give it him.

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houder, they must substitute a *succedaneum*. That one part of that *succedaneum* must be to abolish the unanimity required by the present form of government, and which only a Stadthouder could render practicable by his influence. That the abuses which were crept into the military part of the government must be corrected, or that they alone, if they were suffered to go on, would make a Stadthouder; in order that the army and navy, which the public paid for, might be of some use, which at present they were not. That he had laid these, and many other considerations of the like nature, before them; in the hopes of one of these two things: either to prevail with them to make a Stadthouder unnecessary, by a just reformation of the abuses of the government, and substituting a majority, or, at most two-thirds, to the absurd and impracticable unanimity now requisite: or, if they would not come into these preventive regulations, that they would treat amicably with the prince of Orange, and give him the *Stadthouderat*, under strict limitations, and with effectual provisions for their liberty. But they would listen to neither of these expedients; the first affected the private interests of most of the considerable people of the republic, whose power and profit arose from those abuses: and the second was too contrary to the violent passions and prejudices of Messrs. d'Obdam, Bootsaner, Hallewyn, and other heads of the high republican party. Upon this, I said to the pensionary, that he had fully proved to me, not only that there would, but that there ought to be a Stadthouder. He replied, 'There will most certainly be one, and you are young enough to live to see it. I hope I shall be out of the way first; but, if I am not out of the world at that time, I shall be out of my place, and pass the poor remainder of my life in quiet. I only pray that our new master, whenever we have him, may be gently given us;

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My friend the greffier * thinks a Stadthouder absolutely necessary to save the republic, and so do I, as much as he, if they will not accept of the other expedient: but we are in very different situations: he is under no engagement to the contrary, and I am.' He then asked me in confidence, whether I had any instructions to promote the prince of Orange's views and interest. I told him truly, I had not; but that, however, I would do it, as far as ever I could quietly and privately. That he himself had convinced me, that it was for the interest of the republic, which I honoured and wished well to; and also, that it would be a much more efficient ally to England, under that form of government. 'I must own,' replied he, 'that at present we have neither strength, secrecy, nor dispatch.' I said, that I knew that but too well, by my own experience; and I added (laughing) that I looked upon him as the prince of Orange's greatest enemy; and upon that prince's violent and impetuous enemies † to be

* The greffier Fagel, who had been *greffier*, that is, secretary of state, above fifty years. He had the deepest knowledge of business, and the soundest judgement, of any man I ever knew in my life: but he had not that quick, that intuitive sagacity, which the pensionary Slingelandt had. He has often owned to me, that he thought things were gone too far for any other remedy but a Stadthouder.

† These hot-headed republicans pushed things with the unjustest acrimony against the prince of Orange. They denied him his rank in the army; and they kept him out of the possession of the marquisat of Tervere and Fleffingen, which were his own patrimony; and by these means gave him the merit with the people, of being unjustly oppressed.

Had he been an abler man himself, or better advised by others, he might have availed himself much more solidly than he did of the affection, or rather

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his best friends; for that, if his (the pensionary's) plan were to take place, the prince would have very little hopes. He interrupted me here, with saying, "Ne craignez rien, milord, de ce coté-là; mon plan blesse trop l'interêt particulier, pour être

the fury, of the people in his favour, when they tumultuously made him Stadthonder; but he did not know the value and importance of those warm moments, in which he might have fixed and clinched his power. Dazzled with the show and trappings of power, he did not enough attend to the substance. He attempted a thing impossible, which was, to please every body: he heard every body, begun every thing, and finished nothing. When the people, in their fury, made him Stadthouder, they desired nothing better than totally to dissolve the republican form of government. He should have let them. The tumultuous love of the populace must be seized and enjoyed in its first transports; there is no hoarding of it to use upon occasions; it will not keep. The most considerable people of the former government would gladly have compounded for their lives, and would have thought themselves very well off in the castle of Louvestein, where one of the prince of Orange's predecessors sent some of their ancestors in times much less favourable. An affected moderation made him lose that moment. The government is now in a disjointed, loose state. Her R. H. the gouvernante has not power enough to do much good; and yet she has more power than authority. Peace and economy, both public and domestic, should therefore be the sole object of her politics, during the minority of her son. The public is almost a bankrupt; and her son's private fortune extremely incumbered. She has sense and ambition; but it is, still, the sense and ambition of a woman; that is, *inconsequential*. What remains to be done requires a firm, manly, and vigorous mind.

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reçu à present que l'amour du public n'existe plus*.' I thought this conversation too remarkable, not to write down the heads of it when I came home.

The republic has hardly any navy at all; the single fund for the marine being the small duties upon exports and imports; which duties are not half collected, by the connivance of the magistrates themselves, who are interested in smuggling; so that the republic has now no other title, but courtesy, to the name of a maritime power. Their trade decreases daily, and their national debt increases. I have good reason to believe, that it amounts to at least fifty millions sterling.

The decrease of their herring-fishery, from what it appears by Monsieur de Witt's Memoirs of Holland in his time, is incredible; and will be much greater, now we are, at last, wise enough to take our own herrings upon our own coasts.

They do not, now, get by freight one quarter of what they used to get: they were the general sea-carriers of all Europe. The act of navigation passed in Cromwell's time, and afterwards confirmed in Charles the Second's, gave the first blow to that branch of their profit; and now we carry more than they do. Their only profitable remaining branches of commerce are, their trade to the East-Indies, where they have engrossed the spices; and their illicit trade in America, from Surinam, St. Eustatia, Curaçoa, &c.

Their woollen and silk manufactures bear not the least comparison with ours, neither in quantity, quality, nor exportation.

Their *police* is still excellent, and is now the only remains of the prudence, vigilance, and good discipline, which formerly made them esteemed, respected, and courted

* 'Never fear, my lord; a plan so prejudicial to private interest will not be adopted, where patriotism no longer subsists.'

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CCCCXXXIV.

MAXIMS,

BY THE EARL OF CHESTERFIELD*.

A PROPER secrecy is the only mystery of able men; mystery is the only secrecy of weak and cunning ones.

A man who tells nothing, or who tells all, will equally have nothing told him.

If a fool knows a secret, he tells it because he is a fool; if a knave knows one, he tells it wherever it is his interest to tell it. But women, and young men, are very apt to tell what secrets they know from the vanity of having been trusted. Trust none of these, whenever you can help it.

Inattention to the present business, be it what it will; the doing one thing, and thinking at the same time of another, or the attempting to do two things at once; are the never-failing signs of a little frivolous mind.

A man who cannot command his temper, his attention, and his countenance, should not think of being a man of business. The weakest man in the world can avail himself of the passion of the wisest. The inattentive man cannot know the business, and consequently cannot do it. And he, who cannot command his countenance, may e'en as well tell his thoughts as show them.

* These Maxims are referred to in Letter CCXCVIII.

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Distrust all those who love you extremely upon a very slight acquaintance, and without any visible reason. Be upon your guard, too, against those, who confess as their weaknesses, all the cardinal virtues.

In your friendships, and in your enmities, let your confidence and your hostilities have certain bounds: make not the former dangerous, nor the latter irreconcileable. There are strange vicissitudes in business!

Smooth your way to the head, through the heart. The way of reason is a good one; but it is commonly something longer, and perhaps not so sure.

Spirit is now a very fashionable word; to act with spirit, to speak with spirit, means only, to act rashly, and to talk indiscreetly. An able man shows his spirit by gentle words and resolute actions: he is neither hot nor timid.

When a man of sense happens to be in that disagreeable situation, in which he is obliged to ask himself more than once, *What shall I do?* he will answer himself, Nothing. When his reason points out to him no good way, or at least no one way less bad than another, he will stop short, and wait for light. A little busy mind runs on at all events, must be doing; and, like a blind horse, fears no dangers, because he sees none. *Il faut sçavoir s'ennuïer.*

Patience is a most necessary qualification for business: many a man would rather you heard his story, than granted his request. One must seem to hear the unreasonable demands of the petulant, unmoved, and the tedious details of the dull, untired. That is the least price that a man must pay for a high station.

It is always right to detect a fraud, and to perceive a folly; but it is often very wrong to expose either. A man of business should always have his eyes open; but must often seem to have them shut.

In courts, nobody should be below your manage-

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ment and attention; the links that form the court-chain are innumerable and inconceivable. You must hear with patience the dull grievances of a gentleman-usher, or page of the backstairs; who very probably lies with some near relation of the favourite maid, of the favourite mistress, of the favourite minister, or perhaps of the king himself; and who, consequently, may do you more dark and indirect good, or harm, than the first man of quality.

One good patron at court may be sufficient, provided you have no personal enemies; and, in order to have none, you must sacrifice (as the Indians do to the devil) most of your passions, and much of your time, to the numberless evil beings that infest it; in order to prevent and avert the mischiefs they can do you.

A young man, be his merit what it will, can never raise himself; but must, like the ivy round the oak, twine himself round some man of great power and interest. You must belong to a minister some time, before any body will belong to you. And an inviolable fidelity to that minister, even in his disgrace, will be meritorious, and recommend you to the next. Ministers love a personal, much more than a party attachment.

As kings are begotten and born like other men, it is to be presumed that they are of the human species; and, perhaps, had they the same education, they might prove like other men. But, flattered from their cradles, their hearts are corrupted, and their heads are turned, so that they seem to be a species by themselves. No king ever said to himself, 'Homo sum, nihil humani a me alienum puto.'

Flattery cannot be too strong for them; drunk with it from their infancy, like old drinkers, they require drams.

They prefer a personal attachment to a public

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service, and reward it better. They are vain and weak enough to look upon it as a free-will offering to their merit, and not as a burnt-sacrifice to their power.

If you would be a favourite of your king, address yourself to his weaknesses. An application to his reason will seldom prove very successful.

In courts, bashfulness and timidity are as prejudicial on one hand, as impudence and rashness are on the other. A steady assurance, and a cool intrepidity, with an exterior modesty, are the true and necessary medium.

Never apply for what you see very little probability of obtaining; for you will, by asking improper and unattainable things, accustom the ministers to refuse you so often, that they will find it easy to refuse you the properest and most reasonable ones. It is a common, but a most mistaken rule at court, to ask for every thing, in order to get something: you do get something by it, it is true; but that something is refusals and ridicule.

There is a court jargon, a chit-chat, a small talk, which turns singly upon trifles; and which, in a great many words, says little or nothing. It stands fools instead of what they cannot say, and men of sense instead of what they should not say. It is the proper language of levees, drawing-rooms, and antichambers: it is necessary to know it.

Whatever a man is at court, he must be genteel and well-bred; that cloak covers as many follies, as that of charity does sins. I knew a man of great quality, and in a great station at court, considered and respected, whose highest character was, that he was humbly proud, and genteelly dull.

It is hard to say which is the greatest fool; he who tells the whole truth, or he who tells no truth at all. Character is as necessary in business as in trade. No man can deceive often in either.

At court, people embrace without acquaintance,

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serve one another without friendship, and injure one another without hatred. Interest, not sentiment, is the growth of that soil.

A difference in opinion, though in the merest trifles, alienates little minds, especially of high rank. It is full as easy to commend as to blame a great man's cook, or his taylor: it is shorter too; and the objects are no more worth disputing about, than the people are worth disputing with. It is impossible to inform, but very easy to displease them.

A cheerful, easy countenance and behaviour are very useful at court: they make fools think you a good-natured man; and they make designing men think you an undesigning one.

There are some occasions in which a man must tell half his secret in order to conceal the rest; but there is seldom one in which a man should tell it all. Great skill is necessary to know how far to go, and where to stop.

Ceremony is necessary in courts, as the outwork and defence of manners.

Flattery, though a base coin, is the necessary pocket-money at court; where, by custom and consent, it has obtained such a currency, that it is no longer a fraudulent, but a legal payment.

If a minister refuses you a reasonable request, and either slights or injures you; if you have not the power to gratify your resentment, have the wisdom to conceal and dissemble it. Seeming good humour on your part may prevent rancour on his, and perhaps bring things right again: but, if you have the power to hurt, hint modestly, that, if provoked, you may possibly have the will too. Fear, when real, and well-founded, is perhaps a more prevailing motive at courts than love.

At court, many more people can hurt, than can help you: please the former, but engage the latter.

Awkwardness is a more real disadvantage than

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it is generally thought to be; it often occasions ridicule, it always lessens dignity.

A man's own good-breeding is his best security against other people's ill-manners.

Good-breeding carries along with it a dignity, that is respected by the most petulant. Ill-breeding invites and authorizes the familiarity of the most timid. No man ever said a pert thing to the duke of Marlborough. No man ever said a civil one (though many a flattering one) to Sir Robert Walpole.

When the old clipped money was called in for a new coinage, in King William's time, to prevent the like for the future, they stamped on the edges of the crown pieces these words, 'Et decus et tutamen.' That is exactly the case of good-breeding.

Knowledge may give weight, but accomplishments only give lustre; and many more people see than weigh.

Most arts require long study and application; but the most useful art of all, that of pleasing, requires only the desire.

It is to be presumed, that a man of common sense, who does not desire to please, desires nothing at all; since he must know that he cannot obtain any thing without it.

A skilful negotiator will most carefully distinguish between the little and the great objects of his business, and will be as frank and open in the former as he will be secret and pertinacious in the latter.

He will, by his manners and address, endeavour, at least, to make his public adversaries his personal friends. He will flatter and engage the man, while he counterworks the minister; and he will never alienate people's minds from him, by wrangling for points either absolutely unattainable, or not worth attaining. He will make even a merit of giving up what he could not or would not carry, and sell a trifle for a thousand times its value.

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A foreign minister, who is concerned in great affairs, must necessarily have spies in his pay; but he must not too easily credit their informations, which are never exactly true, often very false. His best spies will always be those whom he does not pay, but whom he has engaged in his service by his dexterity and address, and who think themselves nothing less than spies.

There is a certain jargon, which, in French, I should call 'un persiflage d'affaires,' that a foreign minister ought to be perfectly master of, and may use very advantageously at great entertainments, in mixed companies, and in all occasions where he must speak, and should say nothing. Well turned and well spoken, it seems to mean something, though in truth it means nothing. It is a kind of political *badinage*, which prevents or removes a thousand difficulties, to which a foreign minister is exposed in mixed conversations.

If ever the *voltos ciolto* and the *pensieri stretti* are necessary, they are so in these affairs. A grave, dark, reserved, and mysterious air, has *fænum in cornu*. An even, easy, unembarrassed one invites confidence, and leaves no room for guesses and conjectures.

Both simulation and dissimulation are absolutely necessary for a foreign minister; and yet they must stop short of falsehood and perfidy: that middle point is the difficult one; there ability consists. He must often seem pleased, when he is vexed; and grave, when he is pleased; but he must never say either: that would be falsehood, an indelible stain to character.

A foreign minister should be a most exact economist; an expense proportioned to his appointments and fortune is necessary: but, on the other hand, debt is inevitable ruin to him: it sinks him into disgrace at the court where he resides, and into the most servile and abject dependence on the court

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that sent him. As he cannot resent ill usage, he is sure to have enough of it.

The duc de Sully observes very justly, in his Memoirs, that nothing contributed more to his rise, than that prudent economy which he had observed from his youth; and by which he had always a sum of money before-hand, in case of emergencies:

It is very difficult to fix the particular point of economy; the best error of the two is on the parsimonious side: that may be corrected; the other cannot.

The reputation of generosity is to be purchased pretty cheap; it does not depend so much upon a man's general expense, as it does upon his giving handsomely where it is proper to give at all. A man, for instance, who should give a servant four shillings, would pass for covetous, while he who gave him a crown would be reckoned generous: so that the difference of those two opposite characters turns upon one shilling. A man's character, in that particular, depends a great deal upon the report of his own servants; a mere trifle above common wages makes their report favourable.

Take care always to form your establishment so much within your income as to leave a sufficient fund for unexpected contingencies, and a prudent liberality. There is hardly a year in any man's life in which a small sum of ready money may not be employed to great advantage *.

* Upon the back of the original is written, in Mr. Stanhope's hand, 'Excellent Maxims, but more calculated for the meridian of France or Spain than of England.'

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CCCCXXXV.

Political Maxims of the Cardinal De Retz, in his Memoirs; and the late Earl of Chesterfield's Remarks.

1. IL y a souvent de la folie à conjurer; mais il n'y a rien de pareil pour faire les gens sages dans la suite, au moins pour quelque tems. Comme le péril dans ces sortes d'affaires dure même après les occasions, l'on est prudent et circonspect dans les momens qui les suivent.

2. Un esprit médiocre, et susceptible par conséquent d'injustes défiances, est de tous les caracteres celui qui est le plus opposé à un bon chief de parti; dont la qualité la plus souvent et la plus indispensablement nécessaire, est de supprimer en beaucoup d'occasions, et de cacher en toutes, les soupçons même les plus légitimes.

3. Rien n'anime et n'appuïe plus un mouvement, que le ridicule de celui contre lequel on le fait.

4. Le secret n'est pas si rare qu'on le croit, entre des gens qui sont accoutumés à se mêler des grandes affaires.

5. Descendre juqu'aux petits, est le plus sur moïen de s'égaler aux grands.

6. La mode, qui a du pouvoir en toutes choses, ne l'a si sensiblement en aucune, qu'à être bien ou mal à la cour: il y a des tems où la disgrace est une maniere de feu qui purifie toutes les mauvaises qualités, et qui illumine toutes les bonnes; il y a des tems où il ne sied pas bien à un honnête homme d'être disgracié.

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7. La souffrance, aux personnes d'un grand rang, tient lieu d'une grande vertu.

8. Il y a une espéce de galimatias, que la pratique fait connoître quelquefois; mais que la spéculation ne fait jamais entendre.

9. Toutes les puissances ne peuvent rien contre la réputation d'un homme qui se la conserve dans son corps.

10. On est aussi souvent dupe par la défiance que par la confiance.

11. L'extrêmité du mal n'est jamais à son période, que quand ceux qui commandent ont perdu la honte; parce que c'est justement le moment dans lequel ceux qui obéissent perdent le respect; et c'est dans ce même moment que l'on revient de la léthargie; mais par des convulsions.

12. Il y a un voile qui doit toujours couvrir tout ce que l'on peut dire, et tout ce que l'on peut croire du droit des peuples, et de celui des rois, qui ne s'accordent jamais si bien ensemble que dans le silence.

13. Il y a des conjonctures dans lesquelles on ne peut plus faire que des fautes; mais la fortune ne met jamais les hommes dans cet état, qui est de tous le plus malheureux, et personne n'y tombe que ceux qui s'y précipitent par leur faute.

14. Il sied plus mal à un ministre de dire ses sottises, que d'en faire.

15. Les avis que l'on donne à un ministre passent pour des crimes, toutes les fois qu'on ne lui est point agréable.

16. Auprès des princes, il est aussi dangereux, et presqu' aussi criminel, de pouvoir le bien, que de vouloir le mal.

17. Il est bien plus naturel à la peur de consulter que de décider.

18. Cette circonstance paroit ridicule; mais elle est fondée. A Paris, dans les émotions populaires, les plus échauffés ne veulent pas, ce qu'ils appellent, *se desheurer*.

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19. La flexibilité est de toutes les qualités la plus nécessaire pour le maniement des grandes affaires.

20. On a plus de peine dans les partis, de vivre avec ceux qui en sont, que d'agir contre ceux qui y sont opposés.

21. Les plus grands dangers ont leurs charmes, pour peu que l'on apperçoive de gloire dans la perspective des mauvais succès. Les médiocres dangers n'ont que des horreurs, quand la perte de la réputation est attachée à la mauvaise fortune.

22. Les extrêmes sont toujours fâcheux. Mais ce sont des moïens sages quand ils sont nécessaires : ce qu'ils ont de consolant c'est qu'ils ne sont jamais médiocres, et qu'ils sont décisifs quand ils sont bons.

23. Il y a des conjonctures où la prudence même ordonne de ne consulter que le chapître des accidens.

24. Il n'y a rien dans le monde qui n'aît son moment décisif; et le chef-d'œuvre de la bonne conduite, est de connoître et de prendre ce moment.

25. L'abomination joint au ridicule fait le plus dangereux et le plus irrémédiable de tous les composés.

26. Les gens foibles ne plient jamais quand ils le doivent.

27. Rien ne touche et n'émeut tant les peuples, et même les compagnies qui tiennent beaucoup du peuple, que la variété des spectacles.

28. Les exemples du passé touchent sans comparaison plus les hommes, que ceux de leur siécle : nous nous accoutumons à tout ce que nous voïons ; et peutêtre que le consulat du cheval de Caligula ne nous auroit pas tant surpris que nous nous l'imaginons.

29. Les hommes foibles se laissent aller ordinairement au plus grand bruit.

30. Il ne faut jamais contester ce qu'on ne croit pas pouvoir obtenir.

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31. Le moment où l'on reçoit les plus heureuses nouvelles, est justement celui où il faut redoubler son attention pour les petites.

32. Le pouvoir dans les peuples est fâcheux, en ce qu'il nous rend responsables de ce qu'ils font malgré nous.

33. L'une des plus grandes incommodités des guerres civiles, est, qu'il faut encore plus d'application à ce que l'on ne doit pas dire à ses amis, qu'à ce que l'on doit faire contre ses ennemis.

34. Il n'y a point de qualité qui dépare tant un grand homme, que de n'être pas juste à prendre le moment décisif de la reputation. L'on ne le manque presque jamais que pour mieux prendre celui de la fortune; c'est en quoi l'on se trompe, pour l'ordinaire doublement.

35. La vue la plus commune dans les impudences, c'est celle que l'on a de la possibilité des ressources.

36. Toute compagnie est peuple; ainsi tout y dépend des instans.

37. Tout ce qui paroit hasardeux, et qui pourtant ne l'est pas, est presque toujours sage.

38. Les gens irrésolus prennent toujours, avec facilité, les ouvertures qui les mènent à deux chemins, et qui par conséquent ne les pressent pas d'opter.

39. Il n'y a point de petits pas dans les grandes affaires.

40. Il y a des tems où certaines gens ont toujours raison.

41. Rien ne persuade tant les gens qui ont peu de sens que ce qu'ils n'entendent pas.

42. Il n'est pas sage de faire, dans les factions où l'on n'est que sur la défensive, ce qui n'est pas pressé. Mais l'inquiétude des subalternes, est la chose la plus incommode dans ces rencontres; ils croient que, dès qu'on n'agit pas, on est perdu.

43. Les chefs dans les factions n'en sont les maî-

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tres, qu'autant qu'ils sçavent prévenir ou appaiser les murmures.

44. Quand la fraïeur est venue à un certain point, elle produit les mêmes effets que la témérité.

45. Il est aussi nécessaire de choisir les mots dans les grandes affaires, qu'il est superflu de les choisir dans les petites.

46. Rien n'est plus rare ni plus difficile aux ministres, qu'un certain ménagement dans le calme qui suit immédiatement les grandes tempêtes, parce que la flaterie y redouble, et que la défiance n'y est pas éteinte.

47. Il ne faut pas nous choquer si fort des fautes de ceux qui sont nos amis, que nous en donnions de l'avantage à ceux contre lesquels nous agissons.

48. Le talent d'insinuer est plus utile que celui de persuader, parce que l'on peut insinuer à tout le monde, et que l'on ne persuade presque jamais personne.

49. Dans les matiéres qui ne sont pas favorables par elles-mêmes, tout changement qui n'est pas nécessaire est pernicieux parce qu'il est odieux.

50. Il faut faire voir à ceux qui sont naturellement foibles toutes sortes d'abîmes : parce que c'est le vrai moïen de les obliger de se jetter dans le premier chemin qu'on leur ouvre.

51. L'on doit hazarder le possible toutes les fois que l'on se sent en état de profiter même du manquement de succès.

52. Les hommes irrésolus se déterminent difficilement pour les moïens, quoique même ils soïent déterminés pour la fin.

53. C'est presque jeu sûr, avec les hommes fourbes, de leur faire croire que l'on veut tromper ceux que l'on veut servir.

54. L'un des plus grands embarras que l'on ait avec les princes, c'est que l'on est souvent obligé, par la considération de leur propre service, de leur donner des conseils dont on ne peut pas leur dire les véritables raisons.

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55. Quand on se trouve obligé de faire un discours que l'on prévoit ne devoir pas agréer, l'on ne peut lui donner trop d'apparence de sincerité: parce que c'est l'unique moïen de l'adoucir.

56. On ne doit jamais se jouer avec la faveur: on ne la peut trop embrasser quand elle est véritable; on ne la peut trop éloigner quand elle est fausse.

57. Il y a de l'inconvenient à s'engager sur des suppositions de ce que l'on croit impossible; et pourtant il n'y a rien de si commun.

58. La plûpart des hommes examinent moins les raisons de ce qu'on leur propose contre leur sentiment, que celles qui peuvent obliger celui qui les propose de s'en servir.

59. Tout ce qui est vuide, dans les tems de faction et d'intrigue, passe pour mystérieux dans les esprits de ceux qui ne sont pas accoutumés aux grandes affaires.

60. Il n'est jamais permis à un inférieur de s'égaler en paroles à celui à qui il doit du respéct, quoiqu'il s'y égale dans l'action.

61. Tout homme que la fortune seule, par quelque accident, a fait homme public, devient presque toujours avec un peu de tems un particulier ridicule.

62. La plus grande imperfection des hommes est, la complaisance qu'ils trouvent à se persuader que les autres ne sont point exemts des défauts qu'ils se reconnoissent à eux-mêmes.

63. Il n'y a que l'expérience qui puisse apprendre aux hommes à ne pas préférer ce qui les pique dans le present, à ce qui les doit toucher bien plus essentiellement dans l'avenir.

64. Il faut s'appliquer, avec soin, dans les grandes affaires encore plus que dans les autres, à se défendre du goût qu'on trouve pour la plaisanterie.

65. On ne peut assez peser les moindres mots, dans les grandes affaires.

66. Il n'y a que la continuation du bonheur qui fixe la plûpart des amitiés.

67. Quiconque assemble le peuple, l'émeut.

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TRANSLATION OF CARDINAL DE RETZ'S POLITICAL MAXIMS.

1. IT is often madness to engage in a conspiracy; but nothing is so effectual to bring people afterwards to their senses, at least for a time. As, in such undertakings, the danger subsists, even after the business is over; this obliges to be prudent and circumspect in the succeeding moments.

2. A middling understanding, being susceptible of unjust suspicions, is consequently, of all characters, the least fit to head a faction;—as the most indispensable qualification in such a chief is, to suppress in many occasions, and to conceal in all, even the best-grounded suspicions.

3. Nothing animates and gives strength to a commotion, so much as the ridicule of him against whom it is raised.

4. Among people used to affairs of moment, secrecy is much less uncommon than is generally believed.

5. Descending to the little, is the surest way of attaining to an equality with the great.

6. Fashion, though powerful in all things, is not more so in any, than in being well or ill at court. There are times, when disgrace is a kind of fire, that purifies all bad qualities, and illuminates every good one. There are others, in which the being out of favour is unbecoming a man of character.

7. Sufferings, in people of the first rank, supply the want of virtue.

8. There is a confused kind of jumble, which practice sometimes teaches; but is never to be understood by speculation.

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9. The greatest powers cannot injure a man's character, whose reputation is unblemished among his party.

10. We are as often duped by diffidence as by confidence.

11. The greatest evils are not arrived at their utmost period, until those who are in power have lost all sense of shame. At such a time, those who should obey shake off all respect and subordination. Then is lethargic indolence roused; but roused by convulsions.

12. A veil ought always to be drawn over whatever may be said or thought concerning the rights of the people, or of kings; which agree best when least mentioned*.

13. There are at times, situations so very unfortunate, that whatever is undertaken must be wrong. Chance alone never throws people into such dilemmas; and they happen only to those who bring them upon themselves.

14. It is more unbecoming a minister to say, than to do silly things.

15. The advice given to a minister, by an obnoxious person, is always thought bad.

16. It is as dangerous, and almost as criminal, with princes, to have the power of doing good, as the will of doing evil.

17. Timorous minds are much more inclined to deliberate than to resolve.

18. It appears ridiculous to assert, but it is not the less true, that at Paris, during popular commotions, the most violent will not quit their homes past a stated hour.

19. Flexibility is the most requisite qualification for the management of great affairs.

20. It is more difficult for the member of a faction

* This maxim, as well as several others, evidently prove they were written by a man subject to a despotic government.

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to live with those of his own party, than to act against those who oppose it.

21. The greatest dangers have their allurements, if the want of success is likely to be attended with a degree of glory. Middling dangers are horrid, when the loss of reputation is the inevitable consequence of ill success.

22. Violent measures are always dangerous, but, when necessary, may then be looked upon as wise. They have, however, the advantage of never being matter of indifferency; and, when well concerted, must be decisive.

23. There may be circumstances, in which even prudence directs us to trust entirely to chance.

24. Every thing in this world has its critical moment; and the height of good conduct consists in knowing and seizing it.

25. Profligacy joined to ridicule, forms the most abominable and most dangerous of all characters.

26. Weak minds never yield when they ought.

27. Variety of sights have the greatest effect upon the mob, and also upon numerous assemblies, who, in many respects, resemble mob.

28. Examples taken from past times have infinitely more power over the minds of men, than any of the age in which they live. Whatever we see, grows familiar; and, perhaps, the consulship of Caligula's horse might not have astonished us so much as we are apt to imagine.

29. Weak minds are commonly overpowered by clamour.

30. We ought never to contend for what we are not likely to obtain.

31. The instant in which we receive the most favourable accounts, is just that wherein we ought to redouble our vigilance, even in regard to the most trifling circumstances.

32. It is dangerous to have a known influence over the people; as thereby we become responsible even for what is done against our will.

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33. One of the greatest difficulties in civil war is, that more art is required to know what should be concealed from our friends, than what ought to be done against our enemies.

34. Nothing lowers a great man so much, as not seizing the decisive moment of raising his reputation. This is seldom neglected, but with a view to fortune; by which mistake, it is not unusual to miss both.

35. The possibility of remedying imprudent actions, is commonly an inducement to commit them.

36. Every numerous assembly is mob; consequently every thing there depends upon instantaneous turns.

37. Whatever measure seems hazardous, and is in reality not so, is generally a wise one.

38. Irresolute minds always adopt with facility whatever measures can admit of different issues, and consequently do not require an absolute decision.

39. In momentous affairs, no step is indifferent.

40. There are times in which certain people are always in the right.

41. Nothing convinces persons of a weak understanding so effectually, as what they do not comprehend.

42. When factions are only upon the defensive, they ought never to do that which may be delayed. Upon such occasions, nothing is so troublesome as the restlessness of subalterns, who think a state of naction total destruction.

43. Those who head factions have no way of maintaining their authority, but by preventing or quieting discontent.

44. A certain degree of fear produces the same effects as rashness.

45. In affairs of importance, the choice of words is of as much consequence, as it would be superfluous in those of little moment.

46. During those calms which immediately succeed violent storms, nothing is more difficult for mi-

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nisters than to act properly; because, while flattery increases, suspicions are not yet subsided.

47. The faults of our friends ought never to anger us so far, as to give an advantage to our enemies.

48. The talent of insinuation is more useful than that of persuasion; as every body is open to insinuation, but scarce any to persuasion.

49. In matters of a delicate nature, all unnecessary alterations are dangerous, because odious.

50. The best way to compel weak-minded people to adopt our opinion, is to frighten them from all others, by magnifying their danger.

51. We must run all hazards, where we think ourselves in a situation to reap some advantage even from the want of success.

52. Irresolute men are diffident in resolving upon the means, even when they are determined upon the end.

53. It is almost a sure game, with crafty men, to make them believe we intend to deceive those whom we mean to serve.

54. One of the greatest difficulties with princes is the being often obliged, in order to serve them, to give advice, the true reasons of which we dare not mention.

55. The saying things which we foresee will not be pleasing, can only be softened by the greatest appearance of sincerity.

56. We ought never to trifle with favour. If real, we should hastily seize the advantage; if pretended, avoid the allurement.

57. It is very inconsequent to enter into engagements upon suppositions we think impossible; and yet it is very usual.

58. The generality of mankind pay less attention to arguments urged against their opinion, than to such as may engage the disputant to adopt their own.

59. In times of faction and intrigue, whatever ap-

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pears inert is reckoned mysterious by those who are not accustomed to affairs of moment.

60. It is never allowable, in an inferior, to equal himself in words to a superior, although he may rival him in actions.

61. Every man whom chance alone has, by some accident, made a public character, hardly ever fails of becoming, in a short time, a ridiculous private one.

62. The greatest imperfection of men is, the complacency with which they are willing to think others not free from faults of which they are themselves conscious.

63. Experience only can teach men not to prefer what strikes them for the present moment, to what will have much greater weight with them hereafter.

64. In the management of important business, all turn to raillery must be more carefully avoided than in any other.

65. In momentous transactions, words cannot be sufficiently weighed.

66. The permanency of most friendships depends upon the continuity of good fortune.

67. Whoever assembles the multitude, will raise commotions.

CCCCXXXVI.

LORD CHESTERFIELD'S REMARKS UPON THE FOREGOING MAXIMS.

I HAVE taken the trouble of extracting and collecting for your use, the foregoing political maxims of the cardinal de Retz, in his Memoirs. They are not aphorisms of his invention, but the true and just observations of his own experience in the course of great business. My own experience attests the truth of them all. Read them over with attention,

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as here above; and then read with the same attention, and *toute de suite*, the Memoirs; where you will find the facts and characters from whence those observations are drawn, or to which they are applied; and they will reciprocally help to fix each other in your mind. I hardly know any book so necessary for a young man to read and remember. You will there find how great business is really carried on: very differently from what people, who have never been concerned in it, imagine. You will there see what courts and courtiers really are, and observe that they are neither so good as they should be, nor so bad as they are thought by most people. The court-poet, and the sullen cloistered pedant, are equally mistaken in their notions, or at least in the accounts they give us of them. You will observe the coolness in general, the perfidy in some cases, and the truth in a very few, of court friendships. This will teach you the prudence of a general distrust; and the imprudence of making no exception to that rule, but upon good and tried grounds. You will see the utility of good-breeding towards one's greatest enemies; and the high imprudence and folly of either insulting or injurious expressions. You will find, in the cardinal's own character, a strange, but by no means an uncommon mixture, of high and low, good and bad, parts and indiscretion. In the character of Monsieur le duc d'Orleans you may observe the model of weakness, irresolution, and fear, though with very good parts. In short, you will, in every page of that book, see that strange, inconsistent, creature, man, just as he is. If you would know that period of history (and it is well worth knowing) correctly, after you have read the cardinal's Memoirs, you should read those of Joly, and of Madame de Motteville; both which throw great light upon the first. By all those accounts put together it appears, that Anne of Austria (with great submission to a crowned head do I say it) was a b—. She had spirit and courage without

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parts, devotion without common morality, and lewdness without tenderness either to justify or to dignify it. Her two sons were no more Lewis the Thirteenth's than they were mine; and, if Buckingham had staid a little longer, she would probably have had another by him.

Cardinal Marazin was a great knave, but no great man; much more cunning than able; scandalously false, and dirtily greedy. As for his enemy, cardinal de Retz, I can truly call him a man of great parts, but I cannot call him a great man. He never was so much so as in his retirement. The ladies had then a great, and have always had some, share in state affairs in France: the spring and the streams of their politics have always been, and always will be, the interest of their present lover, or their resentment against a discarded and perfidious one. Money is their great object; of which they are extremely greedy, if it coincides with their arrangement with the lover for the time being; but true glory, and public good, never enter into their heads. They are always governed by the man they love, and they always govern the man who loves them. He or she who loves the most, is always governed by him or her who loves the least. Madame de Montbazon governed Monsieur de Beaufort, who was fond of her; whereas she was only proud of his rank and popularity. The *drudi* for the time being always governed Madame and Mademoiselle de Chevreuse, and steered their politics. Madame de Longueville governed her brother the prince de Conti, who was in love with her, but Marsillac, with whom she was in love, governed her. In all female politics, the head is certainly not the part that takes the lead; the true and secret spring lies lower and deeper. La Palatine, whom the cardinal celebrates as the ablest and most sensible woman he ever met with, and who seems to have acted more systematically and consequentially than any of them, starts aside however, and deviates from her plan, whenever the in-

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terests or the inclinations of La Vieuville, her lover, require it. I will add (though with great submission to a late friend of yours at Paris) that no woman ever yet either reasoned or acted long together consequentially; but some little thing, some love, some resentment, some present momentary interest, some supposed slight, or some humour, always breaks in upon and oversets their most prudent resolutions and schemes.

CCCCXXXVII.

Considerations upon the Repeal of the Limitation, relative to Foreigners, in the Act of Settlement.

THE particular limitation, relative to foreigners, in the act of settlement, and now to be repealed, was marked out as peculiarly sacred by the first parliament, and that no uncomplaisant one, of the late king, by enacting, that that limitation should be inserted in all future acts of naturalization; and it was so, even in the act for naturalizing the prince of Orange, the king's son in-law.

But, it seems, Messieurs Prevot, Bouquet, and others, are now to receive a mark of distinction which the king's son-in-law could not then obtain. But, can the same indulgence, hereafter, ever be refused to foreign Protestant princes, of the highest birth, and greatest merit, and, many of them, nearly related to his majesty and the royal family; who may, very probably, prefer the British service to any other?

The poor military arguments, urged in justification of the repeal of this most sacred law, are too trifling to be the true ones, and too wretched to be seriously answered, unless by the unfortunate British officers; who are hereby, in a manner, declared and enacted to be incapable of doing the duty of captains, majors, &c.

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Some other reason, therefore, must be sought for; and, perhaps, it is but too easily found.

May it not be, 'periculum faciamus in anima vili?' If this goes down, it shall be followed; some foreign prince, of allowed merit, shall make the first application to the crown, and to the parliament, for the same favour which was shown to Messieurs Prevot, Bouquet, and company. Can either of them, in common decency, refuse it? Besides that, perhaps a time may come, when generals, and superior officers, may be as much wanted in England, as great captains and majors are now wanted in America.

Great evils have always such trifling beginnings, to smooth the way for them insensibly; as Cardinal de Retz most justly observes, when he says, that he is persuaded, that the Romans were carried on by such shades and gradations of mischief and extravagancy, as not to have been much surprised or alarmed, when Caligula declared his intention of making his horse consul. So that, by the natural progression of precedents, the next generation may probably see, and even without surprise or abhorrence, foreigners commanding your troops, and voting the supplies for them in both houses of parliament.

As to the pretended utility of these foreign heroes, it is impossible to answer such arguments seriously. What experience evinces the necessity? Cape Breton, the strongest place in America, was very irregularly taken, in the last war, by our irregular American troops. Sir William Johnson lately beat, and took most irregularly, the regular General Dieskau, at the head of his regular forces: and General Braddock, who was most judiciously selected out of the whole British army to be our *Scipio Americanus*, was very irregularly destroyed by unseen, and to this day unknown, enemies.

How will these foreign heroes agree with the English officers of the same corps, who are, in a manner, by act of parliament, declared unfit for their busi-

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ness, till instructed in it by the great foreign masters of homicide? Will they not even be more inclined to advise than to obey their colonel; to interpret, than to execute his orders? Will they cooperate properly with our American troops and officers, whom they will certainly look upon, and treat, as an inexperienced and undisciplined rabble? Can it possibly be otherwise? or, can it be wondered at, when those gentlemen know, that they are appointed officers by one act of parliament, and at the expense of another, the most sacred of the statute-book?

O! but there is to be but one half of the officers of this Thundering Legion, who are to be foreigners: so much the worse; for then, according to the principle laid down, it can be but half disciplined. Besides, the less the object, to which a very great object is sacrificed, the more absurd, and the more suspicious such a sacrifice becomes. At first, this whole legion was to consist of all foreigners, field-officers and all; which, upon the principle of the absolute utility and necessity of foreign officers, was much more rational; but, thus mitigated, as it is called, it is a thousand times more absurd. And how does it stand now? Why truly, the sacred act of settlement is to be repealed, and in the tenderest parts, for the sake of some foreign captains and majors, who are to be commanded by British superior officers, who, by this act of parliament, are supposed not to know their trade.

One has heard (but one hears a thousand false reports), that this absurd scheme was, some time ago, quashed by his majesty's own prudence and goodness; and, from the rightness of the thing, I am inclined to believe that it is true: and I am sure I will not suppose, that ever that might be among the reasons for resuming it in this shape, and forcing it down the throats of the reluctant nation: but this is certain that it was once dropped, and at some ex-

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pense too. The foreign heroes were contented with money instead of laurels, and were going away about their own business; but perhaps a condescension to the unanimous wishes of the whole *people of England, at least*, was looked upon as a dangerous precedent, and the repeal of the act of settlement as an useful one. But, however, I will have candour enough to believe, that this was merely an absurd, wrong-headed measure; for, if I did not, I must think it the wickedest that ever was pushed.

CCCCXXXVIII.

AXIOMS IN TRADE.

TO sell, upon the whole, more than you buy.

To buy your materials as cheap, and to sell your manufactures as dear, as you can.

To ease the manufacturers, as much as possible, of all taxes and burthens.

To lay small or no duties upon your own manufactures exported, and to lay high duties upon all foreign manufactures imported.

To lay small or no duties upon foreign materials, that are necessary for your own manufactures; but to lay very high duties upon, or rather totally prohibit, the exportation of such of your own materials as are necessary for the manufactures of other countries; as wool, fuller's-earth, &c.

To keep the interest of money low, that people may place their money in trade.

Not to imagine (as people commonly do) that it is either prudent or possible to prohibit the exportation of your gold and silver, whether coined or uncoined. For, if the balance of trade be against you, that is, if you buy more than you sell, you must necessarily make up that difference in money; and your bullion or your coin, which are in effect the same thing,

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must and will be exported, in spite of all laws. But if you sell more than you buy, then foreigners must do the same by you, and make up their deficiency in bullion or coin. Gold and silver are but merchandise, as well as cloth or linen; and that nation that buys the least, and sells the most, must always have the most money.

A free trade is always carried on with more advantage to the public, than an exclusive one by a company. But the particular circumstances of some trades may sometimes require a joint stock and exclusive privileges.

All monopolies are destructive to trade.

To get, as much as possible, the advantages of manufacturing and freight.

To contrive to undersell other nations, in foreign markets.

CCCCXXXIX.

To the King's most Excellent Majesty,

The humble Petition of Philip Earl of Chesterfield, knight of the most noble Order of the Garter.

SHOWETH,

THAT your petitioner, being rendered, by deafness, as useless and insignificant as most of his equals and cotemporaries are by nature, hopes, in common with them, to share your majesty's royal favour and bounty; whereby he may be enabled either to save, or spend, as he shall think proper, more than he can do at present.

That your petitioner, having had the honour of serving your majesty in several very lucrative employments, seems thereby entitled to a lucrative retreat from business, and to enjoy 'otium cum dignitate,' that is, leisure and a large pension.

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Your petitioner humbly presumes, that he has, at least, a common claim to such a pension: he has a vote in the most august assembly in the world; he has, at the same time (though he says it) an elevation of sentiment, that makes him not only desire, but (pardon, dread sir, an expression you are little used to) *insist* upon it.

That your petitioner is little apt, and always unwilling, to speak advantageously of himself; but as, after all, some justice is due to one's-self, as well as to others, he begs leave to represent, That his loyalty to your majesty has always been unshaken, even in the worst of times; That, particularly, in the late unnatural rebellion, when the pretender advanced as far as Derby, at the head of, at least three thousand undisciplined men, the flower of the Scottish nobility and gentry, your petitioner did not join him, as unqestionably he might have done, had he been so inclined; but, on the contrary, raised sixteen companies, of one hundred men each, at the public expense, in support of your majesty's undoubted right to the imperial crown of these realms; which distinguished proof of his loyalty is, to this hour, unrewarded.

Your majesty's petitioner is well aware, that your civil list must necessarily be in a low and languid state, after the various frequent and profuse evacuations which it has of late years undergone; but at the same time, he presumes to hope that this argument, which seems not to have been made use of against any other person whatsoever, shall not, in this single case, be urged against him; and the less so, as he has good reason to believe, that the deficiencies of the pension-fund are by no means the last that will be made good by parliament.

Your petitioner begs leave to observe, That a small pension is disgraceful and opprobrious, as it intimates a shameful necessity on one part, and a degrading sort of charity on the other; but that a great one implies dignity and affluence on one side;

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on the other, regard and esteem, which, doubtless, your majesty must entertain, in the highest degree, for those great personages whose respectable names stand upon your eleemosynary list. Your petitioner, therefore, humbly persuades himself, upon this principle, that less than three thousand pounds a year will not be proposed to him; if made up gold, the more agreeable; if for life, the more marketable.

Your petitioner persuades himself, that your majesty will not suspect this his humble application to proceed from any mean, interested motive, of which he has always had the utmost abhorrence. No, sir, he confesses his own weakness; honour alone is his object; honour is his passion; honour is dearer to him than life. To honour he has always sacrificed all other considerations; and upon this generous principle, singly, he now solicits the honour, which, in the most shining times, distinguished the greatest men of Greece, who were fed at the expense of the public.

Upon this honour, so sacred to him as a peer, so tender to him as a man, he most solemnly assures your majesty, that, in case you should be pleased to grant him this his humble request, he will gratefully and honourably support, and promote with zeal and vigour, the worst measure that the worst minister can ever suggest to your majesty: but, on the other hand, should he be singled out, marked, and branded by a refusal, he thinks himself obliged in honour to declare, that he will, to the utmost of his power, oppose the best and wisest measures that your majesty yourself can ever dictate.

And your majesty's petitioner shall ever pray.

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CCCCXL.

A FRAGMENT.

A CHAPTER of the garter is to be held at St. James's next Friday; in which Prince Edward, the prince of Orange, the earls of Lincoln, Winchelsea and Cardigan, are to be elected knights companions of the order of the garter. Though solely nominated by the crown, they are said to be elected; because there is a pretended election. All the knights are summoned to attend the sovereign at a chapter, to be held on such a day, in order to elect so many new knights into the vacant stalls of the deceased ones; accordingly they meet in the council chamber, where they all sit down, according to their seniority, at a long table, where the sovereign presides. There every knight pretends to write a list of those for whom he intends to vote; and, in effect, writes down nine names, such as he thinks proper, taking care, however, to insert the names of those who are really to be elected; then the bishop of Salisbury, who is always the chancellor of the order, goes round the table, and takes the paper of each knight, pretends to look into them, and then declares the majority of votes to be for those persons who were nominated by the crown. Upon this declaration, two of the old knights go into the outward room, where the new ones are attending, and introduce them, one after another, according to their ranks. The new knight kneels down before the king, who puts the riband about his neck; then he turns to the prince of Wales, or, in his absence, to the oldest knight, who puts the garter about his leg. This is the ceremony of the chapter. That of the

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installation, which is always performed in St. George's chapel at Windsor, completes the whole thing; for till then the new knights cannot wear the star, unless by a particular dispensation from the sovereign, which is very seldom granted. All ceremonies are in themselves very silly things; but yet a man of the world should know them. They are the outworks of manners and decency, which would be too often broken in upon, if it were not for that defence, which keeps the enemy at a proper distance. It is for that reason that I always treat fools and coxcombs with great ceremony; true good-breeding not being a sufficient barrier against them. The knowledge of the world teaches one to deal with different people differently, and according as characters and situations require. The *versatile ingenium* is a most essential point; and a man must be broke to it while he is young. Have it in your thoughts, as I have you in mine. Adieu.

P. S. This moment I receive your letter of the 15th, N. S. with which I am very well pleased; it informs me, and, what I like still better, it shows me that you are informed.

CCCCXLI.

A FRAGMENT.

YOUR riding, fencing, and dancing, constantly at the academy, will, I hope, lengthen you out a little: therefore, pray take a great deal of those exercises: for I would very fain have you be at least five feet eight inches high, as Mr. Harte once wrote me word that he hoped you would. Mr. Pelham likewise told me, that you speak German and French as fluently and correctly as a Saxon or a Parisian. I am very glad of both; take care not to forget the former; there is no danger of your forgetting the

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latter. As I both thank and applaud you for having, hitherto, employed yourself so well abroad, I must again repeat to you, that the manner in which you shall now employ it at Paris will be finally decisive of your fortune, figure, and character in the world, and consequently of my esteem and kindness. Eight or nine months determine the whole; which whole is very near complete. It consists of this only; to retain and increase the learning you have already acquired; to add to it the still more useful knowledge of the world; and to adorn both, with the manners, the address, the air, and the graces, of a man of fashion. Without the last, I will say of your youth and your knowledge, what Horace says to Venus;

Parum comis sine te Juventas,
Mercuriusque.

The two great subjects of conversation now at Paris are the dispute between the crown and the clergy, and between the crown and the states of Britany: inform yourself thoroughly of both; which will let you into the most material parts of the French history and constitution. There are four letters printed, and very well written, against the pretended rights and *immunities* of the clergy; to which there is an answer, very well written too, in defence of those *immunities*. Read them both with attention; and also all representations, memorials, and whatever shall appear for or against the claims of the states of Britany. I dare say, that ninety-nine in a hundred, of the English at Paris, do not give themselves the trouble of inquiring into those disputes; but content themselves with saying, 'that there is a confounded bustle and rout between the king and the priests, and between the king and the states of Britany; but that, for their parts, they do not trouble their heads about them; fight dog, fight bear.' But, with submission to them, these

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are objects worthy the attention and inquiries of a man of sense and business.

Adieu, my dear child! Yours tenderly.

We have been favoured with the following Letters written by the late Earl of Chesterfield to different persons.

CCCCXLII.

Lettre de Recommendation, en faveur de Madame Cleland, addressée à Madame de Tencin.

Londres, ce 20 Aoust, V. S.

COMBATTU par des mouvemens bien différents, j'ai long-tems ballancé, avant que d'oser me déterminer, à vous envoïer cette lettre. Je sentois toute l'indiscrétion d'une telle démarche, et à quel point c'étoit abuser de la bonté que vous avez eu pour moi, pendant mon séjour à Paris, que de vous la redemander pour un autre: mais sollicité vivement par une dame que son mérite met à l'abri des refus, et porté, d'ailleurs, à profitter du moindre prétexte pour rapeller un souvenir qui m'est si precieux, que le vôtre; le penchant (comme il arrive presque toujours) a triomphé de la discrétion: et je satisfais en même tems à mes propres inclinations et aux instances de Madame Cleland, qui aura l'honneur de vous rendre cette lettre.

Je sçais par expérience, madame (car j'en suis moi-même un example) que ce n'est pas la premiere affaire de la sorte, à laquelle vôtre réputation, qui ne se renferme point dans les bornes de la France, vous a exposée: mais je me flatte, aussi, que vous ne la

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trouverez pas la plus désagréable. Un mérite supérieur, un esprit juste, délicat, orné par la lecture de tout ce qu'il y a de bon dans toutes les langues, et un grand usage du monde, qui ont acquis a Madame Cleland l'estime et la considération de tout ce qu'il y d'honnêtes gens ici, me rassurent sur la liberté, que je prends, de vous la recommander; et me persuadent même que vous ne m'en sçaurez pas mauvais gré.

Si vous me demandez, par hasard, pourquoi elle m'a choisi pour son introducteur chez vous, et pourquoi elle a crû, que je m'etois acquis ce droit là; je vous dirai naturellement, que c'est moi, qui en suis cause. En cela j'ai suivi l'exemple de la plupart des voïageurs, qui, à leur retour, se font valoir chez eux, par leurs prétendues liaisons avec ce qu'il y a de plus distingué, chez les autres. Les rois, les princes, et les ministres, les ont toujours comblé de leurs grâces. Et moïennant ce faux étalage d'honneurs qu'ils n'ont point recû, ils acquiérrent une considération qu'ils ne méritent point.

J'ai vanté vos bontés pour moi; je les ai exagérées même, s'il étoit possible; et enfin, pour ne vous rien cacher, ma vanité a poussé l'effronterie au point même de me donner pour vôtre ami favori, et enfant de la maison. Quand Madame Cleland m'a pris au mot, et m'a dit; 'Je vais bientôt en France; Je n'y ambitionne rien tant, que l'honneur de connoître Madame de Tencin; vous qui êtes si bien là, il ne vous coutera rien de me donner une lettre pour elle.'

Le cas étoit embarassant: car, après ce que j'avois dit, un refus auroit été trop choquant à Madame Cleland, et l'aveu, que je n'étois pas en droit de le faire, trop humiliant pour mon amour propre. Si bien que je me suis trouvé réduit à risquer le pacquet, et je crois même que je l'aurois fait, si je n'avois pas eu l'honneur de vous connoître du tout, plûtot que de me donner le démenti sur un article si sensible.

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Aïant donc franchi le pas; je voudrois bien en profiter, pour vous exprimer les sentimens de reconnoissance que j'ai, et que j'aurai toujours des bontés que vous m'avez temoigné à Paris; je voudrois aussi vous exprimer tout ce que je pense des qualités qui distinguent votre cœur et votre esprit, de tous les autres: mais cela me méneroit également au delà des bornes d'une lettre, et au dessus de mes forces.

Je souhaiterois que Monsieur de Fontenelle voulut bien s'en charger pour moi. Sur cet article, je puis dire, sans vanité, que nous pensons de même; avec cette difference, qu'il vous le diroit avec cet esprit, cette délicatesse, et cette élégance, qui lui sont propres, et seules convenables au sujêt.

Permettez donc, madame, que destitué de tous ces avantages de l'esprit, je vous assure simplement des sentimens de mon cœur, de l'estime, de la vénération, et de l'attachement respectueux, avec lequel je serai toute ma vie, madame, Votre, &c.

Je crois que vous me pardonnerez bien, si je vous supplie de faire mes complimens à Monsieur de Fontenelle.

TRANSLATION.

Letter of Recommendation, in favour of Mrs. Cleland, to Madame de Tencin.

London, August 20, O. S.

AGITATED by various thoughts, I have long been in suspense, before I durst resolve to send this letter. I felt all the indiscretion of such a step, and how much it would be trespassing upon the goodness I had experienced from you during my stay at Paris, to require the same for another. A lady, whose merit secures her from a refusal, has entreated me in the most pressing manner, and my

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own inclinations have concurred, to make use of the first opportunity, to recall a remembrance which will always give me pleasure; so that inclination having (as it generally happens) overpowered discretion, my own wishes and Mrs. Cleland's desires, will both be gratified, by her having the honour of presenting this letter to you.

I know, madam, by experience, and am myself a proof, that this is not the first affair of that kind, which your reputation, not confined within the limits of France, has brought upon you; but I flatter myself that you will not look upon this as the most disagreeable. Superior merit, exquisite and refined sense, adorned by the knowledge of the best authors in every language, and a thorough usage of the world, have acquired Mrs. Cleland the esteem and consideration of all people of most merit here. These motives encourage me to take the liberty of recommending her to you, and even persuade me that you will not be offended at it.

If, by chance, you should ask why this lady has made choice of me to be her introductor towards you, and how she came to believe that I had any such right; I will candidly own, that I myself have been the cause of it: and, in this respect, I have followed the example of most travellers; who, at their return to their own country, endeavour to raise their reputation, by boasting of imaginary connexions with the most distinguished people abroad. Kings, princes, and ministers, have always loaded them with favours: in consequence of those boasted honours, which they never received, they often acquire a degree of consideration which they do not deserve.

I have boasted of your goodness to me; I have even, if possible, exaggerated it; and, in short (not to conceal any thing from you), vanity has even drove me to declare that I was your favourite friend, and domesticated in your house. Mrs. Cleland immediately seised this opportunity to

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say: 'I am going to France soon; I wish for nothing so much, as to have the honour of knowing Madame de Tencin: since you are so much connected, you can easily give me a letter for her.'

This was an intricate affair; for, after what I had said, Mrs. Cleland might have been shocked by a refusal, and my self-love would have been too cruelly hurt, if I had owned that I had no right to do any such thing. So that I find myself under a necessity of running all hazards; and, I really believe, that, even if I had not been known to you at all, I should still have done it, rather than have confessed so mortifying a thing.

As the first step is now taken, I wish to make the best use of it, by expressing to you the sentiments of gratitude which I have, and ever shall retain, for your goodness to me, during my stay at Paris. I wish it were in my power to tell you also what I think of those perfections, which distinguish your heart and your mind so eminently from all others; but this would carry me beyond the bounds of a letter, and is, indeed, more than I know how to express. Mr. de Fontenelle might undertake this for me; for, to say the truth, I know that our opinions upon that subject coincide; with this difference only, that he would express these sentiments with all that energy, delicacy, and elegancy, so peculiar to him, and so very proper for the subject.

Permit me then, madam, though destitute of all those advantages of mind, to assure you simply of the sentiments of my heart; and of the esteem, veneration, and respectful attachment, with which I shall always remain Yours, &c.

P. S. I am persuaded that you will forgive my troubling you to make my compliments to M. de Fontenelle.

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CCCCXLIII.

LETTER.

Londres, ce 1 Janvier, V. S.

MADAME,

JE ne suis pas diseur de bonne avanture, ains au contraire; car je vous annonce que ces quatre billets, que j'ai choisi avec tant d'attention, et que j'estimois, l'un portant l'autre, à vingt mille piéces au moins, se sont avisés d'être tous blancs.

Je ne me console de vôtre malheur que par les belles réflexions qu'il me fait faire, et par la morale utile que j'en tire, pour le reste de mes jours.— Oui! Je vois bien, à present, que toute la prudence humaine, les mesures les plus sages, et les projêts les mieux concertés sont frivoles, si la Fortune, cette divinité inconstante, bisarre, et *feminine*, n'est pas d'humeur à les favoriser. Car que pouvoit-on faire de plus que je n'ai fait, et qu'en pouvoit-il arriver de moins?

Se donnera-t-on, après cela, du mouvement, formera-t-on des plans, et s'inquiétera-t-on, pour les choses de ce monde? J'ose dire, que si ces réflexions, aussi judicieuses que nouvelles, font la même impression sur vôtre esprit qu'elles ont fait sur le mien, elles vous vaudront plus, que tout ce que vous auriez pû gagner dans la lotterie.

Vous êtes bien querelleuse, madame; jusqu'a m'accorder un talent, que je n'ai pas, pour pouvoir, après, me reprocher de ne le pas emploïer avec vous; et je m'épuise, dites vous, en *bon ton*, avec Madame de Monconseil. Quelle accusation injuste, et denuée de toute vraisemblance! Un Milord Anglois avec le bon ton! Ce sont deux choses absolument contradictoires: ou, pour m'expliquer plus clairement, et simplifier mon idée; ce sont deux

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êtres hétérogenes, dont l'existence de l'un implique nécéssairement la privation de l'autre.

Me voici donc justifié dans toutes les formes de la logique; et si vous n'en êtes pas contente, Madame de Monconseil, qui a en main mes piéces justificatives, pourra vous en convaincre. Au reste; si j'en possédois tant soit peu, ce nouvel an me fourniroit une belle occasion de l'étaler. Et quoique depuis plus de cinq mille ans, toute la terre ait traité ce sujet; je vous dirois quelque chose de nouveau, de galant, et d'obscur, dont on ne s'est jamais avisé auparavant: vôtre mérite, et les sentimens de mon cœur, y seroient alembiqués, jusqu'à la plus fine quintessence.

TRANSLATION.

London, January 1, *O. S.*

MADAM,

I HAVE no skill in fortune-telling: for I must acquaint you, that the four lottery-tickets I had chosen with so much care, and valued one with another at the rate of (at least) twenty thousand pounds, are all come out blanks.

My only consolation in this misfortune is, the fine reflections which it occasions, and the most useful moral drawn from it, for the rest of my days. Now, I plainly see that all human prudence, the wisest projects, and the best-concerted schemes, are vain and frivolous; if Fortune, that capricious, inconstant, and *feminine* deity, is not disposed to favour them: for what more could have been done than I did, and what less could have happened?

After such a reverse, shall we ever take pains, form projects, or be uneasy concerning worldly events? I will venture to say, that if such reflections, equally judicious as new, make the same im-

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pression upon your mind, that they do upon mine, they will be more valuable than all you could have won in the lottery.

Surely, madam, you must have a great inclination to quarrel, since you allow me to be in possession of a talent which I really have not; in order to reproach me with not availing myself of it towards you, while, say you, 'I exhaust that talent of saying agreeable things in favour of Madame de Monconseil.' What an unjust accusation, and how void of all probability! An English lord, and say things in fashionable French phrases! This is quite contradictory; or, to explain myself more clearly, and to simplify my idea, I must answer, that they are two heterogeneous beings; the existence of the one necessarily implying the non-existence of the other.

Now I think my justification complete, according to all the rules of logic; but, if that does not suffice, Madame de Monconseil has it in her power to convince you, by producing my letters.

Was I possessed of the talent you suppose, the new-year would be a proper occasion to display it on; and, although that subject has been treated by the whole world for above five thousand years, yet I should then say something new, gallant, and unintelligible, which never before was thought of. Your merit, and the sentiments of my heart, would then be distilled to the most refined quintessence.

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CCCCXLIV.

LETTER.

A Londres, ce 9me Fevrier, O. S.

ADIEU donc toute coquetterie, de part et d'autre, et vive la vrai et solide amitié! Heureux ceux qui peuvent s'y attendre: c'est le gros lot, dans la lotterie du monde, contre lequel il y a des millions de billets blancs.

S'il pouvoit y avoir quelque chose de flatteur dans mon amitié; je dirois, que nous pourrions nous flatter que la nôtre seroit également vraie et durable; puisqu'elle est à l'abri de tous ces petits incidens, qui brouillent la plûpart des autres. D'abord, nous sommes de différent sexe, article assez important; et qui nous garantit de ces défiances et de ces rivalités, sur les objêts les plus sensibles, et contre lesquels la plus belle amitié du monde ne tient point. En second lieu: il n'entre point d'amour dans nôtre fait; qui, quoique, à la verité, il donne un grand feu à l'amitié, pendant un certain tems, la flamme de l'un venant à s'éteindre, on voit bientôt les cendres de l'autre. Et enfin (ce qui me regarde uniquement) nous ne nous voïons pas trop. Vous ne me connoissez que par mon bon côté; et vous ne voïez pas ces moments de langueur, d'humeur, et de chagrin, qui causent, si souvent, le dégout ou le repentir des liaisons qu'on a formé, et qui font, qu'on se dit à soi-même; L'auroit-on crû? Qui l'auroit dit? Comme on peut se tromper aux dehors? Et la perspective, dans laquelle vous me voïez, m'est si favorable, qu'elle me console un peu *della lontananza*, ou je suis obligé de vous chercher.

Une caillette, a beaux sentimens, critiqueroit impitoïablement ceux-ci comme tres *indelicats;* mais

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en sont-ils moins naturels pour céla? Et ne sommes nous pas, pour la plûpart, redevables de nos vertus à des situations et des circonstances un peu fortuites? Au moins j'ai assez d'humilité pour le croire; et (si je voulois dire toute la verité) assez d'expérience, de moi-même, pour le sçavoir. En tous cas; tel que je suis, je vous suis acquis, et vous voïez que je suis de trop bonne foi pour vous surfaire dans le prix de l'acquisition que vous avez faite.

Vous avez beau faire les honneurs de vôtre païs, et désavouer vôtre propriété exclusive des Graces; il faut convenir, pourtant, que la France est leur séjour, ou plûtot leur païs natal. Si elles pouvoient se fâcher contre vous, dont il y a peu d'apparence; elles seroient piquées, au point de vous quitter, de ce que vous les envoïez promener dans un païs, ou elles ne connoissent, ni ne sont connues de personne: et si par hasard je les connoissois, ce ne seroit que pour les avoir vûes si souvent chez vous.

Il est bien sur que les Graces sont un don de la nature, qu'on ne peut pas acquérir; l'art en peut relever l'éclat, mais il faut que la nature ait donné le fond. On voit cela en tout. Combien de gens ne dansent-ils pas parfaitement bien, mais sans grace; comme il y en a qui dansent très mal avec beaucoup: combien trouve-t-on d'esprits vigoureux et délicats, qui, instruits et ornés par tout ce que l'art et l'étude peuvent faire, ne plaisent pourtant guére, faute de ces graces naturelles, qui ne s'acquiérent point: chaque païs a ses talens, aussi bien que ses fruits et ses denrées particulières. Nous pensons *cruez*, et nous aprofondissons; les Italiens pensent *haut*, et se perdent dans les nües: vous tenez le milieu; on vous voit, on vous suit, on vous aime.

Servez vous, madame, de tout ce que cet esprit et ces graces, que je vous connois, peuvent faire en ma faveur, et dites, je vous en supplie, tout ce

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qu'elles vous suggéreront, à Monsieur de Matignon, de ma part. Mon cœur ne vous désavouera pas sur tout ce que vous pourrez lui dire de plus fort, à propos du mariage de Mademoiselle sa fille : mais ne vous bornez pas à ce seul article, car il n'y en a pas un, au monde, qui peut le regarder, auquel je ne prendrois pas également part. Ce seroit abuser de sa bonté que de lui écrire moi-même : une messagére comme vous me fera bien plus d'honneur, et à lui plus de plaisir.

Adieu, madame. Je rougis de la longueur de ma lettre.

TRANSLATION.

London, February 9, O. S.

ADIEU then to all coquetry, on both sides, and prosperity to real and solid friendship! In this lottery of the world, happy are those who can obtain that greatest prize, to which there are millions of blanks. If any thing could be pleasing in my friendship, I would urge that we have reason to flatter ourselves, that with us friendship may be equally true and permanent, since ours will be unattended by all those little incidents, which are the bane of others. We are of different sexes; an important article, and such a one as prevents those suspicions, and sentiments of rivalship, which the finest friendships that ever were formed cannot withstand. Secondly, we are free from love, which, though it may, during a time, add warmth to friendship, yet when the flames of the one begin to extinguish, you soon perceive the ashes of the other. And lastly (but this relates only to myself), we do not see one another too frequently. You view me in the best light, and do not perceive those moments of langour, caprice, or ill-humour, which are so generally the occasion of dislike, cause us to repent

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of the connexions we have formed, and are the motives that occasion our saying, Who would have thought it? Who could have imagined it? How one may be deceived by outward appearances! The distant point from which you view me is so very favourable, that it affords me some consolation for being under the necessity of remaining so far from you.

A trifling woman, with pretensions to refined sentiments, would criticise these unmercifully, as very indelicate; but are they the less natural? And are not most of us beholden for our virtue to particular circumstances, or to accidental causes? As for me, I have humility to own, and (were I to tell the whole truth) self-experience to confirm it. At all events, such as I am, you may dispose of me; and you see I am too ingenuous to deceive you, by enhancing the merits of the person who is entirely yours.

It is in vain you strive to do the honours of your country, by disavowing your exclusive right to the Graces; for it must be confessed that France is their abode, or rather their native country. It is highly improbable that they can be angry with you; but, were that possible, they would be provoked to leave you, as a punishment for sending them a rambling, into a country where they neither know, nor are known by any mortal. If, by chance, I had any knowledge of those goddesses, it could only be from having seen them so frequently with you. It is true, that the Graces cannot be acquired; art may add to their lustre, but nature must have given them. It is the same in every thing. How many people are there who dance exceedingly well, but ungracefully! and what numbers who dance very ill, and yet gracefully! Do we not see frequently people with great and good sense; who, though instructed and adorned by knowledge and study, yet never can please, for want of those natural graces, not to be acquired?

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Every country has talents peculiar to it, as well as fruits, or other natural productions. We here think deeply, and fathom to the very bottom. Italian thoughts are sublime, to a degree beyond all comprehension. You keep the middle path, and consequently are seen, followed, and beloved.

I beg of you, madam, make use of all that sense, and those graces, which I know you to be possessed of, in my favour, by telling Mr. de Matignon, whatever they may inspire you, from me. The most friendly things you can say to him, upon the marriage of his daughter, will best explain the sentiments of my heart. But do not confine yourself to that circumstance alone, for there is no event whatever that concerns him, in which I should not take an equal share. To write myself to Mr. de Matignon would be encroaching upon his goodness; such a messenger as you must be more honourable to me, and more pleasing to him.

Adieu, madam. I am ashamed of the length of this letter.

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CCCCXLV.

These Lines are inserted, in order to introduce the following Letter with greater propriety.

TO THE EARL OF CHESTERFIELD,
August 7, 1763.

RECLIN'D beneath thy shade, Blackheath!
From politics and strife apart,
His temples twin'd with laurel-wreath;
And virtues smiling at his heart;

Will Chesterfield the Muse allow
To break upon his still retreat?
To view, if health still smooths his brow,
And prints his grove with willing feet?

'Twas this awak'd the present theme,
And bade it reach thy distant ear:
Where, if no rays of genius beam,
Sincerity at least is there.

May pale disease fly far aloof;
Or venal domes its flag display!
And health, beneath thy peaceful roof,
Add lustre to thine evening ray!

If this my fervent wish be crown'd,
I'll dress with flow'rs Hygeia's shrine;
Nor thou, with wisdom's chaplet bound,
At any absent gift repine.

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What though thou dost not grace a throne,
  While subjects bend the supple knee;
No other king the Muses own,
  And science lifts her eye to thee.

Though deafness, by a doom severe,
  Steals from thy ear the murm'ring rill,
And Philomel's delightful air;
  Ev'n deem not this a partial ill.

Ah! if anew thine ear was strung,
  Awake to ev'ry voice around,
Thy praises by the many sung
  Would stun thee with the choral sound.

EDWARD JERNINGHAM.

CCCCXLVI

LETTER

TO EDWARD JERNINGHAM, ESQ.

Blackheath, August 12, 1763.

SIR,

I DO not know whether I can, with decency, acknowledge the favour of your poetical letter of the 7th. But men, as well as women, are very apt to break through decency, when desire is very strong, as mine I assure you is, to thank you for it. Could I give you as good as you bring, my thanks should be conveyed to you in rhyme and metre; but the Muses, who never were very propitious to me when I was young, would now laugh at, and be as deaf as I am, to the invocation of a *septuagenary* invalid. Accept then my humblest thanks, in humble prose, for your very good verses, upon a very in-

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different subject; which, should you be reproached with, you may very justly make the same answer that your predecessor, Waller, did to king Charles, after the restoration: the king accused him of having made finer verses in praise of Oliver Cromwell, than of himself; to which he agreed, saying, that fiction was the soul of poetry. Am I not generous to help you out of this scrape at my own expense? I am sensible that before I end this letter, I ought to show some common-place modesty at least; and protest to you that I am ashamed, confounded, and in a manner annihilated, by the praises you most undeservedly bestow upon me; but I will not, because if I did I should lie confoundedly; for every human creature has vanity, and perhaps I have full as much as another. The only difference is, that some people disown any, and others avow it; whereas I have truth and impudence enough to say, 'tu m'aduli, ma tu mi placi.'

What am I to suppose that you are now doing in Norfolk?

'Scribere quod Cassî Parmensis opuscula vincat,
'An tacitum sylvas inter reptare salubres?'

If you stray among the hills, vales, and purling streams, it is to make your court to the Muses, who have long had such an affection for you, that (I will answer for it) they will meet you wherever you please to appoint them. If to those nine ideal ladies you add a tenth, of real good country flesh and blood, I cannot help it: but God forbid that I should advise it! In all events, I believe you would be equal to the ten.

I am, with equal truth and esteem, Sir,
Your most faithful humble servant,
CHESTERFIELD.

P. S. I desire my respects to Lady Jerningham. But not one word of the tenth Muse.

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CCCCXLVII.

LETTER

TO DOCTOR MONSEY.

Bath, December 23, 1767.

DEAR DOCTOR,

YOUR friend and my governor, Mr. W****, told me that he had received a letter from you, with your kind inquiries after my health; but at the same time said, that I might e'en answer it myself; for how the devil should he know how I did, so well as I myself did? I thought there was reason in what he said; so take the account of myself from myself, as follows. When I first came here, which was just six weeks ago, I was very weak of my legs, and am so still. A fortnight ago I had a little return of my fever, which Doctor Moisy called only a *febricula;* for which he prescribed phlebotomy, and, of course, the saline draughts. The phlebotomy did me good, and the saline draughts did me no harm, which is all I ask of any medicine, or any *medicus.* My general state of health has, ever since that, been as good as at my age I can hope for; that is, I have a good appetite, a good digestion, and good sleep. You will, perhaps, ask me what more I would have? I answer, that I would have a great deal more, if I could; I would have the free use of my legs, and of all my *members.* But that, I know, is past praying for. Perhaps you may be in the same case. Whom have you quarrelled with, or whom have you been reconciled to lately: the house of G****, or the house of M****? And where are you now; in Norfolk or Monmouthshire? Wherever you are, I hope you are *vastly* well; for I am, very sincerely,

Your most faithful friend and servant,
CHESTERFIELD.

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CCCCXLVIII.

LETTER

TO DOCTOR MONSEY.

PRAY, dear doctor, why must I not write to you? Do you gentlemen of the faculty pretend to monopolise writing in your prescriptions or proscriptions? I will write, and thank you for your kind letters; and my writing shall do no hurt to any person living or dying; let the faculty say as much of theirs, if they can. I am very sorry to find that you have not been *pastly* well of late; but it is *vastly* to the honour of your skill to have encountered and subdued almost all the ills of Pandora's box. As you are now got to the bottom of it, I trust that you have found hope; which is what we all live upon, much more than upon enjoyment? and without which we should be, from our boasted reason, the most miserable animals of the creation. I do not think that a physician should be admitted into the college, till he could bring proofs of his having cured, in his own person, at least four *incurable* distempers. In the old days of laudable and rational chivalry, a knight could not even present himself to the adorable object of his affections till he had been unhorsed, knocked down, and had two or three spears or lances in his body! but, indeed, he must be conqueror at last, as you have been. I do not know your goddess Venus or *Vana*, nor ever heard of her; but, if she is really a goddess, I must know her as soon as ever I see her walk into the rooms; for 'vera incessu patuit dea.' It is for her sake, I presume, that you now make yourself a year younger than you are; for last year you and I were exactly of an age, and now I am turned of seventy-three. As to my body natural, it is as you saw it

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last; it labours under no particular distemper but one, which may very properly be called chronical, for it is Χρονος itself, that daily steals away some part of me. But I bear with philosophy these gradual depredations upon myself; and well know, that 'levius fit patientiâ quicquid corrigere est nefas.' And so good night, dear doctor.

Bath, November 26, 1766.

CCCCXLIX.

LETTER

From the Earl of Chesterfield to Sir Thomas Robinson, of Chelsea.

Bath, November 17, 1757.

SIR,

YOUR letters always give me pleasure and information; but your last gave me something more, for it showed me that you were recovered from that illness, which the fears of Mr. Walsh, junior, had magnified into a dangerous one. I did not like your being sent to Hampstead for the air; that sounded very like Kensington Gravel-Pits. I am sure I need not tell you the part I take in your recovery.

As to General ****'s affairs, my opinion is fixed; and I am very sure that nothing will appear upon this examination to make me alter it. There is a mystery in it; and wherever there is a mystery, I have done; I respect, but never reason. The ode upon that expedition is written by a master, whoever it is. The author of the verses upon the scull is certainly a poet, though he has spun out his matter too fine; half the length would have been much better.

I cannot imagine why the Grub upon the Comet

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was laid at my door: but people have long thrown out their wit and humour under my name, by way of trial; if it takes, the true father owns his child; if it does not, the foundling is mine.

I take it for granted, that the king of Prussia's victory engrosses the thoughts of all your great politicians in town, and gives you what you call great spirits: he has shown his abilities in it; of which I never doubted; but then—nothing, only that there are now seven or eight thousand of the human species less than there were a month ago. France will send double that number immediately, and the match will be as unequal as it was before; since all Europe is still combined agaist him: I will not say, *and us;* because I think it would be impudent *for us*, now, to reckon ourselves among the powers of Europe; I might as well reckon myself among the living, who only crawl upon the earth from day to day, exhibiting a shattered carcass, and a weakened mind.

Though these waters always do me some good, it is merely temporary: but they do by no means regenerate me. I grow deafer and deafer, consequently duller and duller; and therefore, for your sake, I will put an end to this dull letter; and assure you, with all the truth of a man who has no invention, that I am,

Your most faithful, humble servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

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CCCCLL.

LETTER

From Lord Chesterfield to Sir T. Robinson.

Bath, December 3, 1765.

SIR,

I ALWAYS thought myself much obliged to you for your letters from Yorkshire, while you were in the hurry both of business and pleasure; your land-steward, your tenants, and your agreeable country neighbours, employing your whole day in pleasure and profit: but I think myself still more obliged to you for your last letter, from your monastic retreat in the midst of Ranelagh garden: the place in the world the best calculated for serious reflections upon the vanities of this world, and the hopes of a better. There you may enjoy a philosophical and religious solitude, uninterrupted: except now and then, by the rolling of coaches, the sound of forty instruments of music, and the much shriller sound of the tongues of about two thousand women. This is being a *Chartreux* indeed; and in addressing myself to you, I will take care to mix no levity in my letter; but confine myself to grave and moral reflections. For instance; see the dire effects of passion, or brandy, or both, in the case of Mr. ****, whose usual tranquillity and immobility have been transported to the most violent excesses of assaults and battery, even upon the wife of his body; whom, I really believe, he never assaulted with so much spirit before; and if he gets the reputation of madness, he will rather be a gainer by it; for nobody ever thought it could have happened to him. We have here a great many great folks, and a great many fine folks; the former met in council, to consider how

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they should best serve the country in the approaching session, that being their only view; and the latter, I mean the ladies, in the intention of serving themselves, or of being served right enough by others. But all these are dispersed, or dispersing now; and, I believe, I shall follow their example soon, and take myself away from hence to London; where I am too material a part of the busy, as well as of the gallant world, to be longer absent. But, whatever I am, and wherever I am, I am very truly,

SIR,

Your very faithful, humble servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

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